FOREST AND STREAM.

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For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page viii.

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BUFFALO IN PARKS.

IT appears to be settled that the greater part of Mr. Corbin's herd of buffalo is to come to New York, and to be turned over to the Park Commissioners here for exhibition to the public. While the exact spot at which the herd is to be located has not yet been publicly announced, it is understood that Van Courtlandt Park has been chosen for its home, and that the number to be brought here is thirty-five.

It seems fitting that this herd of buffalo should have its feeding ground in the largest of the New York parks, which is also one of the most beautiful. Van Courtlandt Park comprises within its boundaries an area of 1,069 acres. It lies partly on hills and partly in the valley, near the center of which is the beautiful Van Courtlandt Lake. A large portion of the level ground in the valley has been set apart by law as a parade ground and rifle range for the militiamen of New York State, but besides this there are hundreds of acres of beautifully sloping hillsides which are as yet practically undisturbed.

No doubt when these animals are shipped from New Hampshire they will be stalled separately in the cars, and not packed in together as range cattle and horses are shipped. The disastrous experience of shippers in the past has shown that if buffalo are packed in like cattle many of them will be killed or injured during the journey. At the present day risks of this sort should not be taken.

The history of Mr. Corbin's herd of buffalo is pretty well known from the accounts published about it in our annual reports on the private game preserves of this country. It began with a few head purchased from C. J. Jones, of Kansas, and has been added to from time to time by purchase from Charles Allard and others, and by the natural yearly increase. Last season, we believe, this increase was fifteen calves, and this year twenty or twenty-five are expected. The herd at present numbers fifty-five or sixty, old and young. Unless some unexpected misfortune should happen to it, the autumn of 1897 should see it numbering 100 head, including calves. There are but two herds of buffalo in America which exceed Mr. Corbin's in number. One of these, belonging to Charles Allard and Michel Pablo, of the Flat Head Reservation in Montana, numbered last autumn, as we were told by Mr. Allard, over 200 head. The other is the property of Mr. Goodnight, of Texas, and by this time should contain more than 100 buffalo, if it is still cared for as it used to be.

Mr. Corbin's buffalo have always been kept on his Blue Mountain Forest Preserve in New Hampshire, where they have done remarkably well. There is no reason to doubt that they may do quite as well in New York City, and should they increase here as rapidly as they seem to have done in their mountain home, the prospect for the herd is a grand one.

Too much cannot be said in commendation of the liberal spirit which Mr. Corbin shows in consenting to permit this splendid possession to be brought to New York for the instruction and entertainment of his fellow citizens. The founding of the great game preserve in New Hampshire is something that might have been done by any wealthy man from selfish motives, but Mr. Corbin, while he no doubt established this preserve primarily for his own pleasure, rises superior to considerations of self when the opportunity offers to make his collection useful in a broader field, and thinks of the good of the community of which he is a member. Such an exhibition of public spirit is very unusual.

Just as New York has secured for exhibition a splendid herd of buffalo, Chicago has parted with a number of those which she owned, and which have long been on exhibition in Lincoln Park. There were twelve of these, five of which, a bull and four cows, have passed into the hands of the Page Woven Wire Fence Co., and reached that company's game park at Adrian, Mich., in good condition the last of April. The same company have since purchased two more buffalo from the herd of Mr. John Bass, of Fort Wayne, Ind. The other seven Chicago buffalo were sold to Mr. E. C. Waters, the manager of the steamboat line on the Yellowstone Lake. He announced his purpose of shipping the animals to the National Park, where they were to be put on an island in the lake, to be kept there as an attraction for tourists. This purchase was never completed. The buffalo were resold to some German animal dealers, who have taken five of them abroad. They go to the Leipsic Zoölogical Gardens and to the Royal Menagerie at Schoenbrunn.

There was something fairly pathetic in the purchasing of the menagerie buffalo to be sent out to the Yellowstone Park, where still linger the pitiful remnants of the only wild herd in the United States; but it would have been far better to have them go there than to see them shipped out of the country.

The Cincinnati Zoölogical Gardens have sold two of their yearling buffalo—a bull and a heifer—to Dr. W. A. Conklin, and they reached New York last Monday and were shipped to Germany by the steamer Lahn on Tuesday. They are destined for the Berlin Zoölogical Gardens.

To one who twenty-five years ago traveled for weeks without ever being out of sight of buffalo, who saw the plains blackened by the innumerable multitudes which swept by in terror, and heard the dumb earth throb beneath the beating of their countless hoofs, it cannot but seem strange that we should now be keeping a record of the few survivors of this mighty race. The record should be kept, and sad to say, it grows easier to keep year by year, as the numbers of the buffalo grow less and less.

SALMON, DUCKS AND TERRAPIN.

AN old story widely current relates that once upon a time salmon were so plentiful that masters were restrained by articles of indenture from feeding apprentices on the fish more than so many days a week. The tale is told of the Connecticut River in this country, of the Merrimac, and of other streams where salmon are now a rarity. More anciently it had been related of rivers in Scotland. Whenever any one ventures to question the truth of the story he is referred to the old records, which somewhat vaguely are said still to exist.

Not long ago a correspondent, who wrote of duck shooting on the Chesapeake Bay as he had found it when the game was much more abundant than it is now, referred to an earlier time when the wildfowl were in such store that the slaves were fed upon them as a steady diet. When we flouted this story of the plenitude of wildfowl and ventured a suggestion that it was a variation of the salmon story, our correspondent promptly retorted that the condition of affairs as related by him was a historical fact and could be proved by documents in existence. He has sent us an excerpt from a diary of an aunt, which relates to the early years of the century between 1820 and 1825, in which it is recorded that on "Carroll Island and all along Chesapeake canvasback ducks were so plentiful that the negroes were fed on them, and contracts were made in hiring slaves not to feed them over twice a week on them." The diary further chronicles, "Gen'l Cadwallader and my grandfather, as well as many other large farmers and owners, had long-barreled guns on carriages and often killed eight to ten dozen at one firing."

Another article of food rare and costly and esteemed as a luxury by the gourmets of our generation, but which in former times was so common as to pall on the appetite, was the diamond-back terrapin found in this same fertile Chesapeake Bay; and the diamond-back has been given rank with the salmon and the canvasback duck as having been a subject of specification as to the dietary treatment of servants. Mr. A. T. La Vallette, of Crisfield, Md., who has for years controlled the supply of terrapin of the Chesapeake, relates that "in times gone by terrapin were so plentiful that they were fed to the negro slaves, being about the cheapest kind of food at that period. Some of the masters would overfeed their slaves to such an extent that they were compelled to sign articles of agreement that terrapin should be fed but once or twice a week. If anybody doubts this," he adds, "there are old documents still on file at some of the county seats of the Eastern Shore of Maryland that will confirm the truth of what I say."

Here then we have three variations of the story, one of the waters fishy, one of the air flighty, and last of the mud amphibious, long-lived and likely to outlast the others.

MORE JUGGLING AT ALBANY.

THERE is good ground for believing that the game selling provision of the New York game law, Section 249, permitting the sale of game the year around, was juggled into the statute by a hocus-pocus in the confusion and rush of the last hours of the session of 1895. The measure was not incorporated into the law as a product of deliberation and consideration, but as an interjected piece of trickery, which astonished even some of the men who were watching the bill most carefully. It was added as an amendment at the last moment, and probably was not passed by both branches of the Legislature.

Something of like nature has been perpetrated again this year. Senator White's bill was the one in which were embodied the recommendations coming from the State Sportsmen's Association, as the fruit of its Syracuse convention in January. The measure had the approval of the Fish and Game Commission, and more than this, so far as possible all other amendments favored by the Commission had been incorporated in the White bill. The bill had passed the Senate and was brought up in the House on the last day of the session. There was every certainty that it would pass, when Mr. Husted offered an amendment to read that shad nets in the Hudson should be taken up for one day only instead of for two days, as the text read. The effect of adopting any amendment at this juncture would be to prevent the passage of the entire bill, for under the rules three days would be required for the bill to pass after amendment. The Assembly therefore voted down the amendment by an overwhelming majority. In the face of this, however, Speaker Fish declared the amendment carried, and so defeated the entire bill.

These facts speak for themselves, and show some of the obstacles annually encountered at Albany by those who seek to perfect the protective system.

One provision of the White bill repealed Section 249, relating to the sale of game. It was quite fitting that a measure which originally found its way into the statute by questionable methods should be retained there by legislative ways not less devious.

NEW YORK INDIANS AND THE GAME LAWS.

BY the courtesy of Judge Vreeland we publish in full to-day the opinion rendered by him in the case of James Pierce, a Seneca Indian convicted of a misdemeanor in having dynamited fish in a stream on the reservation. It is a very clear and what may be accepted as conclusive exposition of the principles governing the case. The sole contention of the Indians was that their treaty provisions retained to them the right of hunting and fishing on their reservations unrestricted by the game and fish laws. Judge Vreeland reports that he has been unable to discover any such treaty provision, and in its absence the Senecas cannot maintain their claim. The most notable feature of the affair is that the question at issue should not have been determined years ago.

THE THOUSAND ISLAND PARK.

ONE of the acts of New York for 1896 sets apart the waters of the St. Lawrence River from Tibbet's Point Lighthouse to the city of Ogdensburg as a water park subject to special provisions with respect to fishing. The open season for St. Lawrence River black bass, pickerel, pike and maskinonge is fixed from June 10 to Dec. 31, both inclusive; the lawful limit of black bass is 10in.; no person may take more than twelve bass in one day, nor any boat party more than twenty-four; and it is required of fishermen that on request by any fish and game protector they shall permit inspection of their catch, with penalty for refusal to do so. The Fish Commission is directed to name a special protector for the district.

The Sportsman Tourist.

WOODCOCK, GROUSE AND PICTURES.

THE year 1895 was the one in which I was to take my long vacation, and during the entire summer we had planned where we would go, what we would do, etc., and about every week some article which would be needed for the "big hunt" was added to our already well-stocked outfits. These preparatory purchases, with a frequent run-together to talk things over, served to pass the summer quickly, but they nearly drove the rest of the office force insane. Before I could go I had to have a dog, and right here is where fate stepped in and made several abrupt changes in the programme I had decided upon.

It has come to be almost a proverb that most of a man's troubles have a female at the bottom of them, and the series of complications into which I was now forced was no exception to the general rule, though the female who caused an abandonment of all my late vacation plans was only a female English setter.

The boys were all ready to start on Oct. 8, and had arranged to put in a month at our old '94 camp at Gravel Dam, on Mopang Lake. I was to go along with them as far as, possibly, Wiscasset or some other shore town, where I would put in a couple of weeks with the "long bills" and "old Pats," then follow them into camp and try for big game. The supplies were all purchased and sent into camp, and Joe was located there and waiting for us, when I learned that I would not be able to go for a week or two unless I went without my new dog. That I could not do. I have been without a dog for nearly three years, during which time I have been continually on the lookout for one. As the hunting season approached I became desperate, but not a good dog could I find that it did not take hundreds to own. It might as well have been thousands. Finally I heard of a little bitch, half sister to my last dog (as good a recommendation as she could possibly have), and every one who knew her said that she was just a little bit the best bitch they had ever seen. I saw her owner. I tried her, and although I had to dig pretty deep, I bought her. I thought a bang-up bitch would come nearer pleasing me than a fair dog. That's where I hit it.

I gave her to a friend to hunt her till I started for Maine; then, when it came to start for Maine I went up and hunted with my friend, while the boys went down to camp without me.

I was completely disheartened at the outcome of all my long-cherished vacation plans, but I took my gun and camera and Oliver's old Ned (to try and work off a summer's accumulation of fat for him), and went up to make the best of it with Bob and Gypsy Belle II.—that's what we call her in company, but in the field I found that Zip seemed to fit her better. It's more of an explosive and travels quite a distance more quickly and without losing so much of its force as a longer name. Bill Perry always said that a good name for a dog was one that you could "yell." His dog is always Ben. I found that Zip was a good name to yell, but after we had become pretty well acquainted I frequently found it not inconvenient to call her Gypsy, and she was such a cheerful, tireless worker, and withal so clever, that I easily forgave her early attempts to impose on me and run the hunt herself. Hunting them alternate days we had quite a good supply of dog.

Well, Bob and I had a royal good time for two weeks, hunting as handsome a piece of country as the sun ever cast shadows over. From Wachuset Mountain on the

A SNAP SHOT.
Photo by C. H. Morse.

south to Monadnock on the north, all extremely high land with birch side hills and alder runs enough to hold all the woodcock that passed over the State; yet we started not over a dozen all told. Partridges were fairly plenty, but we hunted them like farmers, and could not seem to work the bunches to any advantage. We killed all we cared to eat, however, gave a good many to Bob's friends, and at the end of a week I took a bunch home.

Toward the end of the second week we sent for Oliver to come up and show us how to do the trick. He came, but could only show us how to let them get away, at which we were already past masters. Even Oliver could find no woodcock, and he declared that the first of the week we must go up into New Hampshire after them.

He had hunted them for twenty-three years and had never failed to find them, and he must have a woodcock shoot if he went to Canada and came down with the flight. After he left us Bob and I got down to business and had some good shots, one day running the score up to ten partridges to one gun. That day's bag made quite a showing. It was good enough for anyone and made up for several of the poor days' shooting we did.

But the "woodies" we could not strike, and Monday morning I took Ned and Zip and a nice bunch of a dozen partridges and dropped down to Worcester, from where I sent home a basket of birds, for Mrs. M. thinks a broiled partridge about the daintiest morsel she knows of, and there is a little fellow of 8 down there who is good for half a bird any time. I believe he would relish anything his "dad" brought home, though, and I think he is going to be one of us all right.

The next morning Oliver and myself, with another friend, started for the Granite State and woodcock, and after dinner that day we went out and killed eight. So Oliver had his woodcock shoot.

We finished out the week there and had a thoroughly good time, and took home something over thirty birds. The weather was delightful and the covers easy, but the birds were scarce. Still we always managed to find a few, and saw some beautiful work by the dogs. I think our friend Frank had a pointer, Mack, who showed more style on a point or draw than any dog I ever saw, and together they made quite a pair. The horse would hardly come to a full stop beside a cover before Frank was out, his overcoat off, Mack bounding into the air as high as his head, while "Come! come! get a wiggle on, boys!" urged Oliver and me to greater exertions to extricate ourselves and traps from the rear seat, while Rufus was hitching the horse. Rufus was one of the characters of the town, as a hanger-on about a livery stable so frequently is.

I think I must have followed that pointer a hundred miles with my camera on my back trying to get a snap

SOMETHING TO SHOW FOR IT.
Photo by C. H. Morse.

at one of his hair-raising points. But I could never catch him. Those dogs had no more idea how a well bred dog who "wanted his picture took" should behave than I have of preaching. They simply would not come to a stand except it was in the midst of or behind a clump of brush, and if we "whoa'd" them they always limbered up, let their tongues loll out, wagged their tails, or did something to spoil what we were after—an honest and at the same time, spirited "game" point.

I did succeed in getting a fair snap at Ned, but in an unfavorable position. We wasted hours, lost dozens of birds, and I probably crawled several miles on hands and knees in a vain attempt to "get into position." However, I succeeded in getting a few pictures, which are very pleasant remembrances of a very pleasant vacation, even if the little bitch did upset my plans for a trip to Maine.

C. HARRY MORSE.

BOSTON, MASS.

A CHEAP OUTERY.

Editor Forest and Stream:

About two years since I built a rough cabin for outing purposes—as I generally manage to get a vacation during early summer before the big rush and jam of the season commences—at my home in Asbury Park, and during each of the past two summers I have put in my vacations in and around that cabin, the Little Brush, as it is called. It is situated among the big hills in northeastern Connecticut, on a high and dry knoll, with large oak and other trees in front (they cannot be seen in the photo which I send), and with not another house in sight, but woods all around. A small stream runs by a short distance in rear of cabin, and there is a never-failing well of the coldest, clearest and purest water some 40yds. in front. I had the well dug and stoned up especially for the use of those who might be at the cabin. A trout stream and several lakes stocked with black bass are within easy reach.

For the benefit of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM who, like myself, are not overburdened with riches and who nevertheless would like to have an inexpensive, permanent and, I might say, most delightful place to spend a vacation once in a while, either alone or with one's family or friends, I will give a few points of instruction in regard to the cost of some such a building.

The specifications of this one are thus: frame 16 × 20ft., 9½ft. posts and roof one-third rise; veranda, 5ft. in width. All the frame of young chestnut timber and plenty of it, and hewn just as little as possible. Siding of full inch unplaned pine boards, the outside battened with cedar poles averaging 4in. in diameter, halved lengthwise with band saw. Roof closely covered with 1in. boards and then covered again with cedar shingles, best quality. The siding required nearly 1,000ft. of pine boards, and the floor with roof of both cabin and veranda took about 1,300ft. of chestnut 1in. boards. Floor of house, two thicknesses of unplaned boards; floor of veranda, one. Veranda roof of chestnut boards, and battened with chestnut slabs, and its posts unhewn chestnut sticks. Windows cut from siding, the boards battened on the inside and made to slide on girts inside and fastened with hooks. No glass to get broken. Door rough pine boards, battened and hung in the usual way.

Of cash paid out, the battens cost $10; shingles, some $20; and hardware, some $8 or $10 more. The rest of the material was furnished from the woods on the tract. Sawmill bill, say $20 more, and labor not far from $60. Had I bought all of the material, the whole cost, including labor, would have been not far from $150. A fireplace and chimney of stone, or if preferred of brick, could be put up for, say, $25 more, making the whole cost not to exceed $175.

As I have been there only in warm weather, there has been no need of a chimney as yet; but earlier or later in the season one would be necessary and could easily be built, as suitable stones are plenty around there. I shall have a large fireplace and chimney built in the near future. I have now a rough stone affair a few yards from the cabin, where I do the cooking, and every evening have a rousing camp-fire in front of and but a few steps from the door. Although the immediate neighborhood is thinly populated, there is almost always quite a crowd of persons of both sexes to enjoy those camp-fires. Evening callers seem to come from all directions.

Hammocks and a swing are hung to the branches of a gigantic oak standing but a few steps from the cabin. As to furniture, the bedstead, table, benches and stools are made of rough material; and even the broom that one may see hanging by the door in the photo, near where I am shown, was made out of a small hickory tree. The bedstead is made of four chestnut posts and some 1in. pine boards put together like a box. It is filled with either straw or new-mown, well-dried hay, and covered with a large blanket, with other blankets for coverlets if needful; the bolster is filled with the same material as is in the bed. What delightful sleeps one can get on that rough bed!

Although the whole establishment may look rather uncouth so far as utility is concerned, for me it fills the bill exactly, and by what I can learn nearly all of those who have seen it seem to be favorably impressed with its design.

Now, often a tract of land near a lake, a stream, or in a healthy locality with pleasant scenery can be bought for a nominal sum, and then some such a cabin as the one here described could be built upon it, giving one who would enjoy such surroundings a most delightful and inexpensive place, as I said before, to spend a vacation in, either by himself, with his family or with his friends.

A. L. L.

A FOREST FIRE IN CAPE BRETON.

THE primeval forest of Cape Breton is peculiarly inflammable. There is a thick, low, resinous growth of fir and spruce, with a deposit of dry moss, needles and dead wood often several feet thick below, so that a fire once started the whole country flames like a furnace. I saw one of the fiercest of these fires ever known last summer on the southern coast, near the historic town of Louisbourg.

The great Whitney Coal Syndicate was extending its railroad from Cow Bay to Louisbourg, when one evening the fireman of one of its locomotives raked the ashes from his furnace and went to his lodging in one of the board shanties of the contractor. Toward morning a brisk wind from the west sprung up, whisked merrily around the ash heap, fanned the embers to life and sifted them through the neighboring forest, and in a few hours a tremendous body of flame was rushing through the woods, licking up every green thing in its path and leaving only ragged, blackened stumps behind.

My point of view was a high cliff above the little fishing village of Big Lorraine, and the flames, driven eastward by a fierce gale, swept along the crest of a ridge a mile north of me, a solid body of fire from six to eight miles wide, that sent a sheet of flame 70ft. in advance of it and a skirmishing body of sparks and live embers to five times that distance, while the columns of dense black smoke that rose eddying and swaying covered sea and land like a pall.

The Clark street district lay in a valley in the track of the flames—a little community of thirfty, hard-working farmers who lived in comfortable houses, each set in a clearing of thirty or forty acres in the deep wilderness. Beyond, on the coast, five miles distant, lay the fishing village of Little Lorraine, also in the path of the fire. From our cliff we looked down on the scene as on a panorama, and could see the farmers gathering from field and forest to the defense of their homes; they brought pails and even barrels of water, raised ladders to the roof and deluged the whole building; but in a moment the

A PLEASANT DUTY WELL DONE.
Photo by C. H. Morse.

long line of flame would be upon them, leap halfway across the clearing, as it seemed, and wrap the building sometimes in flame—if not, in showers of sparks and live embers and billowy smoke that cleared usually only to show a mass of blackened ruins where the dwelling had stood.

The Clark street schoolhouse, a new structure standing in the forest, was the first to go. Fortunately there was a clearing of several hundred acres across the road, and by hurrying his pupils into the center of this the master was able to save them from serious injury, although they were burned and half-stifled by the showers of sparks rained upon them. Bursts of flame here and there told where houses and barns were being consumed. The fire advanced with frightful speed, overtaking cattle and hogs in the forest and burning them to death. At times it swept up mountain spurs and leaped from the top, writhing and twisting like a huge serpent. In the valleys it rose almost as high because of the greater luxuriance of the vegetation and accumulated combustible matter. Not only the buildings of the farmers, but their fences and growing crops—the oats, grass and potatoes in the fields—were destroyed.

As the flames neared the coast the grizzled fisherman beside us pointed out a lofty promontory on the northeast and remarked that at its base lay Little Lorraine.

"And its boun' to go," he added, "fer it's right in the track of the fire."

The village did not go, however, for the people rallied

with pails and buckets of water and kept the fire at bay; but for some time it was surrounded on two sides by a solid sheet of flame.

The next day we walked over into the Clark street section. At the first house on the road the owner and his son stood grim and silent between two barrels of water, their eyes bent on the still smoking forests.

A short distance more and we were in the burned district itself.

A more striking picture of ruin and desolation I had never seen, not even amid the cinder heap and lava of the upper cone of Vesuvius. The trunks of the trees, black and bare, alone remained. Every vestige of foliage and twig had been burned away. A few blackened timbers marked the site of the Clark street schoolhouse. A few yards beyond we came upon a man sitting disconsolate amid the ashes of his barn.

"Yes," said he, in answer to our question, "I am where I began. Every rod of fence is gone. My farm is out to commons. I haven't an acre of anything green left on my whole 200 acres. My barn and house are burned with everything in 'em. Last spring I planted sixteen bushels of oats and the same amount of potatoes. The tops were

A CHEAP OUTERY.

burned clean to the ground. So with the grass. I cut enough last year to keep a horse, six cows and twelve sheep. This year a cow would starve on what's left."

His nearest neighbor, Sandy Johnson, was drawing rails to replace the burned fence around his oat field. He fully believed that his house was saved by the interposition of the saints. He himself was fishing at Scatéria that day, but the neighbors rallied and covered his house with water. Scarcely had they done this when a solid sheet of flame came up on three sides and enveloped it, burning a large woodpile scarce a yard from the door. His wife fled with two babies in her arms and two more clinging to her skirts. The neighbors fled too, but when they returned after the fire expecting to find everything in ashes the house was unscorched even; but the furniture, which had been piled in the clearing out of reach of the flames, as was supposed, was wholly consumed. C. B. T.

A NIGHT ON THE OCKLAWAHA.

It was one hazy summer afternoon in Florida that a friend announced himself as desirous of doing but one thing in this world, and that was to go a-fishing. In myself he found a kindred spirit, so we hastily put into our wagon such necessaries as we might need—such as pans, meal, cooked food, blankets, tackle, etc.—and bade our friends adieu for a day or two on the Ocklawaha, ten miles away. The road led past Indian Lake, where the country changes from light sand to that dark, sticky soil known as flatwoods.

On the way we noticed several white herons, whose ranks have been so thinned by the plumage hunter. Then came the thick woods, cabbage and saw palmettoes, and other luxurious swamp growths, and finally we arrived at a little creek which flows through the swamp at a distance of about half a mile from the river, into which it finally flows. Here stands an old packing house, and we found that since our last coming the little wharf had fallen down, and things looked generally dilapidated. There was an old hull of a dugout which had once seen service on this same creek.

Here we found, to our dismay, that the boat which usually lay at this place was unfit for use; and while I remained to unload and straighten things Fred went through the woods a quarter of a mile to the house of a man named Jones to inquire for a boat. Mr. Jones is a pioneer on this creek, having settled almost in the swamp, clearing a little piece of land, and by trapping, fishing and hard work has managed to make a good living for himself and a growing family.

As I finished making up the camp, Fred returned with the news that the nearest boat to be had was at a farm two miles down the creek.

We were not long in making a decision, and it being toward night we each ate a potato, to prevent our being hungry before we should return, it being our intention to bring the bateau by water to our camp to get an early start in the morning to the river.

The road being rough, we stabled the horse in the empty packing house and started afoot. I led the way with a lantern and Fred followed, bringing a few articles of tackle—as we intended to troll on our way back—and a .56cal. Spencer carbine. What we ever carried an arm like that for I have often wondered, but I suppose we felt safer. After dark had fully set in, and we had flushed a covey or two of partridges, which we were unable to shoot with our large-bore rifle, a light led us to the farmer's house.

He cheerfully agreed to let us have the boat, and took us to where it was, expressing his regrets that he could not go with us himself. Had we known as much of the creek as did he, perhaps we would have turned back to a night's repose, but ignorance was bliss, and we pushed off. Fred carried the lantern at the bow, and there being no locks, I paddled at the rear.

A half mile brought us to a broader creek, and as we slipped along under the tall palmettoes and great cypresses, hanging with moss, with occasionally an owl's hoot or the splash of an alligator, we were impressed with the somberness of the swamp and its wildness before man had penetrated it.

"There it is!" shouted Fred, as he remembered the opening the farmer had told us about, and we entered a narrow creek leading in the right direction for camp. A fallen palmetto lay across the stream, and we finally slid and lifted the boat over.

In this way, see-sawing and sliding, we crossed some five or six logs, and were at last brought to a standstill by several large logs which it was impossible to cross. After a conference we decided to go back to the main creek and try another opening. Oh! how hard it was to get back over those logs, and how we longed for the soft bed at home.

We had long since removed all the clothing we could spare as we bent to the work. Once in the main creek again, we entered three or four of these openings, with the same result. However, we were soon rewarded by coming to a tanglework of logs, which ended the creek itself. We had come far enough, and by this time we had no doubt that we were within shouting distance of camp; still we could see no earthly way to get through that network of logs. We determined to return to the farmer's, leave the boat, walk to camp as we came, and fish from stumps and logs early the next morning. But alas for human hope! We had already worked till our hands were almost blistered, and our bodies were sore and we were worn out. However, we had no intention of staying there all night, so we began the return. An hour or more, and we were brought up by the end of the creek that way also, and we had not found the way out. This brought us to the fact that we neither knew where was camp nor where the farmer. Fred stumbled about this time and dipped the lantern in the water, thus leaving us where Moses was when the light went out.

We didn't know north nor south, nor where we were, but we did know that we were very tired and hungry, and in the midst of a deep swamp. The dew had fallen, and we made up our minds to rest at any cost. First we stretched a set line across the narrow channel to catch any channel cat coming that way, and then crawled out on a little island about 20ft. square. We found a tree whose top had blown off, while the heart had rotted away, this furnishing us a fireplace, chimney and all, and this lighted up the woods for yards around. Once a noise in a palmetto caused Fred to fire at it, which was only the wind; but the noise of the big bore woke all the night birds which happened to be napping, and we heard the departing flaps of a wild turkey.

The warm fire caused us to be drowsy, and we sat on the soft leaves and leaned against palmettoes to rest. I was awakened some time after by the sun shining in my face, and my first sensation was of pains in my back. My companion awoke a few minutes after, and his first exclamation was, "My back's about broke."

The bright morning put new life into us, and after taking up the set line with a fine mess of channel cat on it, we paddled down the creek, and after several vain efforts found the farmer's, tied the boat, and wended our way to camp. Never did food taste better than it did to two tired fishermen that day.

The rest of the day we passed resting and fishing from the bank, returning home before night, none the worse for our trials; but for months we never breathed a word to anyone about our night on the Ocklawaha. W. W. S.

Michigan Bird Notes.

CENTRAL LAKE, Mich., May 8.—The small birds seem to be more numerous here than for two or three years past. The robins appeared March 28, and, although their arrival was succeeded by a very cold storm, they very soon became common among us.

The house wren was first heard April 8, and the crow blackbirds April 11. The peep of the frogs was noticed April 13. On April 18 about fifty wild geese passed over, going north.

The brown thrush and the Baltimore oriole were heard April 27. The oriole is an infrequent visitant—we had just a glimpse of one last year, though we heard it several times. KELPIE.

Natural History.

BEAVER CATCHING FOR THE ZOO.

YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK, February, 1896.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* In October of 1893 I was called upon to furnish some animals for the National Zoölogical Park. Among others wanted were beaver. I had had some experience trapping them for their pelts, and when doing this I had always tried to set my traps so as to drown them. Now that I wanted them alive I had to set my traps and stake them so that the beaver would not drown or injure itself.

I used Nos. 2 and 3 Newhouse traps, winding the jaws with rags. I watched the traps and relieved the beaver as soon as possible after it had sprung the trap. I found it impossible to catch them without hurting them more or less. Usually a foot was lost. In 1893 an old trapper was engaged for the work, but he had no better success than I, and got only crippled animals.

In October, 1894, Prof. Langley wrote that he would like, if possible, to obtain six uninjured beaver. I wished to fill the order, but did not know exactly how to go to work. The conditions were new. A new way to obtain them would have to be devised. After thinking about it for a few days I came to the conclusion that if I could once get wire netting around their houses and draw the water from the dams I could capture the beaver before they could escape the nets, and that to handle them at first I would require some sort of dip net.

That I was successful many readers of the FOREST AND STREAM know, and as I have received several letters from live animal dealers requesting information, for which they were willing to pay, and requests from friends that I would tell them how the work was done, I have concluded to give my experience in capturing beaver to all through the FOREST AND STREAM.

I had a frame made of ½in. round iron, 3ft. long and 2ft. wide, with a handle 28in. long. To the iron frame I attached wire netting, so that I had a dip net about 4ft. deep. With this and 200ft. of netting, shovels, picks, axes, other tools, lumber, wire cages, hip boots of rubber, and other articles not necessary to mention, I went out to Mr. John Yancey's. There I secured the help of two good men—Hague and Jump, the latter an old hunter and trapper.

After holding a council of war we determined to attack a house, newly built, on a little creek close to Yancey's. The dam put in by the beaver had backed the water so that part of Uncle John's hay meadow was very wet and swampy. Two beaver had often been seen while at work on their houses and dam. The creek having very little fall for quite a way, they had put in but one short dam. The house was built in a clump of willows. Willows were very thick all along the creek for about 200yds. Above there were none, the creek coming down through the hay meadow.

As the water was from 4 to 6ft. deep near the house, we concluded not to attempt to get our nets out until we had lowered the water by cutting the dam, which was about 50yds. below the house, and raised the water, making a pond quite large and shallow, except within the bed of the creek.

Uncle John Yancey, who had cut the dam several times to save his hay meadow, thought that if we made a long bag of netting and placed it in the creek after making the dam, we could get the beaver when they came to repair it—he had noticed them several times in daylight swimming along the channel. We made the wire bag and cut the dam, clearing it out to the old channel. While placing the bag in position we heard a noise in a hole under the bank, and thinking some animals, if not a beaver, were in there, we probed it with willow sticks and then dug it out, but without finding anything except mice. How they got there I don't know. The hole had been under water.

We now turned our attention to the house. One man went above it with a piece of netting, sinking the ends in the bank and one edge in the bottom of the creek, and holding it upright with sticks. This we imagined would prevent any beaver from going up the stream. As we were going to the house along the creek, where the water was about 2ft. deep, we saw a beaver swimming about.

BEAVER STOPPING THE WATER WITH ITS TAIL AS IT DIVES.
Washington Zoo. Photo by E. Hofer.

When he saw us he dived, slapping the water with his tail, and disappeared. We placed a net across the channel below the house and then set about clearing away the cache of willows that filled the creek channel close to the house was the beavers' winter supply of food. Getting the ground clear and cutting away a part of the willows and mud from about the entrance to the house, we placed our dip net so that anything coming out would have to go into it. There had been an overhanging mass of stuff making a sort of long entry at right angles with the hole that led to the living room. While cutting this away I heard a beaver, but did not see it, so we were quite sure that one was in the house.

When everything was ready, Hague stood by the net, while Jump and I commenced to wade into the house. This is very slow work; willow, mud, moss, grass, some stones and clay are mixed and bound together, compelling one to use axe, pick, shovel and hands to remove the stuff. When we broke into the room nothing was seen of the beaver, but Hague soon yelled, "I've got him," and sure enough the beaver was there in the net, while Hague was holding it up as high as he could, the bottom of the net resting in the water. I soon had hol of one side of the frame. There sat the beaver with its front paws folded, looking very much astonished. Soon it dived, attempting to go out that way, only to return to its sitting position. We carried it to the shore, opened the door of a cage, placed the mouth of the net in front and awaited the slow movements of the beaver. After looking around a bit, it slowly crawled into the cage. We shut the door, and then congratulated ourselves on having captured a beaver without so much as pulling one hair out or hurting it in the least. It had not shown any fight, so we concluded it was a female. I had been laughed at by some people when I told them how I expected to capture beaver with a dip net; now I could laugh, as I had proved beaver could be captured without traps.

The beaver was of good size, about 30lbs. in weight. We packed it to the house, Yancey's, putting it in a cage with a small tank provided by the Government. I say we put it in a cage; we opened the doors of the cages, placed them together and poured water in the tank. The beaver slowly walked in and to the tank. At no time did we touch it or try to force its movements.

Before we had left the beaver house we had looked for the mate, but it was not to be seen. After dinner we went to searching for the other beaver. We found several holes in the banks from 5 to 10ft. long, also runways starting from the bank. They would keep below the surface for 10, 15 and sometimes 20ft., then come out to the open air, usually into an open runway or canal. All these had been under water before we cut the dam. Often the banks of the creek were undermined, the sod and willows hanging over, leaving quite a roomy runway. We spent the day looking for the other beaver, but it had escaped. The holes that we found we poked with long willows, and where we could not reach the end would cut in from the surface. The ends of some had been used as nests or rooms before the water had flooded them by the raising of the dam. The short holes appeared to have furnished material for cementing the dams and mud for the house. It was all very wet, muddy and nasty work. The surface after the water was drawn off was covered with all kinds of water insects and many water plants, and often the mud was so deep we could not wade through it. We found bits of sticks from which the bark had been cleaned by the beaver scattered about, but no large ones. These had been used either at the house or dam.

Next day we moved our cages, tools and netting down the creek to a large pond, in which there were two houses. Above and below were many dams. The ponds were full of willows and in the early morning were frozen over, the ice being 2in. thick in some places. The dams were large, strong and old. We had to cut four dams before we could reach the one belonging to the two house pond. While doing so we found a house just started used by one beaver, but we could not find the owner, the ground being one network of runways. It was so undermined that the water of the creek left the channel and ran through some of the runways for more than 20ft. Even the dam had tunnels along its lower side. We did not attempt to cut the main dam that day, but cleaned the channel so as to have the water go off rapidly when we were ready for it.

When we went to work in the morning we found all the dams that we had cut replaced; the water was at its old level in all the ponds. The beaver had done all this work in one night, and strangely had used little if any of the material we had thrown to the sides the day before. It was not as difficult to remove the new dams as it was the old ones. After they were cut the main dam was reached. Then we stationed a man above, near the next dam above, with netting across the creek, with instructions to watch it and see that no beaver passed. As soon as the dam was cut and the water low enough we run the netting around both houses, stopped all runways, canals and channels as well as possible, and then started in on one of the houses, first getting a good location for the dip-net at what I thought was the most likely place for the beaver to come out. To this house there were four entrances that we could see, and later we found another under water leading through an underground channel to a point 6ft. from the house, but fortunately inside our netting.

We blocked all the entrances but one with stakes, and then began to tear the house to pieces. It was very large and strong, had been over 5ft. out of the water and was now about 10ft. out. There was water around the house in deep holes dug by the beaver in obtaining material for the house. When the room or nest was reached it proved to be very large, with several alcoves or nests, each a few inches higher than the main floor. This was nearly level, 6ft. long by about 4 in the widest place, an irregular oval—a half an egg shaped room, with one entrance at the small end and another at the larger one and a little inside, giving room for a beaver to have its nest between the entrance and the outer wall.

The walls and alcoves were made by cutting away the material of the house from the inside, the teeth marks of the beaver showing plainly on the ends of sticks. The room was quite dry and had been about 3in. above the water's level at the lower end. Soon after we broke into the room a 2 year-old beaver went into our net and was soon caged. When the hole in the roof was large enough I got down into the room, finding space enough to crawl about, and could look into the entrances. Jump worked here, and on the floor soon broke through into another room with four openings, and later found another and smaller room under this. The two lower rooms had been under water, but were now dry. We could hear water running through the lower passages, and now and then get a glimpse of a beaver, a large one.

Making the hole in the second room large enough to crawl in, and with two at work with willow sticks, we at last drove this large beaver into the net. As soon as he found himself a prisoner he showed some fight, tried to cut the wire once and made a dive at the feet of any one near the net. When in the cage it became quiet. We could find no more beaver in this house, but there were a great many passages, in fact, the whole house was honeycombed with them, and the ground under it as well. We did not think there could possibly be any more beaver in places we had poked and punched so much with willows, but I now think they were hiding in there. Not having sufficient experience, we missed them.

We now moved to the other house and broke into that, finding one room with one passageway to an inner circular runway that had three outlets: one led to the cache. The cache was small and contained no more material than the one in the dam above, where we got our first beaver. There was no cache at all by the first house we opened. We did not find any beaver in the house, neither could we get trace of any in the runways or tunnels. We were somewhat disappointed, because we supposed there would be six or eight beaver at least, judging from the amount of work done in one night putting in the four dams we had cut. However, the cache was so small that, after more experience with them, I believe there were not more than two more at the most.

We carried our beaver home and I sent word to the Springs that I would send the beaver in.

I made a large box for future use, lined it with tin so that it would be impossible for the beaver to cut through. We prospected the country below, but concluded it would be very difficult work to catch any beaver there. One evening I watched a beaver house and dam above the meadow with my glasses and could see large and small beaver swimming around. I saw the little ones on the dam making their toilet. They did a great deal of scratching and rubbing, going over all parts of their bodies until they must have been quite clean. Then after a plunge in the water they went to work cutting willows, small ones, and taking the branches to their cache. I saw the large beaver come out, go up the stream 200yds., cut a bunch of long willows and swim to the house with them. Other beaver were out in the pond, where the willows were so thick I could not see them well. I was on a hill about 100ft above the water. Jump and I made up our minds that there were at least five in this family.

Next day we moved all our outfit to the dam. There was a grove of quaking asp on a side hill, 50yds. from the water where the beavers were cutting winter food. There were two trails over which they dragged the sticks and brush, each trail leading to a canal dug for the purpose of transporting their wood. The canals were about 14in. wide and from 1 to 2ft. deep. Jump and I thought possibly we could catch a beaver away from the water with our dip-net, if we watched; so that evening we posted ourselves in a favorable place to intercept them on their way from the grove to the pond; it was our intention to let them go to the grove before making our presence known. When we first stationed ourselves—an hour before sundown—we saw a band of Yancey's horses coming down a hill to the lower end of the main pond, and at the other side from us. As soon as the leader waded out into the water to drink, we heard a beaver strike the water with its tail close to the horses. These all threw up their heads to look. Again the beaver struck the water quite close to the leader, who was in the water up to its knees. The horses left this part of the pond, walked along the side hill back from the water about 25yds. until they came to a sort of bay, where they again attempted to drink. The beaver slapped the water with its tail, keeping it up until the horses trotted off over the hill. This was the first time I had ever seen anything of the kind. I had often heard the animal make the noise and supposed they did it to alarm other beaver, but this time it was used to drive other animals away from their dam and pond. The beaver had followed along the shore until the horses attempted to drink the second time, and did drive them away. Where he did his last splashing was in long grass, the water standing from 1ft. to 2ft. deep. Jump and I could see him plainly.

We watched the beaver for an hour or so longer; could hear and see them at work, but not once did we see them come to the canal, so we concluded we did not want to catch beaver that way. I am quite sure the beaver did come through the canal and were watching for enemies before showing themselves. They very probably scented us or had strong suspicions we were near by. I have seen them go so slowly and quietly through their canals, keeping under water, that if it had not been very clean I would not have known they were there at all. When they wished to come to the surface they did so very slowly and carefully, making no disturbance or wave on the surface; but when they knew they were discovered they were not a bit careful, but went through the canal like a shot, taking a wave with them that overflowed the banks of the canal on both sides. When swimming under the surface rapidly they can be traced by a wave, but if they wish they can go so quietly through the water that they make no sign at all. They will often come to the surface close to a person and watch him, nothing showing but the top of their heads; then possibly diving, slapping the water with their tails. I have been startled by them while fishing along the Yellowstone, where they live in banks. I have seen them in the clear water, swimming along close to the bottom, seen them stop, slowly float to the surface and look at me. Sometimes they will sink again without making any noise, and swim off a long way before giving an alarm.

E. HOFER.

[TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

A Death Struggle.

TWO LARGE bucks of a herd of thirteen Virginia deer, kept in the park of Hon. J. F. Duncombe, of Fort Dodge, Ia., fought last December until both were dead. The battle was not seen by any one, but on the morning of Dec. 5 the two were found with locked horns. While they were covered with bruises and more or less gored, an examination of the animals indicated that death was due to exhaustion.

AMERICAN ANIMALS FOR EUROPE.

A CONSIGNMENT of American animals was shipped from Hoboken to Germany on the North German Lloyd steamer Meier, on Saturday, May 9, the animals being intended for different zoological gardens. There were in the lot five buffalo, two moose and a dozen raccoons, and they were in charge of Messrs. Eising & Hoffman, who are animal dealers. The buffalo were packed in separate crates, which afforded them but little room, while the moose, which are more or less tame, were in a stall together. There were five of the buffalo—four cows and a bull—and they came from the Lincoln Park Zoological Gardens, and are exchanged for various foreign animals. Two of the buffalo are destined for the Royal Menagerie at Schoenbrunn, near Vienna, and the other three are to go to the Zoological Gardens of Leipsic, in Germany.

While the buffalo were extremely wild and hard to handle, and therefore were closely confined as stated, the moose had been more or less handled by Mr. Eising, and it is said could be driven. While on the cars during the trip to New York, a quick movement of the head of one of the buffalo cows, is said to have crushed a keeper's hand so badly that it had to be amputated. It is reported that Messrs. Eising & Hoffman will return to this country in June in search of more animals for Europe. There is said to be a steady and constantly increasing demand for our American wild animals among the Zoological Gardens of Europe.

The steamship Lahn, which sailed on Tuesday, the 12th, carried one of the first, if not the very first, Rocky Mountain sheep that has ever gone to Europe. This is a full-grown ram weighing 400lbs. and supporting a pair of massive horns. He reached New York by rail last week *en route* for Germany, where he is designed for one of the zoological gardens. He was shipped from Leadville, Col., to Dr. William A. Conklin, the dealer in wild animals, and when he arrived showed the effects of a long and hard journey.

He had been confined in a Wilcox & White organ box measuring about 5ft. in length and about 3ft. wide by 4ft. high. This box was padded with burlap and excelsior, and was closed up tight when the animal reached New York. He had had no water and very little air, and as a consequence was a pretty sick sheep at the end of his journey. He signalized his arrival, however, by butting out one end of his pen and incidentally snapping in the middle a piece of 2 by 4in. batten that formed a part of its construction. Without doubt he would have secured this much needed ventilation earlier in his journey if he had been in less cramped quarters; but as it was, when he stood up his tail touched the rear end of the box and he had no chance to back off for a genuine butt.

It is said that this sheep is the largest ever taken alive. The following measurements, made by FOREST AND STREAM, show that he is a good one: Spread of horns, 2⅜in.; length of left horn, 33¼in.; circumference at base, 16¼in.

WANTED—RUFFED GROUSE EGGS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Anon comes the spring, and the bland and childlike inquiry of Hough for ruffed grouse eggs to wring my heart afresh. If the man whose letter Mr. Hough printed had spent half a day ransacking his brain for a typical non-commercial article, he could never have hit upon a better. A great many things have a market value and can be bought with money, but ruffed grouse eggs do not come in the category. Now and then they are reduced to possession by accident; but by design—never. When one wants grouse eggs and really expects to get them in the vernal season, he must make his arrangements in the fall. Not the fall before, but a year back of that. Then if his plans are properly made, he ought to have no serious trouble in securing a moderate supply of a home-grown article.

The writer only a few years since succeeded in obtaining ruffed grouse eggs from birds in confinement for four different seasons. In two of these years the eggs were fertile and in two they were sterile. In one of these cases a living chick was brought out by the mother grouse, while the remaining chicks perished in the shell after having fully matured. This is the only case of the kind on record in the United States so far as I have been able to discover.

It is an utter waste of time to attempt to hatch and rear ruffed grouse under the common domestic fowl of whatever species. The two are altogether antagonistic under this kind of combination. FOREST AND STREAM readers will remember that one of my grouse hens hatched and reared several (four) game bantam chicks, but that was a different matter. The young grouse can no more understand the language of the barnyard fowl than a Yankee child can understand Chinese, and they will not try to learn. My first introduction to the ruffed grouse, while still a lad, was when I captured two chicks but a few days old and placed them in a coop with a common hen. The little fellows stood up like Comanches, savage and utterly irreconcilable, and had they not managed to escape the same day would have starved to death with the greatest cheerfulness and determination. JAY BEEBE.

TOLEDO, O., May 2.

Bluebirds in the Northwest.

OROVILLE, Wash., April 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Last Sunday, while a companion and I were traveling down Kettle River, British Columbia, seven black-tail deer ran across the road just a little ahead of us, and within a few hundred yards a flock of at least 100 bluebirds flew up into some small trees.

They have been very numerous here for the last three years.

[Were these bluebirds *S. mexicana* or *S. arctica*? We should be disposed to think the latter. Can our correspondent tell us? *S. arctica* is wholly blue, of varying intensity; *S. mexicana* has a patch of chestnut brown on middle of back and breast, and sides are brown.]

Birds, Snakes and Cherries.

SOME writer whom I recently read says that in his boyhood there was great plenty of good cherries throughout New England, but that the trees and fruit are attacked by all manner of worms and insects, so that no good cherries are to be had. I wonder how much the destruction of birds and snakes has had to do with the matter.

COAHOMA.

Game Bag and Gun.

GAME BIRD IMPORTATIONS.

MACOMB, Ill.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* By your request I will give you my experience with imported birds.

In 1878 I imported four dozen of the California valley quail from Knight's Landing, on the Sacramento River, to this city. I put them all out on a farm near here and they laid and hatched out large broods, and could be seen almost any day in the fields and roads all through the summer and fall up to the last of October, when every one disappeared, and never has one been seen in this county since. Evidently instinct taught them that they could not stand the cold weather in this climate, and they emigrated to a more congenial clime. The next year after this a naturalist at the Smithsonian Institution at Washington was sent to Kansas to procure birds for the institution, and he came across the California valley quail. He made his report that he never knew of any of the California quail being this side of the Rocky Mountains. I have always believed that these quail were mine, and they were hunting a warmer climate.

In 1890 I imported some Mongolian pheasants from Linn county, Oregon, and turned them loose on Camp Creek, some ten miles from here. They were seen several times after they were liberated, but at last they disappeared, and the next time I heard of them they were near Nauvoo, in Hancock county, some fifty miles from here. One of them fell a prey to the pot-hunter in that section. I think these were the first ones imported on this side of the Rocky Mountains. I gave a history of them in the FOREST AND STREAM at the time, and in less than four weeks I received about 150 letters, from Maine to California, and as far south as Georgia, asking: "Where can I get the Mongolian pheasant?" These letters were from bankers, lawyers, real estate men, railroad men and the clergy. So you see the shotgun has quite a respectable following.

Mr. Simpson, in Warren county, this State, sent to Oregon and got two pairs. He raised twenty-five from them the first year and turned seven pairs loose. Now large flocks can be seen most any day in the section where they were turned out. The game warden of Ohio raised 500 of these beautiful game birds, and it will only be a few years before the country from Maine to Colorado will be stocked with the Mongolian pheasant. They can stand any climate, and are doing well at Milton, Vt., and living on birch buds with the weather at 33° below zero. Such a game bird as this will carry joy to the hearts of all true sportsmen.

In 1893 I imported five pairs of the black partridge (*Francolinus vulgaris*) from Calcutta, India. The American consul, S. Merrill, got these birds for me. They were put into a small box about the size of a shoe box, with a small cup not as large as a teacup to hold water for them. Only three of them lived to reach here. The rest died before leaving London, probably for want of care and proper shipment. They were on the land and water fifty-seven days. I put the two males and female in a wire cage and the larger male soon killed the other. I kept the pair in a cage for two years and they stood the coldest weather all right and seemed to be perfectly contented till a large hawk flying near them frightened them so that the female broke her wing flying so hard against the cage. She died in a few days. The male only lived a few weeks after this. They are a fine game bird and will weigh 3oz. They fly very much like a quail and are said to be a very fine table bird. They would live and thrive anywhere where our common quail would. They are good breeders, although mine never laid while I had her. These birds were the first ones ever passed through Europe, so Mr. Albert E. Jamrack, the great bird dealer in London, wrote me. He has since imported some for Lord Russell. They inhabit all parts of India from Karachi to Calcutta.

In 1893 I imported five pairs of the *Caccabis chuckor* (chuckor partridge) from Karachi, India. I got them through James Currie, United States Consular Agent of that city. They were on the land and water forty-seven days. They arrived here in perfect condition and healthy. They were divided up here among our people a pair in a place. They were confined in small coops and fed on dry feed. Through the long, hot, dry summer all died but one pair. They seemed to waste away like a consumptive person. One pair fell into better hands, where they had a larger coop and were fed on fish, worms and vegetables. This hen laid eighty fine eggs during the summer, and they were put under bantams and most all hatched. The little chicks were shut up in coops and fed on common domestic chicken food. They would all die by the time they were ten days old. At last I became convinced that these chicks must have their liberty and roam about where they could get insect food. So I took a bantam with a half a dozen chicks two days old and took them to the field and turned them loose. In course of two months the bantam came to a farmhouse with her little family all right. They roosted in the stable all winter with the domestic chickens. The coldest weather in the winter, when the mercury stood 28° below zero, they could be seen on top of the stable. They remained on the farm till warm weather came in the spring, and then left. One was killed during the summer some eight miles from where they wintered. One was seen a few months ago, and probably they are somewhere now if they have not been killed. They are a beautiful game bird, and will weigh about 2½lbs. There is no question but that these birds can be raised in any part of the United States. They are strong and hardy. Col. Rumsdale, of the English army, writes to me that they will stand any climate on the face of the globe. He says he has shot them on the highest snow peaks of India and in the valleys on the burning sand. He recommends them to the sportsmen of America.

My object in importing so small a number of these birds was to see if they could stand the cold climate of America. This question has been settled without doubt, and I hope the sportsmen of this country will take an interest in introducing these birds. The game warden of Maine is looking into this matter. These birds can be bought in Karachi for $1 a pair. The net cost of them here, the five pairs, was $52. The express charges from New York to this city were greater than the freight from Karachi to New York. I expect to import some more this coming winter so as to have them arrive here about the last of April, 1897.

W. O. BLAISDELL.

A GOOSE HUNT IN ASSINIBOIA.

LAST spring I had a letter from my friend Arthur Hitchcock, of Moosejaw, N. W. T. He wanted me to use my influence in securing a position in the civil service for a friend, and by way of an incentive he added: "If you succeed I will promise you the best stand, and to dig you the deepest and roundest of holes in the stubble when we go out in the fall for our annual goose hunt." Well, I succeeded, and I also promised to go on the hunt.

Moosejaw is a thriving town on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, about thirty miles west of Regnia, the capital of the Northwest Territories. Some twenty miles north of Moosejaw lies Buffalo Lake, about twenty-five miles long and from one to two miles wide. When the annual autumn migration commences from the immense northern breeding grounds on the shores of Hudson's Bay, the Yukon and the Arctic Circle, the geese drop into Buffalo Lake in large numbers, many remaining till driven out by the freezing over of the lake in the beginning of November. They find a very attractive feeding ground in the extensive wheat stubbles which surround the lake and are very regular in their habits. At daybreak they fly out from the lake and feed on the stubbles till 10 or 11 o'clock, when they return to the water, flying out again a couple of hours before sundown and returning to roost at dusk, so that those who are well acquainted with their habits can get three or four flights during the day. The most numerous kind when I was there seemed to be the huge Canada goose, but there were many other varieties. The Hutchins goose, which appears to be a smaller edition of the Canada, was very plentiful, while the bean goose, laughing and white-fronted and brant all helped to swell the bag.

But I am anticipating. Hitchcock had named the 7th of October as the date upon which we were to start. We were to have as companions Gen. Supt. Whyte, of the Western Division of the C. P. R., and Mr. James Ross, a multi-millionaire contractor from Montreal. The former is an old friend of mine. He is an ardent sportsman, an excellent shot and most genial of companions, and many a day have we spent in pursuit of the prairie grouse, making our excursions from his comfortable private car. All our preparations had been made when, as ill luck would have it, the president of the road chose that very week to come West on a tour of inspection, and our friend, the superintendent, had to wait upon him. Day after day passed, while Hitchcock kept wiring me to come on, as we were missing the best of the shooting. Finally it was Sunday, the 18th of October, before the great man passed West to the coast, and even then the superintendent had to accompany him to the end of his division, and he could not get back before Monday. However, I waited no longer, and on Tuesday morning I reached Moosejaw, and my friend having everything in readiness we started at once for the lake, he regaling me the while with tales of the excellent sport he had enjoyed on the days we had originally planned to be out.

But in sport of all kinds I find that it generally turns out much as Alice describes in "Through the Looking-glass." "It's always jam yesterday and jam to-morrow, never jam to-day," and I am therefore rarely disappointed when things do not eventuate entirely as we have anticipated.

When we had gone about half way we missed a piece of baggage which had dropped from the buckboard. Turning to drive back for it I noticed a flock of geese on the horizon winging its way back to the lake for the noonday siesta. My friend accordingly drove back alone while I cast about to see how I should conceal myself from the approaching flight. Alas, the prairie was as level as a floor, and the short, closely cropped grass afforded no cover. I had no resource but to lay me down flat upon my back and remain motionless. But I weigh seventeen stone, and sarcastic friends aver that I am as tall lying down as when standing, and my too solid flesh would not be concealed. The leading flocks sheered off when they saw the unwonted object, but at last one string swung in behind me after passing. Hastily rising I fired into the fast receding flock and one bird came slowly down till he struck the ground a couple of hundred yards off, stone dead. As I turned from watching him I saw another flock coming straight at me, and though they climbed into the air I had the satisfaction of seeing two huge Canada geese come whirling down in response to my salute. I fired several other long shots before the flight ceased, but without success. Still it was with considerable satisfaction that I swaggered back to the trail with three big geese over my shoulder. We reached our destination about 1 o'clock, and after dinner took possession of the holes in the stubble field which had been prepared for us. They were some 25yds. apart and 4ft. deep, large enough to move round in comfortably, and with the earth left at one end to form a seat. The soil which had been thrown out was carefully scattered, for your goose is a wily and sharp-sighted bird, and at once distinguishes any alteration in the ground upon which he has been accustomed to feed. Midway between us, and a few yards in front of the holes, a dozen tin decoys were set up, and we had a call which, although it emitted a sound unlike anything I ever heard made by a goose, still seemed to be very effective in turning birds in our direction when once they came in sight. Hitchcock was using a 12-bore Greener and No. 6 shot, while I used my 10-bore loaded with B. B. My experience, here recorded, is that with these large birds the small bores and charges are not in it. True, there are times when, as birds come unsuspectingly into the decoys, they can be used most effectively, and I dare say earlier in the season, before the birds had been much shot at, they would have answered just as well; but while I was out I saw but few chances of that kind, the majority of the shots being at a considerable distance, and there the 10-bore did some wonderful execution. But we were not to get a chance of testing our weapons that afternoon. While we sat and waited I noticed an ominous cloud of smoke to our left, which shortly bore down before the wind in the shape of a well-developed prairie fire. We were in no danger, as the fire would not run on the short stubble; but the result was as might be anticipated. As soon as the geese left the lake, and saw the green prairie over which they had been accustomed to fly turned into a blackened plain and the air filled with smoke, they rose high in the air and winged their way to some far distant fields. Evidently there was no "jam" for us that day, so as soon as the flight had passed over we pulled up stakes and drove off in the direction the birds had taken. After traveling about ten miles we came to some stubble upon which geese were feeding in large numbers. As they were unapproachable we did not disturb them, and night impending, we turned into the farmhouse and made arrangements to stay there. The male members of the family were all away fighting the fire, i. e., plowing fire guards round their wheat stacks and hay ricks; but on their return, and after a substantial tea had been disposed of, we got two of the sons of the house to go out with a lantern and dig for us two holes in as near as they could define it the line of flight. Then we turned in, and like St. Paul in his shipwreck, we "wished for the day."

The first glimmer of dawn saw us comfortably ensconced in our hides. Soon a scout, a single goose, as usual flew high over the fields, calling loudly. Then in the far distance we could make out what seemed a dim blue cloud, which gradually became more defined till all could distinguish the even, serried lines of a large string of geese heading in our direction. Even while we gazed another hove in sight, and still another, till as far as the eye could reach the air was filled with them. Unfortunately we were not quite in the best line of flight and the first few flocks passed considerably to our left, but at length one batch seemed taken with our decoys and call, and came straight over the counterfeits in front of us. In response to our four shots two birds fell. I was disgusted. We should have got a brace each, but as I watched a third pitched heavily out of the flock and a fourth looking very ill lagged far behind his mates till they disappeared over the slope behind us. But there is no time to spend looking after flocks that have passed. Here come some more heading straight for our decoys and within a few yards of the ground. "Keep down and keep quiet," hisses my companion. I could hear my heart thump as they came closer and closer, till their legs dropped preparatory to lighting. "Now," said Hitchcock, and simultaneously we straightened up in our hides. Up towered the astonished birds, but it was too late, they were within deadly range even for the small bore, and four huge "honkers" came tumbling on to the stubble. I was for rushing out, but "Down, down; more behind." The cry was still they come. A flock of "laughing geese" came over pretty high, four shots rang out, but not a bird fell. "Confound it," I cried, "how could that have happened?" but as more were approaching I had to keep down. Happening, however, to turn my head after the departing flock, I just caught sight of two birds tumbling out of the sky. So being, like the pig, "more easy in my mind," I knocked a brace out of a flock of brant 80yds. to my right. My companion was not idle; for, although he could not kill the extraordinary long shots that my 10-bore would make now and again, yet any flock that came within reasonable range had to leave toll behind. And here I learned a lesson, viz., that it is possible to miss a goose! It seemed incredible sometimes how birds would escape that, had they been snipe, I am satisfied could not have got away from me. My explanation is that these birds are so large and fly with such an apparently slow, lazy flap of the wing that one can scarcely believe they are moving at the rate of eighty or ninety miles an hour. You can hardly bring yourself at first to make the allowance in front that you would to, say, a teal bustling by at the same pace, and therefore many a bird, hard hit, maybe, but too far back, will stick to the flock till it gets out of sight. Again, the size of the bird makes them often appear much closer than they are in reality, and there is much deception in the early morning light.

This flight lasted about three-quarters of an hour and was fast and furious. Then we got out of our hides and proceeded to count and gather the slain. We picked up thirty-one that we could see on the stubble round our hides. Then getting the retriever we hunted a radius of half a mile and picked up four others. We now enlarged our circuit to about a mile and found yet another four; and in the afternoon on our way to a different field we picked up one more, making a total of forty birds; and any one who has not seen that number of different kinds of geese laid out in rows can hardly imagine what a show they made. One other point impressed itself on me, viz., that with one exception every bird we picked up was stone dead, showing that as long as a spark of life is left these birds will struggle away.

The farmer's boys now brought over the wagon from where they were stacking wheat and carted our birds back to the house, where we packed them in sacks and forwarded them into town on a passing wagon, to be distributed among our friends.

After breakfast we made preparations to catch the flight on its way back to the lake. But whether our shooting had scared them or from some other cause, no birds came back that way. We went out in the afternoon—having got fresh holes dug in what seemed more particularly the line of flight—and only got two birds out of a flock that came out very late, and the following morning we never got a shot at all. We accordingly packed up our traps and returned to town. Mr. Whyte's car came in attached to the East-bound express and we all went down to Regnia, where we were switched off onto the Long Lake branch. At 8 o'clock that night our car was laid off at Lumsden, a small station near Long Lake. It was dark as Erebus, and a gale was blowing from the northwest. Here we met with a disappointment. Knowing the difficulty we should have in getting vehicles in these country places, Col. Herchimer, the commandant of the N. W. Mounted Police at Regnia, had kindly promised to send up one of the police teams with a wagonette. But there was no sign of it. It turned out that, having a fractious team, the driver had got off the trail in the darkness and had to camp out on the prairie, and he did not put in an appearance till next morning. At length the station master hunted up for us a farmer with a rig which would hold four, and a young man who could carry one in his buckboard, and they knew of a stubble some five miles out where there were some holes that a party had been shooting out of last week. So at 4:30 we were called, and after a light meal we started. I went in the buckboard, my friend being a nice young fellow, son of a Presbyterian clergyman in the Orkneys. We lost the other vehicle shortly after we started, in the darkness, but we kept on till at last, just as day was breaking, we blundered on to the stubble we were seeking. Getting into a hole, I dispatched my companion to hunt up the wagon and guide them to the other end of the field, about half a mile away, where three holes had been dug. In a short time he found them, and in the dim dawn I could see them putting out the decoys and getting into their holes. But the geese came out with a strong gale behind them, and to our great dis-

appointment passed high overhead and away to stubbles miles beyond. After waiting for half an hour without getting a shot, we got careless and were stamping about to get our feet warm, when some flocks appeared in the distance working up against the wind, and instantly every one vanished from view. Presently a flock of five Canada geese flew past. Hitchcock called them and they turned and flew straight for their decoys. From my distant hide I could see the geese lazily flapping up against the wind not 6ft. above the stubble. Nearer they came and nearer. Surely now they must be right over the decoys! Why didn't some one shoot? Suddenly, as it seemed to me, four of them sat down simultaneously, while the other flew away. It turned out that our friend, the contractor, who had never done very much shooting, and had certainly never fired at a goose before in his life, had killed all four with one shot and was so astonished that he never thought to let off his other barrel at the remaining bird. (I may say here, however, that his subsequent performance scarcely equaled this early promise, as these were the only birds I saw him kill during the trip.) But this flock was followed by others. The superintendent, who was using a 10-bore Greener, did some admirable shooting, and as I got a few down at my end of the field we had after all a bag of twenty geese when we returned to the car for breakfast.

Subsequently we drove down to the lake to catch the flight coming back to water, and the wind being very high we had excellent sport, as many of the flocks came fairly low.

The following morning I killed eighteen from my hide and the others had also good sport, so that on the whole our bag totaled over 100 geese. But Hitchcock still maintains that we would have killed twice as many had we come up the date we had first laid out and we have faithfully promised that neither presidents nor principalities shall be allowed to interfere with our trip next fall.

THE SENATOR.

A GREENHORN HUNTING PARTY.

FRED MATHER'S account of the greenhorns' outing in "An Adirondack Night" so reminds me of my first camping trip that I jot it down for the amusement of the readers of FOREST AND STREAM.

Having from early boyhood waged slaughter on woodchucks, coons, squirrels, etc., on the west bank of Cayuga Lake in western New York, my boyhood's home, I longed for larger game.

While visiting a cousin in northern Pennsylvania I became acquainted with two timber owls (tie cutters and bark peelers) by the name of Tim C. and Alvin B., who claimed such prowess as hunters that they made my cousin and me believe they could have given pointers to Nimrod, Daniel Boone or Davy Crockett. They were willing to furnish a team and conduct a hunting party to the big timber on the headwaters of Pine Creek if we would pay the expenses of the trip. A letter to my younger brother at Ithaca called him to Pennsylvania with his rifle and my 8-gauge muzzle-loading shotgun, and we started on our hunt in the early part of November. As Tim and Alvin stopped their team at every hotel and at our expense took two or three drinks apiece to the success of our trip on our two or three days' drive, their valor increased as we neared the woods, and they impressed the cousin, my brother and myself, who was the eldest of the three, just 17, with the idea that when we got to the woods Tim and Alvin would kill all the deer and bears in the woods, while we would be lucky if we even caught sight of any live game, and that their slaughter would be so great, day by day, that we would be kept busy with the team hauling their victims to camp. So we planned a rebellion, determined that we would hunt one day in the woods if some of the deer they killed had to hang out all night.

As we neared the big woods surrounding the headwaters of the creek we were met by a team hauling out two dead bears and four deer. Tim and Alvin had a jug in the wagon under their front seat, from which they had frequently imbibed for our success, and now the sight of the game going out so increased their prowess, as they told how they too would kill the deer and bears, that cousin C. asked how we would get home if they loaded the wagon down with bear and deer meat. To this the cheering reply was made, "You boys can walk home."

On our arrival at the last house on the creek we left our team in the stable, made up our packs, and early next morning tramped into the woods for ten miles, carrying cooked provisions and the camp paraphernalia of bedding, cooking utensils and our guns and ammunition, where we soon had a lean-to of hemlock boughs facing a large log, against which our fire was kindled, and our camp was completed. Then, tired out, we enjoyed the fragrant beds of hemlock boughs, to be awakened toward morning by water dripping in our faces, and to find that a storm had come on during the night. Our hemlock-bough roof would not shed water, but as there was one rubber blanket in the party, it was spread upon the slanting roof; the other bedding was rolled under it, the fire was piled with fresh wood, and there we huddled until morning.

How it did rain the next day; and as the men said there was no use in trying to hunt deer in the rain we huddled under our roof all day, while they told of prior hunts in which the deer had been so thick that they had almost been driven from their camps by the numbers charging them. Finally they were tired of lying—as I now know—and then they played euchre at 5 cents a game "on tick;" and thus they passed the day, while we boys wished it would clear off or that we were at home, and for fear of bears and panthers hardly dared leave the camp.

About 4 o'clock a change of weather came and it rapidly grew freezing cold, and when we awoke next morning we found the ground covered with about 4in. of snow. Jim and Alvin said it was just right for deer; but on moving out from camp we found that the thick covering of leaves had become saturated with water and then frozen before the snow fell, and the breaking of this ice under a person's feet could be heard for half a mile.

From what I have since learned about hunting, I am now of the opinion that neither Jim nor Alvin knew any more about deer hunting or had had any more experience than the boys of the party, and that they had simply imposed on our credulity to get us to pay the expenses of a trip for them, which expenses included drinks for them whenever they could get them upon the road.

After breakfast we were started out in a row about half a mile apart and marched out for the slaughter of deer. This line was maintained over hill and valley until about 2 o'clock, when we came together, not one of us having seen a deer, and disconsolately marched back to camp to find the valley surrounding the camp covered with fresh deer tracks. Having been forbidden to shoot at anything but deer or bears, we had let many chances to shoot grouse or partridges, squirrels and rabbits, go by, and when we came to overhaul our supply of provisions it was found that we were out of meat. While the stream was well stocked with trout, no hooks and lines had been brought along, and so we could not add to our supply from the stream. We made our supper upon cold potatoes, cooked at the house where we had left our team, and dry bread and butter.

Our breakfast next morning consisted of half a slice of bread for each one, and Alvin ordered that the party should separate and hunt meat for the day, anything that we could eat, and no one must come into camp till he brought in some kind of game. After a long day's tramp I got into camp just at dark with one small red squirrel, where I found the rest of the party had preceded me, and that our total bag for the day was five red squirrels and a porcupine. Each one broiled a squirrel and ate it, and then Alvin skinned the porcupine and broiled a piece of it, but as he could not eat it none of the rest of us tried it.

The next morning we packed up and marched out of the woods, to find on our arrival at the house where our team was that its owner had brought in and hung up four deer while we had been in the woods. Two of these my brother and I bought, and then we started home, disgusted with hunting and worse with our two mighty hunters, who had to stop at every tavern to drink and brag about the way they had shot the deer which my brother and I had bought. As funds were running low we tried to shut off on the drinking, but at the hotel where we stopped the second night they secretly sold the largest deer and used the money for the expense of irrigation. When we reached a stage line leading down to Elmira my brother and I took the remaining deer and boarded the stage for Elmira, where we were forced to sell it to get funds enough to get home to Ithaca. Thus ended our greenhorn hunting party and my first deer hunt and camping-out trip.

WINCHESTER.

IN THE ROCKIES.

(Continued from page 375.)

CANOE CREEK CAMP, Wyo., Oct. 1, 1895.—*My Dear Sammy:* This is certainly "God's country." The longer I remain here the more I am in love with it; the more I feel that I have just begun to live. Who could grow old and decrepit in this glorious climate, breathing the purest of air and drinking water that tastes like nectar? Sammy, make a resolve in the near future to break the links that "chain you to business" and come to this country of everlasting hills and health.

"Better to hunt in hills for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught."

We have had the most charming weather I ever remember having seen. Every day alike, yet different. Pleasant enough to lie out under the evergreen trees and dream, and wish for friends to dream and live this life with us. Every day, every hour brings something new to admire and wonder at

Wednesday Van and I tramped over the surrounding mountains and saw plenty of elk signs, but most of them two or three days old. I forgot to tell you that Pop brought in the first meat, having killed his first deer yesterday coming down the divide, and I assure you he was a very proud man. It was most welcome too, as bacon had begun to pall on me. After dinner Pop and Van took up the hunt and followed down the cañon; sighted several elk, but didn't get within shooting distance.

Thursday dawned bright and clear. It felt more like last of May than September. Doc and Van went after elk, but with the same result. This camp is a noted bear camp, and we are anxious to get one or two fine elk heads here, so that we can use the carcass for bear bait. The bears come and go here, and once you get bait out you are pretty sure of your bear coming to it. In the afternoon Van and I started on a twelve-mile ride to Cooke City for provisions and the mail. It was a charming ride, with enough excitement and a spice of danger to make it enjoyable. We had scarcely gotten 300yds. from camp when Van, having spied three black-tail deer ahead, quickly dismounted and drawing his carbine prepared to kill; but, alas! "the best laid plans of mice and men." The "uncultivated son of a gun" Schuyler saw them at the same time, and made a crack for them, causing Van not only to lose a shot, but his temper as well. All his yelling to the dog wouldn't bring him back until he had run them into the next county. This was the only failing poor Schuyler had. But then the reception he got on his return was something painful to witness. His master broke off a small tree and wore it down to splinters on him. Truly the way of the transgressor is hard, and I fear he found it so, as he ran on two, sometimes three feet, for some time after. After this little circus we proceeded on our way, all apparently happy but the poor dog. I often felt sorry for him, as he was a good-natured cuss. He attended faithfully to the sores on the horses' feet and legs, often licking them for many minutes, in fact, when we stopped to rest. He seemed to take a special delight in teasing one sorrel colt, for he would sneak quietly behind him and nip him on the ankle or leg, and as quickly spring aside or lie flat as the horse's heels flew like a streak of greased lightning over his head. Had they ever struck him Schuyler would in all probability be traveling yet. Many a good laugh have I had while watching them.

Our ride and climb up the Republic Divide was work, but the summit once gained the view amply repaid for all the energy spent in getting there. While I stood taking in the surrounding scenery, oblivious to all that was passing around me, Van quietly made his way on down the divide, knowing that when I mounted old Roany (I was riding the old pack horse) he would make a rush to catch up, and he did. If ever my hair had any inclination to rise, it certainly must have been then, as Roany started on a run down this mountain. He was the most determined as well as the roughest horse I ever sat on. I made up my mind that there was no use in trying to stop him, so I simply gave him his head and held on. How we ever got down without breaking our necks is a mystery to me. To the right of the trail we went down there is a glacier that has perhaps been there for centuries. Van says, "I had a horse slip in crossing it one day, and he went down a mile, gathering speed as he went, finally landing in a snowdrift, and buried himself. When he started to slide he was packed with fresh meat, but the saddles of elk got such a gait on them they never stopped until they struck in front of Jack Allen's hotel, in Cooke, and when I got in town Jack had the meat served for supper."

It was a breakneck pace until we reached Cooke, a it was getting late and the trail a rough one after dark. We arrived about 6:30.

Like all mining camps in that region, in the fall and winter Cooke was almost deserted. It is the largest mining camp in the Clark's Fork district, about sixty-five miles southeast from Cinnabar, and about five miles from Yellowstone Park. It is destined to become a rich mining camp should they ever get railroad facilities there. One old miner told me he had been waiting now for twenty-five years for the railroad to come in, and he thought within the next two years it would be a realization. The Daisy Gold Mine sold the day I left for $38,000. There is a cyanide mill there now in operation, and I believe it is paying well. The surrounding country is rich in minerals.

Friday, the 27th, still clear and warm. Recrossed the divide, this time over the glacier. Van says, "Keep your feet out of the stirrups, and if your horse falls, slide off and let him go." I think Van did these little things to see how much sand the "dudes" possessed. These horses climb like goats. We kept going up and up until I thought we would never reach the top. It was dark when we reached camp, and much to my surprise we found discontent there. Ben had become frightened and swore he had to go into Cooke the next morning, as he had to get home in time to attend court, was disgusted with the game outlook, and in a bad temper generally. Pop says, "I found him a-settin' on a log a-cryin' to be taken home to Pennsylvania, and me and Doc had the devil's own time with him." This upset all our plans for killing bear—in fact spoilt it—and I assure you none of us felt jolly over it. To have Van go into Cooke the next day meant the loss of two more days really without any reason, as Ben had said previously that he didn't care to get home before the 19th of October. Now, as captain of the outfit I didn't wish him to go home without a head, so asked Van to move us the next morning to the elk country, let him kill his game and then take him to Cooke the following day, all of which he promised to do.

Next morning we broke camp and moved south. In crossing the mountain out we saw fresh signs of elk that had just come into the valley we were leaving, but it was too late—we were on the move. Went into camp on Canoe Creek at 5 o'clock. Poor Doc gets blowed every time he does much climbing, and I attribute much of it to his excessive use of tobacco.

The 29th was another beautiful day. After breakfast Van and Ben took to the hills in search of elk, which we were anxious he should get. They had scarcely gone a half hour when we heard firing, and this is the way Ben tells it to his friends: "We had not gone more than a mile and a half from camp when we suddenly came across our first game in the thick timber. Van, who was in the lead, suddenly stopped and pointed ahead to where stood three deer, scarcely distinguishable to an untrained eye in the dark shadows of the evergreens. In an instant I had covered and pulled on the little buck standing about 80yds. away on my side. He went down with a broken shoulder from a high shot, and after a moment's hesitation the other buck and doe bounded away, not, however, before I had covered the second buck, but on Van's suggestion that we had meat enough with one, I dropped my rifle and let it go. As the dead buck was small we changed our minds, and separating, followed into the timber, where the guide shot the second buck within a few minutes' walk. We left the carcass thrown across a log and went back to where the first buck lay.

"For several hours later we followed the almost innumerable elk tracks that made the soft earth in some of the open places look more like a well-trodden barnyard than anything else, but without overtaking anything. After the middle of the day, while pursuing our vain search, I suddenly heard the distant whistle of a bull elk, coming apparently from down the mountain side in the cañon. After locating it as well as we could, we began a long and trying climb to get to windward of him. At last we crept cautiously out to the edge of the cañon, only to find that the elk had in the meantime been passing upward on the opposite side, and were above us and already out of range. We could occasionally get a glimpse of their bodies between the trees, and felt they were fast getting away from us. Just then my bottled indignation at the dog boiled over, as he got between my legs again with the cord that I was leading him by. He had been breaking sticks, getting on the wrong side of trees, mangling the string and making life miserable for me for hours, and I said to Van, 'I would like to break his neck,' to which he promptly replied, 'Knock the head off the uncultivated son of a gun.'

"Without a thought of the consequences I whacked him over the head with my fist, when to my surprise and utter consternation a howl went up that waked the echoes of the mountain side, and which I felt must send every elk out of the country. Almost instantly there came back to us the whistle of the bull elk on the opposite side of the cañon. He had evidently mistaken the dog's yell for a challenge. We looked at each other and laughed, and a moment later, as we looked in the direction of the sound, the noble animal himself at the head of his band trotted out of the timber into an open space opposite and a little above us. With his head and spreading antlers lifted high in the air, he advanced directly toward us, looking for his adversary. Seeing nothing, he turned broadside and stood fast within 100yds. of our hiding place. At the crack of my .45-90 Winchester he went down with a broken back at the first shot. Van then called my attention to a spike bull that had gotten perhaps 20yds. above the big bull, and I put a shot into his ribs too far back to bring him down, a second shot to break his back was too high, and a shot from Van found the proper point, back of the shoulder, after which he rolled down the mountain side toward the place where the other lay.

"We crossed the cañon, taking with us the heretofore unappreciated dog, whom we now voted a hero as well as a much cultivated purp indeed, for who had ever before heard of a dog successfully calling an elk?

"When we approached the big bull, though paralyzed from his broken back, he raised on his front feet, and

stretching his head and neck to their full length, gazed unflinchingly into our faces. It was a moment that I shall never forget. 'What would you give for his picture,' said Van. For the moment I felt a touch of remorse at my cruel work, and I answered: 'If I could mend his back I would gladly let him go.' A shot through the heart ended his troubles and we took up the line of march to camp."

Sept. 30.—The weather has been so delightfully clear and warm that it seems like Indian summer. We are located here right in one of the finest game countries in the world. Pop and Van have gone in search of elk. In the morning Doc and I took the back trail in search of blue grouse. Our guns consisted of a .22cal. Stevens rifle and a pocket full of rocks. Found five grouse scattered in trees and got three of them; one was the toughest thing to kill I ever saw. He was shot three times, each bullet hitting him fairly, before he even flinched, the third killing him. We did not know the other balls struck him at all until he was deprived of his feathers, when we found one had cut his craw open, one through his wing and shoulder, and the other back of his shoulders. Doc had guyed me unmercifully about my shooting at this particular bird, and said something about getting me a scatter gun. After the amount of shooting it required we concluded they would perhaps be better eating should we stew them, which the Kid did, and then they were tough.

Pop and Van came in about 5 o'clock, after a lively chase after elk. They had got into a bunch of perhaps seventy, but in order to reach them had to cross a frightful windfall. Van could go through this like a squirrel, running along from tree to tree, but Pop had to jump, climb and fall over them to such an extent that when he got within shooting distance he couldn't shoot. He says, "I couldn't do anything. Had no wind, no strength, no nothing. Just stood like a blamed old fool, shaking all over, and it took me ten minutes to get my tongue back in the right place, and all the time Van Dyke was yelling 'Shoot, Pop! What have you got that gun for?' 'Shoot yourself!' says I, 'all I want is breath.' Finally I did get the gun up, but it took me so long to get a bead on them that they were in the next county before I could pull the trigger." Van says next time he'll take a bellows along with him and supply him with wind.

Oct. 1.—A change has come, and I believe we are in for stormy weather. A few clouds are scudding across the sky, and now and then an occasional drop of rain falls. Pop and Van went off again for elk. The hunters returned about 4 o'clock, Pop as bright and fresh as a daisy. Reason, he had killed a fine bull about three miles from camp, and his experience is best told by himself: "Say, captain, I've had the greatest time ever you saw. Van and I just went around the Canaan and struck fresh trail. We followed them up, and soon Van saw them in a piece of woods (Van says timber), and then he showed them to me. We got around to windward, and sneaked on to them until we got within 75yds. There were about 100 in the herd. Soon one big old bull trotted out into a little open field (Van says park) and bellowed and scratched the ground so that he almost buried Van and me as we were lying flat on our bellies watching the whole show.

"Then he bellowed again (Van says whistled) and a young bull, a fresh-looking fellow, runs out to him with his hair all standing on end. He walks round and round, then they back off and come together. Wow! how they squealed and fought! The little fellow was no match for that old monarch, so he ran away. Then the old one he squealed again and pawed the ground some more, and another youngster trotted out to see what sort of an impression he could make. Say, Cap, I jest lay there and snickered and laughed, and the water ran from my nose; I couldn't blow it for fear of scaring them, so I had to just let her run. How I wished you were there with your camera to photograph that circus; I'd 'a' give $50 for a picture of that fight. Well, it took him just ten minutes to polish off that fellow and send him to his corner. He kept this up until he had walloped the stuffing out of five bulls, only requiring about two hours to do it. Then he stood there and squealed for more, but they were all afraid of him by this time. It was so funny that the 'uncultivated cuss' began to get uneasy, and laughed too, so I had to sit on him. By this time the band began to get restless, and the cows and calves were almost walking over us. Then the old bull began to paw the dirt again, and I had either to shoot him or get buried, so I up and shot him three times, twice through the shoulders, and as he turned to run I shot him in the neck. Cap, that fight was worth coming 3,000 miles to see, and I'll never forget it. My, how I wish Georgie could have seen that."

In your letter, which I received in Cooke, you ask me why I haven't said much about the guide. Well, to tell you the truth, Sammy, you know how Doc and I were taken in by a fellow in Minnesota last year? I had concluded to wait until I should go out with him myself before saying much, though the boys all say "he is a marvel and no mistake."

Oct. 2.—Still cloudy. Went out with Judge, Pop and the Kid to help get in the head and hide from Pop's elk. Van and Doc left us and went up the draw to the right after game. Finished our work and got into camp about noon, and just in the nick of time too, as it began to snow about 1 o'clock. It seemed to me the flakes were as large as a silver dollar. Doc and Van came in about 4 o'clock, wet to the skin, and Doc exhausted. They had had a very hard tramp that day, but Doc had the satisfaction of killing his first elk, a nice five-point bull.

You will perceive, Sammy, that all have now secured heads but myself, though I am not pleased with the one Doc got, as I want him to get a larger one, and I feel sure he will. I have waited until the last. I haven't even looked for elk, but my turn comes now. WABASH.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

Live Western Wardens.

FOREST AND STREAM prints this week the portrait of Mr. Chase S. Osborn, the hustling game and fish warden of the State of Michigan, who is eminently qualified to rank high among the live Western wardens who are carrying on the fight against illegal shooting and fishing. Mr. Osborn is a newspaper man and owns two newspapers, chief of which is the evening daily, the Sault Ste. Marie *News*. He is thus a man of affairs, but one who brings to mind the business maxim that it is the busiest man who always has the most time to do something. His present ambition is the stamping out of illegal and overdestructive fishing and shooting in the great State of Michigan, and his success in something which, prior to this time, has not been generally known to the public, but which is worthy of careful study in other localities.

Mr. Osborn took the office of game and fish warden Feb. 1, 1895. During the eleven months of 1895 the department prosecuted 501 cases. These cases grew out of the investigation of reported violations to the number of 966. The total of fines and costs collected amounted to $6,420 67 for the time mentioned. The office sent out about 10,000 personally dictated letters. Of the 501 cases mentioned, 397 convictions were obtained. Acquittals to the number of fifty-five resulted. In three cases there were disagreements and in thirty-four cases discontinuances were entered. This leaves twelve cases pending. All of the previous records of this office show a total of 604 cases prosecuted up to the time that Mr. Osborn took the office. This would indicate that during the eleven months of 1895 he was enabled to accomplish in the direction of actual apprehension and punishment apparently nearly as much as had been accomplished during the previous existence of the office of eight years and one month.

The laws were so emphatically prosecuted and enforced that the State does not have at present one quarter the violations reported at this time last year.

The sentiment for game and fish protection in Michigan is certainly growing, though, as in other States, the

WARDEN CHASE S. OSBORN.

warden is hampered for lack of funds. The salary of the State warden is but $1,200 a year and he is allowed but $2,000 additional for the payment of deputies.

The new deer law, making the season the same in both peninsulas, restricting the number of deer killed to five and requiring a license, was enforced to the letter and resulted in greatly reducing the number of deer killed. The law prohibiting the shipment of game and fish out of the State was rigorously enforced. Much attention was given to the enforcement of the new law prohibiting the sale of woodcock, partridge and quail, and hotels and restaurants were prevented from serving them at banquets whenever possible.

Mr. Osborn has taken the ground that all game and fish laws are constitutional and in force until declared otherwise by the supreme court.

The State game and fish warden of Michigan is not only expected to enforce the laws relative to the protection of game fish and game animals, but has under his jurisdiction the protection of the food fish supply. He is made the inspector of fish shutes, and his duties are multiplied by each session of the Legislature. The one thing glaringly needful in Michigan seems to be a law regulating the length and weight of fish caught in pound nets, gill nets, seines, fyke nets, etc. The warden has made special efforts to have the commercial fishing laws respected.

Non-resident deer hunting licenses to the number of twenty-three were issued during the season of 1895, and resident licenses to the number of 15,877. Mr. Osborn will advocate a change in the license law at the next session of the Legislature, requiring every person who has a gun in his possession during the open season to have a license.

Moose in Minnesota.

There is a popular impression that the moose law is off in Minnesota this fall, though I do not find it so recorded in the game laws. The close season law, or some other cause, has been followed by an increase in the moose supply not far short of phenomenal, though the killing has been very extensive in the Rainy Lake region, and indeed pretty much all through upper Minnesota the prospectors have penetrated beyond the reach of the wardens. The dispatches from Duluth, of May 6, state that a herd of moose on that morning appeared in the main street of that city, they having swum across the bay from the Wisconsin side. They were driven over into the woods on a point of land near by, and at last accounts had not left that locality, being very tired with their swim.

Along Deer River and in the Itasca region moose are very abundant, and have been for two years. Last year, according to a newspaper cutting which is handed me by a Minnesota resident, a band of five moose ate up the cabbage patch of a Deer Lake settler, and so irritated him that he went after them with a shotgun and did all he could to exterminate the lot. They are there again this year, however, and he says he can't afford to raise cabbage for all the wild moose in Minnesota, for he intends to lay in that cabbage for next winter in the form of kraut for himself and family.

Poisoned Deer.

In northern Minnesota several deer are reported to have been poisoned last season by eating the tops of potato and other plants which had been treated with Paris green for the purpose of destroying bugs. The wild deer when not pursued become very bold, coming into the gardens of the farmers and helping themselves to what they like, and being of a very inquisitive turn of mind, though their investigations have not yet taught them that the good part of a potato is not the part which grows above the ground.

Deer in Chicago.

Mr. William Deering, of Evanston suburb, has a pet deer which has this week been having a lot of fun with the people of that village. It has broken away from confinement twice, once going out into Lake Michigan for a swim and nearly drowning itself, and then at a later day making its escape and running for some time loose in the cemetery, where it was with difficulty secured by the attendants and taken back home in a wagon under an escort of four policemen, who thus had their initial hunt for big game.

Wild Pigeons.

There is ground for the belief that the wild pigeon is by no means to be considered an extinct bird. This spring a report from Minnesota states that a few have been seen there, and now I have more definite word to prove that at least a few more of these beautiful birds remain in the land of the living. Mr. H. L. Stanton, who resides at Beverly Hills suburb, eleven miles to the south of the city, on the Rock Island road, tells me th at one morning two weeks ago he saw a flock of birds flyi ng toward his home which had a peculiar look and whic h he almost at once identified as wild pigeons; for thoug h he had seen none for years he was raised in the pigeon country of Wisconsin and is familiar with the bird. These pigeons crossed the ridge of high land at Beverly Hills and disappeared in the direction of a wood back of that point, where Mr. Stanton thinks they may have alighted for a time. Mr. Stanton's neighbor, Mr. Fuss, when spoken to about this event, mentioned that he had on the same morning seen another flock of about the same number, thirty or forty, which crossed at nearly the same place. Mr. Fuss was brought up at or near this same spot, and he remarks that in the past, when there was a regular flight of pigeons, this used to be their regular crossing place, they seeming to come in from the direction of south Chicago, as though in their flight they had come around the head of Lake Michigan or crossed it near the head (or perhaps I should more nautically call this the "foot" of the lake, meaning at least the southern end of it). It would be pleasant indeed if we might once more see even occasionally a flock of these birds, once so extraordinarily abundant.

News from the Yellowstone Park.

A band of twenty-six mountain sheep was seen in the "strip" north of the Yellowstone River in the National Park two weeks ago. Deer are more abundant in the Park this spring than ever before. One bunch of forty-seven blacktails came down within a mile of the officers' quarters one day last week, and there are a number of whitetails hanging around the post pastures. Every range in the Park has dozens and hundreds of elk, and these animals surely more than hold their own. Two arrests have been made of poachers for killing elk in the Park, E. Shefield and A. G. Vance, of Livingston. These men are charged with killing the elk in the Montana strip of the Park. They are to be tried before Commissioner Meldrum at Fort Yellowstone to-day, May 9.

After Big Game.

A French count with eleven dachshunde of the bluest sort of blood is in Chicago this week, bound for the National Park and other Western points. He is after big game. He takes his serpentine pack with him when he travels, because he loves them so. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

The Lonely Anti-Decoy Partners.

I BELIEVE that it was E. E., of Seattle, who a few weeks since moved to stash the decoy interest. I think that I was the only one who supported his motion, and I did this for the same reason that he made it, namely, that neither of us is in the habit of using decoys.

I felt that at any rate my flint-lock, muzzleloading amendment would be too much for him. Even Mr. Mitchell, who is the only one in the FOREST AND STREAM crowd having, according to the Seattle gentleman, a spark of humanity or unselfishness in his soul, seems to have "gone back on him.." "'Twas ever thus."

If decoys are really to be abolished by law I should like to have a loophole in the statute, so that when I chance to find myself among upland plover, I may feel a liberty to hold up my foot, or wave a handkerchief on a stick, or to use some similar device for bamboozling thes exceeding wary birds. I can imitate their call (which believe few can do), and used to have many a pleasan and successful day among them. I have not seen one fo many years. KELPIE.

Aroostook County, Maine.

LITTLETON, Me., May 4.—The robins and blackbirds pu in an appearance together this season, April 11; the firs frogs were heard April 23 and the first swallows seen on April 25. The season is somewhat backward, but indications are good for lots of sport with trout this summer. They are already betraying a considerable interest in the contents of my fly book and I shall shortly have a good score to report. I note that woodcocks and partridges are unusually plenty in the woods this spring, the former being quite tame. That the fall shooting will be exceptionally good there can be no doubt. A number of deer have been seen in the open fields, and your correspondent quite recently ran across a herd of five caribou within two miles of the railroad. The new Ashland branch o the Bangor & Aroostook road has made easy access to some of the finest fishing and hunting grounds to be found in the State. MISS ISQUOI.

The Man Behind the Gun.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Lew Wilmot's article headed "The Man Behind the Gun" is the kind of argument that should settle the gun question. One writer says a hunter is lucky if he hits a running deer anywhere between the head and tail, and for that reason he should shoot a large, hard-hitting gun—or words to that effect.

He evidently loses sight of the man behind the gun.

A hunter should be able to hit a running deer within a circle whose diameter is the width of the deer's body, and at any distance that his gun will shoot accurately. He may be able to do this with a short, compactly built gun like the .38 40 or .44 40 Winchester, but fail with a long-barreled gun shooting a long cartridge, for the simple reason that he cannot handle the large gun. But if the gun feels right in his hands—is light, and comes up to his face properly, so he does not have to look a second time for either the sights or the mark—he should hit his deer nearly where he chooses. He can tumble rabbits on the jump and clip the heads off walking partridges in the second of time the head is still before making the forward or backward movement.

I once shot two deer as they ran past me about 75yds. distant, the first some three jumps in advance of the other. My little .32 20 Winchester put a ball through the foremost one a little above the heart. I had only time enough to pump my magazine and catch the other deer on the same ground—a small open depression between ridges covered with undergrowth and scattering trees.

The holes in the two skins did not vary over 2in. from the same spot. It does not matter whether a man is able to hit a deer or not, he is entitled to a trial; but he must not expect his gun to do more than its share of the work. A good gun will shoot where it is held. I prefer to be sure of my aim and hit a deer in a vital spot, or clip a partridge head, than to shoot an unwieldy rifle or a shotgun at random.

G. W. CUNNINGHAM.

Sea and River Fishing.

THE INDIANS AND THE FISH LAWS.

CATTARAUGUS COUNTY COURT.

THE PEOPLE VS. JAMES PIERCE.

G. W. Cole, Attorney for the People.
D. C. Reilly, Attorney for Defendant.

Opinion—O. S. Vreeland, County Judge.

The defendant was convicted by and before a Justice of the Peace of the town of Salamanca of the offense of having on the 18th day of October, 1895, killed fish in the Allegheny River, in Cattaraugus county, by the explosion of dynamite, contrary to the provisions of Sec. 102, Chap. 974, of the laws of 1895.

Upon such conviction the defendant was sentenced by the justice to pay a fine of $40, and in addition to be imprisoned for thirty days in the county jail of the county.

It was substantially conceded upon the trial by defendant that he had exploded dynamite in the river for the purpose of killing fish; and by the people that defendant was a Seneca Indian, a member of the Seneca Nation of Indians, and that the particular spot in the river where the explosive had been used was upon the Allegheny Indian Reservation.

Upon this statement of facts the defendant asked to be exempted before the justice from liability to the provisions of the statute cited, and upon this appeal makes the broad claim that, since he is a Seneca Indian, and the alleged offense was committed upon the reservation which his tribe occupies, therefore the Legislature of the State of New York has no authority or jurisdiction over the reservation or its waters; that it cannot control or restrict the right of himself or his people to take fish from this river in any manner they choose to adopt, and for these reasons the act referred to is invalid and void so far as he is concerned. These Indians have possessed a right to occupy these lands from a time in the past, "whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary," and the story of such right and of their relations to the United States and the State of New York has been often told.

In 1628-9 the king ruling England granted to the colony of Massachusetts Bay, in America, certain lands described, in the quaint language of the day, as follows: "All that parte of Newe Englande, in America, which lyes and extendes between a greate river there commonlie called Monomack, alias Merrimack, and a certen other river there called Charles River, being in the bottome of a certayne bay there commonlie called Massachusetts, alias Mattachusetts, alias Massatusetts Bay, and also all and singuler those landes and hereditaments whatsoever lyeing within the space of three English myles on the south part of the said Charles River, and also the landes lyeing and being within three English myles to the southward of the southmost part of the saide bay.

"And also all those lands and hereditaments whatsoever which lye and be within the space of three English myles to the northward of the said river called Monomack.

"And all the landes and hereditaments whatsoever lyeing within the lymytts aforesaide, north and south in latitude, and in length and longitude, of and within all the bredth aforesaide, throughout the mayne lances there, from the Atlantic and westerne sea and ocean on the east parte, to the south sea on the west parte."

On March 12, 1664, the king then ruling England granted to his brother, Duke of York, certain other lands "of Newe Englande." Out of the latter grant was carved the Colony and later the State of New York, and from the former grant were formed the Colony and State of Massachusetts.

During the long years embracing the French and Indian wars, and the period of the Revolution, no notice appears to have been taken of the fact that the grant to the Duke overlapped the earlier grant, but when the affairs of the Colonies began to take more definite shape, after the treaty of Paris, the Colony of Massachusetts took steps to locate the boundaries of their grant, mapped the same as extending between parallels 42° and 45°, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and laid claim to almost the whole of the State of New York not actually settled.

New York resisted the claim and a convention between the two States was held at Hartford in the Colony of Connecticut in 1786, where, on Dec. 16 of that year, a stipulation was signed by Rufus King and three others for Massachusetts, and by Robert R. Livingston and five others for New York, establishing a line across the State north and south from the Pennsylvania boundary, commencing at the southeast corner of Steuben county, running along the westerly shore of Seneca Lake and terminating in Sodus Bay on Lake Ontario.

New York ceded to Massachusetts "the right of preëmption of the soil from the native Indians, and all their estate, right, title and property (the right and title of government, sovereignty and jurisdiction excepted) which the State of New York hath" in the territory lying on the west of the line marked; and Massachusetts ceded to New York "all the claim, right and title which the Commonwealth of Massachusetts hath to the government, sovereignty and jurisdiction" of the lands in question.

Under the authority reserved in this stipulation the State of New York has assumed to extend its laws over all this land once claimed by Massachusetts, and has enacted and now seeks to enforce the act in question, as against the tribe of Indians still occupying a portion of the original tract.

It seems reasonably clear that this may be done.

The words chosen—"government, sovereignty and jurisdiction"—are among the broadest in the language.

"Government" is "The exercise of authority in the administration of the affairs of a State, community or society; the authoritative direction and restraint exercised over the actions of men in communities, societies or States."—*Century Dictionary.*

"Sovereignty" is "The supreme, absolute, uncontrollable power by which any State is governed."—*Cooley, Con. Lim.*

"Jurisdiction" is "Controlling authority—the right of making or enforcing laws or regulations—the capacity of determining rules of action or use, and exacting penalties; the function or capacity of judging or governing in general; the inherent power of decision or control."—*Century Dictionary.*

These definitions certainly cover the case under consideration.

It is not the purpose of the statute to absolutely prohibit the taking of fish from the waters of the State, but to regulate and control such taking, and to prevent the wholesale destruction of this important food product.

This fish law is the result of years of study and experience in the nature and habits of the finny tribe with a view to prevent their destruction, and to promote, to the greatest extent, their growth and increase.

Its purpose is as much for the welfare of the Indians as for that of their white neighbors.

Experience has taught that unless the methods of taking fish can be controlled, and the season for taking them regulated so as not to interfere with their propagation, all the fish in the waters of the State are doomed to destruction.

Such a result would be more disastrous to the interests of the Indians, and be more quickly and keenly felt by them than by the whites.

To confine the question, however, to the exact point at issue, it does not appear that the slaughter of fish by the explosion of dynamite in their native waters is "fishing" within any fair interpretation of the term.

By this means large numbers of fish are destroyed and only a few are secured—young and old alike are killed. Their habits of breeding and taking food are disturbed and interfered with.

Under these conditions it is clear that the provisions of this law are wise and just, and ought to be upheld and enforced.

The claim of the defendant that the terms of this statute are hostile to existing statutes of the United States, or to the stipulations contained in the treaties heretofore made with this tribe of Indians, is not tenable.

So far as I can discover, the United States has never enacted by its Congress any statute, or given out any decision by its courts, in opposition to the right of the State of New York to exercise its "sovereignty" over these lands.

The relations of the United States with these Indians began soon after the close of the Revolution, when a treaty was held whereby the Government "gave peace" to these Indians, and "secured and confirmed" them in the possession of their lands.

Beyond this, excepting to supervise their dealings with the whites, the general government has done nothing.

The claim is made by the defendant that the United States expressly guaranteed to his nation the right to fish without interference in these waters by express treaty, but such does not appear to be the case.

The only reference to their right to fish and hunt appears to be in the deed executed by the nation to Robert Morris in 1797, made under the supervision of the general government, whereby all the vast tract comprising western New York was conveyed to him, and in which the right to hunt and fish in the lands conveyed was reserved.

Under this provision, the right of the Indians over the waters in question is in no way superior to their rights in all the other streams embraced in the lands so conveyed. It is not likely that any express treaty was necessary to entitle them to the reasonable use of the waters for fishing; but the fact cited does prove that they have no such exclusive authority over this river as to entitle them to defy the "sovereignty" of the State of New York when exercised with reason and judgment over the same.

The Indians themselves have also invoked the "sovereignty" of the State upon repeated occasions. As early as 1813, laws were enacted by the State to prevent trespasses upon their lands by white persons, and these laws have been frequently amended and extended in scope and their aid invoked by the tribe. The very corporate existence of the Seneca Nation itself depends upon a statute of the State.

The statutes forbidding trespasses upon their lands by whites and providing for the removal of intruders have been upheld as a police regulation (The People *ex rel.* vs. Dibble, 16 N. Y., 203), and it seems plain that the present law may be sustained upon the same ground.

The case has been considered at greater length than the precise question involved demands, but in view of the surroundings it has seemed advisable to ascertain the result to which an examination of the whole question might lead.

Such examination leads me to the conclusion that the State of New York has the authority to make and enforce these laws, and that Indians are amenable to their provisions in the same manner and to the same extent as are the whites.

The sentence imposed by the justice was a fine of $40 and imprisonment in the county jail for thirty days; and was apparently imposed under the general provisions of the statute regulating punishment for misdemeanors.

Sec. 102, under which the prosecution was conducted, provides the punishment, which may be imprisonment for not less than thirty days, but does not authorize a fine.

The judgment of conviction must therefore be modified by remitting the fine, and, as so modified, the judgment of conviction and the sentence affirmed.

CHICAGO AND THE WEST.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 2.—Hearing of the sport along the Fox, and being minded to have a day out of doors this week, I made a solemn agreement with three friends of mine, each of whom declared himself ready to depart on an hour's notice, to take a run out to St. Charles, on the Fox, and have a look over the country with an eye to a trip a little later on. One of these friends is an ardent bicyclist, and announced himself ready to ride out across country with me almost any evening to have a look at the river. Of course, when the time came to start, this solemn compact showed itself to be about like most fishing-trip agreements, and no one was ready to start One man had bought him a yoke of oxen and another had married a wife, or was going to, and one or another such insufficient reasons broke up the deal all around; so I was left alone. Now, I have a superstition that it is unlucky for a man ever to change his mind, especially about going fishing, when he has once made it up. It seems to me that when a fellow has gone to all the trouble of making up that member he ought not to go and lightly rub that make-up off without great provocation. Believing this, there was only one thing to be done, and that was to start alone, which accordingly I did, leaving Chicago at 9 P. M. on bicycle-back for the ride of thirty-eight miles to St. Charles. The weather probabilities said there would be local thunder showers that night, and that was the first time I ever knew the weather man to guess it right. I was not three miles down the boulevard before it began to get black and blow great guns, while the lightning played hide and seek around a big cloud in the west, the direction in which I was traveling I knew I was being another variety of idiot in going on, but I was too mad by that time to turn back, so went ahead. I had intended to ride out slowly till the moon rose, about 10 P. M., and then push on over the country roads as far as I could that night, hoping to get over most of the distance by 2 or 3 o'clock the next morning; but what I planned to do and what I really did were two very different things. The storm caught me at Oak Park, and I got wet in just about half a minute. Oak Park is a very respectable suburb, devoted to private residences of wealthy folk and not laid out with a view to transient travelers' comfort. I looked all up and down the street and saw no place where a wet bicyclist could hide. Everything was highly respectable and repellant. At last I saw a bright and cheery light shining in an inviting way at a store window, and I ventured up on the stoop and withdrew into the shelter of the archway, the way the wronged maidens do in cathedrals in the novels. I found that my house of refuge was an undertaker's shop; but it was the cheerfulest place in the town, so I didn't mind. The undertaker was a pleasant man, and he looked me over with interest, but possibly undertakers are always glad to see a man drop in now and then. He gave me his card, and I promised to see him again some day; but then the rain stopped a trifle and I determined to ride on. When a fellow is going fishing he always wants to have his main idea fixed in his mind, and must not allow himself to be diverted by the temptations which offer by the wayside.

I rode on for three or four *stadia* and a couple of *parasangs* more until I came to Maywood, and here I found that the moon, which was slated to appear at that time and place, was not working at all that night, and that my ride was going to be cut short. There was a temptation to turn around and ride back home and go to bed, but this I rejected with scorn, and instead sought lodging at a hotel I discovered near by. This was a large hotel with about a thousand rooms in it, once devoted to the use of the operatives of a factory or something of that sort, and as the factory was shut down I thought I could get a room there. The night clerk said I could, but when I told him I wanted to get up at 4 o'clock in the morning he mutinied, and said he didn't see how he could afford to sit up all night to call me at that hour; but he finally agreed to chance it, and I took harborage with him.

I have been thinking it over since then, and I sort of believe that that night clerk was a humorist or something of that kind. He must have been joking about calling me in the morning. What really happened was that he put me into a room next to one that had a light in it and was evidently occupied—these being the only two rooms of the thousand that had anybody in them that night. I waited and waited for that light to go out, but it never failed all night long. Neither did there cease the conversation audibly in progress between the inmates of the room, which were apparently of Semitic cast, as I inferred from sundry exclamations of, "Chrashus me; vat vould you exbect?" "No! no! id vas all right!" "Bud I dell you, Rosenbaum," etc., etc. Those people argued for five hours by the watch, for I kept time on them, they only pausing momentarily when I wrapped on the wall and swore at them. Meantime there was a lamp placed in the hall in front of my door, so that the light streamed in cheerily over the transom, and the sound of heavy footsteps, as of a man engaged in deep thought, continued up and down the hall all the time. I supposed this was the night clerk, and that this was his way of waking me up at 4 o'clock, so I had no right to criticise his methods, and as I don't mind a little thing like that anyhow when I am going fishing, I didn't say anything to him about it at the time. I didn't really need to be called at 4 A. M., for at 3:30 I saw the streaks of dawn appear, and so arose and dressed and went out in the hall to see how my uneasy friend with the footsteps was getting along. I asked him what was troubling his mind, and what was the matter with the fellows in the other room, and he said they were witnesses in a lawsuit over a fire there had been in town, and he was the bailiff stationed over them to keep them from getting away.

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes," said he.

But he couldn't say why I got the room next to theirs. Neither could the night clerk, whom I woke up and asked about it. "They's no kick comin' to you," he said. "That's one of the best rooms in the house." Then I asked him about breakfast.

"Why, man, you can't get no breakfast here for three hours yet. They ain't anyone to cook, and nothin' to cook nohow. Maybe I can get you a glass of milk."

I wanted a cup of coffee, and told the clerk I could make plenty good coffee if he could find the raw ingredients. But though we searched for over half an hour through the dungeons of the kitchen, we never did find where that cook kept her coffee can. I never went through a house before where I couldn't find the coffee, but I couldn't there, and had to set forth grumbling and uncomforted, after loss of much valuable time.

A Glorious Morning.

But the morning in the country was glorious. The air was sweet and fresh and the birds sang ecstatically, and all the fields and hedge-rows were vivid green and fair to look upon. I felt repaid already, and went bowling along at a good gait in spite of my hunger, congratulating myself on a pleasant journey and a quick arrival. Alas! the evil luck attended me. I had traveled only six miles when I ran into the rain belt. Here the shower of the previous evening had been a furious downpour, and the black gumbo was bottomless. I pushed on as far as I could, but had to dismount and push the bicycle. Then the mud rolled up on it till the wheels clogged and refused to move. I tried to carry it, but it weighed 100lbs. with the mud on. My feet were wet, and I was hungry. I realized finally that I was engaged in another one of the divers fool things I have occupied my life with doing. Still I was sure I was going fishing, and when going fishing one must never lose his temper, or he won't catch any fish. I picked out a likely looking farmhouse, fought the dog for a chance to knock at the door, and at last unearthed a German woman who said her husband had gone to town with a load of milk, and who concluded she could boil me some eggs and make a cup of coffee while I was waiting for the sun to come up. This was before 6 o'clock in the morning.

My new hostess told me that I was now arrived at the village of Elmhurst, and told me that if I would go a half mile to the south I would strike a road with more gravel in it, and could perhaps ride a little and certainly walk a great deal better than I could on the gumbo road I had been trying. I took her advice and found it good. Indeed, I rode for a mile, but unfortunately it was not in the right direction, and I got in the mud again. Then a farmer who came along with a load of milk took me back to Elmhurst again in his wagon and headed me right for what he said was the St. Charles road. This I followed as best I could till I came to Lombard, and thence I went on to Glen Ellyn, and thence north of Wheaton. The roads were awful. A few teams had passed that morning after the rain, and the only place to ride was right in the ruts of the wheels. I had a good chance to try the bicycle as a road machine in bad weather. I found that about half the distance I had to walk and push the wheel, appreciating very much the rare stretches where I could use the speed of the wheel. To make it all short, I held on, walking and riding, on my solitary fishing trip, until at exactly noon I arrived at St. Charles, having been eight hours in doing twenty-eight miles. This is one way you can go fishing to St. Charles on the Fox. There are others.

At the little village on the Fox I found everything charming indeed to a man from the city. The river is beautiful at that spot, falling in a wide cascade over a big dam, and it was at just such a stage of clearness and yet of fullness as one would ask if he were going to fish. Of course, my fishing trip was more of a bluff than anything else, but I went down to the river and watched other people fish. Pretty soon a young man, the foreman of the flie works there, came out at his noon hour and tried a line for a time near the corner of the mill. With him I struck up acquaintance, with the result that he soon offered me his stock of minnows and his tackle to have and to hold, and to enjoy the profits and usufruct thereof while he was in the mill at work. "I like to see a fellow have a good time," said he, and so I knew I had struck one of that brotherhood of sportsmen which exists all over this big country. I fished and caught a lonesome rock bass or so, and a little rock bass that I threw back, and one a little larger which I looked at a while and didn't throw back, he looked so fat and sleek and good to eat. Then some boys came along who had some "grampuses," "water devils," or helgramites, whatever title suit them, with which they would not part for love or money, though I knew, as did they, that this was the best bait to use at that time. I was forced to sit at the Barmecide entertainment of watching them catch bass under my nose—no large ones, none above ½lbs., and none with spawn so far as I could see. A half dozen of these bass I was further forced to purchase at the sum of 5 cents apiece of the stern young anglers, for I really couldn't resist the tempting look of their shiny sides. I found that for once appearances were not deceitful, and have never eaten any bass in this country so good as these little ones. Late in the season, when the weeds have come in the streams, the bass are sure to have more or less of a muddy taste, even the small-mouths, and the bass of the lakes, especially the big-mouths, are not fit to eat, so musky or muddy do they become. But these sweet little small-mouths, fresh from the cold water of the swift river—they were divine. They tempt to go out there again soon. It is a lovely and an easy locality to reach, and boats are to be had, possibly with guides, if one cares for such encumbrances in so easy a country. The best place to go to is up the river about three or four miles, toward Clintonville Rapids, near the mouths of the creeks, and I should think that at any time within the next two weeks one might be sure of a decent day's sport and of a fine table delicacy if he cooked his catch. These Fox River bass just now are fine performers in the water or on the table.

St. Charles is by rail (Chicago Great Northern Road) only about thirty-two miles from Chicago, and the trains run very nicely for a trip. A good way is to take a train out at 1 P. M. or later, have that evening's fishing, fish the next day and come in at 8:45 P. M., reaching the city at 10 P. M. I found the fare to be $1.07. I also found that the bicycle man is going to charge me just $1 50 to clean up my wheel for me. The friends who didn't go with me when they said they would are saying now that they knew all along what was going to happen, and that I am the biggest fool on earth for going out on the road after such a rain, etc., etc. Still my conscience gives an approving throb once in a while, and I still remember how good those little bass were. And when these friends of mine go out there with me in a couple of weeks I shall find revenge in not telling them of a good hole I found when I was there. They will feel bad when they see me come in at evening with my fish.

Bass.

CHICAGO, Ill., May 9.—The weather for the past few days has been fit for treason, stratagem and ice cream—so hot that there was no comfort even in going fishing. The sudden advent of the warm wave stopped the biting of the bass in Fox River at once, as I had occasion to learn. On the day I was out the wind was high and the waters troubled and coffee-colored, so that nine fish were all two men, Mr. H. L. Stanton and myself, could do by patient effort, and of these only three were black bass. The bass fishing is now betwixt and between, the time being too early and too late. I think the bass are spawning two or three weeks ahead of time, and believe that most of the spawning is over, even in the rivers. At least there are many beds reported seen in Fox and Kankakee rivers last week by those who were out on those streams. Lake fishing at Fox Lake continues good, and the bass are said to be well on with the season's spawning there.

The Kankakee River is doing well this spring. Points to be recommended on that stream are Momence, Hanna and Koutts, the latter two better later in the summer. I find the Fox River at St. Charles a very beautiful and easily accessible stream, the trains running exceptionally well for Chicago anglers who have only a day to spare. The best way to do on this trip is to run out to St. Charles, thirty-two miles, in the evening, then take boat six miles up stream to Cedar Rock, above the second creek about three miles, staying there over night and fishing the next day. In June this is a fine fly-fishing trip, for the Fox River bass are very obliging about taking the fly, and there are also many rock bass to offer a moment's fun. The rock bass may not have quite the same *gaudium certaminis* (as we say in Chicago) about him that a black bass has, but he is more regular in his habits, which is something in his favor.

Trout.

No very large takes of trout are reported as yet from the woods country to our north, but a few gentlemen have been out and had sport enough to repay them. The Prairie River, near Dudley, Wis., is about as good a stream as I can direct one to at this writing. This stream was stocked heavily by the Wisconsin Fish Commission some years ago, and the fact was kept quiet. There have been 5lb trout taken out of it since. The big brook trout at the World's Fair came from this stream. The Paint, the Pine and the Fence, to say nothing of the Pike, will no doubt produce their quota of trout later; but these streams, like all others, do not have trout on tap, so that whosoever drops a line may pull them out. Trout fishing remains there the same mystifying and alluring pastime, with one good day to remember and twenty to forget; but the trout are there. They are in the Brule too, but you can't always get them out.

Grayling.

It is all a mistake to think the grayling is "extinct" in Michigan, though of late it has attracted little attention in print. I am told on good authority that the Little Manistee this spring will be well worth a visit, and Bear Creek last year was described to me by an expert who fished it as being productive of some very fine grayling. The boat trips across the lake to the south peninsula points have never been much appreciated by Chicago anglers, most of that traffic being of the holiday and summer resort order, but there are several points, as Petoskey, Ludington, etc., which are good enter points for some very fine fishing country for bass, trout or grayling, and I wonder our anglers do not more frequently take advantage of them.

Wish-i-ninne Club.

There will be a meeting to-night of the Wish-i-ninne Club, of Chicago, for the purpose of making arrangements for the annual camping trip of the club, which this year will be held on Manitowish waters in Wisconsin about June. This club is composed of Messrs. Geo. E Cole, J. V. Clark, Lou Clark, C. S. Dennis, Frank Wells and brother, John Flanders, Geo. B. Walker and W. L. Wells. These gentlemen have had many pleasant camps together, mostly duck hunting in Minnesota, and their annual trip has become a fixture of interest. The club is named after Chief Wish-i-ninne, a Chippewa once of repute in Minnesota. This red gentleman was about 7ft. tall, and bad all the way up and down. For an act of a criminal nature he was arrested by local officers, or rather several of them attempted to arrest him, and he laid most of them out in order of arrival. An Irishman by name of O'Reagan exclaimed, "I'll hold ye now, me man," and drawing up his Winchester shot Wish-i-ninne square in the side of the head. It was said at the time that his whole skull was blown off, and O'Reagan was tried for that. Anyhow, Wish-i-ninne was buried, and nearly twenty years afterward his body was dug up and his skull passed into the possession of Mr. W. L. Wells, who now has it in his studio, next door to the FOREST AND STREAM office here. The truth about Wish-i-ninne's skull is that it was not blown off at all. It shows not even a hole through it, merely a deep dent in the side above the ear, not making a fracture, but causing a shock sufficient to cause the death of Wish-i-ninne, and so to give the club which became lawful owner of his head a name of unique and gruesome interest.

In Doubt.

Mr. Albert Bruning and Mrs. Bruning (Lulu Klein), of the Salvini company, have passed more than a week in Chicago, the company playing handsomely to handsome business and concluding its engagement here last Saturday. Mr. Bruning is a FOREST AND STREAM man and very fond of the camp, the stream and the forest himself, so it was natural that he should pay the FOREST AND STREAM fold here a visit during his stay. He and Mrs. Bruning are in the habit each year of taking a camping trip of some months together at the end of the dramatic season, usually going to Canada or Maine. This year they are in doubt whether to go to the woods on their camping trip, or go to Europe for a journey. They came to me for expert advice on such matters, and I told them to go camping, because they can go to Europe any time, and so can anybody, but they may not always be young and hearty enough to eat as many trout as they can now. Mr. Bruning is the leading gentleman of the company, after the star, and as such, for instance in the part of the Duke of Buckingham, has to do a lot of fencing, because the Duke of Buckingham's habits, as I understand it, were such that he was always getting into trouble. Mr. Bruning has contracted a fine case of rheumatism in the glorious climate of Chicago, and was for some days obliged to fence left handed; although it seems to me this would only add *vraisemblance*, as we say in Chicago, to the part of the gallant Duke, who must have been a good two-handed fighter. But what I wanted to say is that a camping trip is the best cure on earth for rheumatism. Yet no one pretends that a trip to Europe cures rheumatism.

Slightly Disfigured, but Recognizable.

Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston & Co., of London, England, are good enough to send the writer a very pretty little book on a very pretty theme, named "The Amateur Angler," the same being a series of English angling sketches written by a gentleman who signs himself The Amateur Angler. Any book on angling must labor to escape being charming, and this book is charming in its quiet little way, though I fear it will not replace the Walton which it distantly imitates. One thing which attracted my attention in this book was the expression "hackneyed in business," which was quoted, being used in connection with the idea of being able to go fishing. It was really unnecessary to use the quotation marks; for the *Fishing Gazette*, of London, for which The Amateur Angler writes, stole the whole idea, picture and all, from the FOREST AND STREAM, and came out with the "chained to business" warning verbatim and without quotation marks or credit of any kind. The author of this pleasant and pretty little book on a guileless and clear-conscienced sport need not have disfigured the expression, which is still recognizable and was much more effective as first written by the editor of FOREST AND STREAM.

Classified Bears.

It was with a feeling of exultation that I read in a late issue of FOREST AND STREAM of the new classification of the American bears, which is put forth by Dr C Hart Merriam, who divides the grizzly bear into five equal parts, and even the black bear into four species, as against the old arrangement, under which scientists insisted there were only two species of bears in the United States, the black and the grizzly. All the old bear hunters have time out of mind set apart several sorts of long-toed bears, as the columns of the sporting press for years back have recorded, and they have uniformly been told that they didn't know anything about bears anyhow. And now comes Dr. Merriam and tears the whole thing down and begins over again. Science, it seems, can't very well get these bears to "justify" in the make-up sometimes, as this new classification shows. It is a good classification, and will be popular; but I notice Dr. Merriam has omitted one species, the pine nut bear, cold and hard. I suppose it was received too late to classify. But I still have hopes of seeing this kind of bear obtain the recognition for which it has long struggled in vain in the hands of myself and the other two men who believe in it. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Forest and Stream Fishing Postals.

Drop us a line about the fishing.

HARRISVILLE, N. Y., May 5.—Trout fishing is better at present in the vicinity of Forest Home than it has been for years. Last week about 200 were caught, weighing from ¼lb. to 2lbs.

Streams are now getting in condition for good fishing. W. E. HUMES.

PINE POINT, N. H., May 4.—Here is some of the catch at Lake Webb to-day: Withum and Maisterman, 10 trout and 3 salmon; Swett and Houghton, 10 trout; Rollins and Courier, 13 trout; Payne Bros., 8 trout; Schofield and Son, 33 trout; L. Newman and Holt, 36 trout; F. Phillips and wife, 7 trout and 2 salmon. These trout weighed from 1 to 4lbs.; the salmon were small, weight of 2lbs. each. Our fishing is opening fine, and the fishermen are beginning to arrive at Pine Point. W. K. C.

ST. CLOUD, Minn., May 4.—Pike fishing has been successful here since the opening of the season on the first. C. C. C.

Mr. J. Halpen sends us a copy of the Kennebec *Journal* of May 6, in which it is reported that trout fishing is proving capital in Lake Cobbosseecontee, near Augusta. The fish run large and are in good supply.

Michipicoteu River Trout.

PORT ARTHUR, Canada.—In your paper dated April 25 I read one article by S. R. Clark, of Toronto, on the rivers of the north shore of Lake Superior. I agree with him that the trout caught in Michipicoteu River are much superior to those caught in the other rivers mentioned. I have fished this river many times. The trout will average about 2 or 3lbs. each, and they have rich colored fins, deep red bellies, and rich deep pink-colored flesh of such a delicate flavor as is seldom found in the Nipigon trout. The river is good to fish with the fly; you can wade almost any part, and the stream is about 30 to 50ft. wide, with a continuation of pools that are the favorite haunts of the trout. The best time for fishing are the months of July and August, the water being too high in the month of June. There will be a small steam launch on Lake Missanabie this season to convey tourists from Missanabie station on the C. P. Railway to the headwaters of Michipicoteu River, a distance of ten miles, where the sportsman can commence fishing the stream, and continue on to its mouth on Lake Superior, which will take from one week to one month, just as you please. The sportsman will require a canoe and guide to descend the stream. The scenery is beautiful, and a trip down the Michipicoteu River to Lake Superior will never be forgotten. J. E. N.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and much earlier as practicable.

DAYS ON THE NIPIGON.

[Concluded from page 377.]

WHEN morning came we feasted upon trout, but they did not taste as good as before, so we decided at the breakfast table that a change of fish should be had. An inspection would be made of those dorsal fins sticking out of the water, and if they were not trout some should be caught, so each of us was left to his own device.

Knowing that whitefish were taken with gill nets, I never for a moment thought they would bite upon any sort of bait. Taking one of the boats, we started out, and while my fly was skipping over the top of the water not 50ft. from shore I got a strike that sent my reel whizzing, and when I landed my fish you may imagine my surprise to find it a *Coregonus clupeiformis* of about 2lbs. weight. We crossed the river and fished up the west shore, where I took two wall-eyed pike of 5 and 5½lbs. each, and that ended my catch. I afterward learned that any one who catches a whitefish won't have any luck that day—so that the rule in my case held good. My patience being exhausted, we returned to camp, where I saw the Judge sitting on a big rock and Fred in the rapids up to his knees. The Judge was holding his sides and laughing fit to kill, while Fred would cast into the stream, bring up the white sides of a fish, and at times would land one, and when I examined into the cause of this fun it was to discover that Fred was snooding whitefish, and he and the Judge had a bet of catching or not catching sufficient whitefish for supper, so the poor fellow worked with all his might and won the bet. Whitefish caught and planked on the fishing grounds are far different fish from those frozen or purchased at market, and one who has not taken them right from the water and cooked them at once cannot realize the delicious morsel that they are. Wall-eyed pike furnished another change in that they were boiled, and tasted very well.

Fred seemed to be charmed as well as chained to the rapids near the falls, for there he stayed and fished, and when he hooked one he would sound the tocsin by yelling until even the Indians were excited and would go rushing to where he was. He made up his mind that the Judge should not throw him down and sit upon him by catching two 5lbs. trout at once without his making an effort to redeem himself, so he came down with a big trout in his hand and called for the scales. But, alas, they would not lie; it only weighed 4½lbs. He was disappointed, but not discouraged. Back he went again to his favorite place, and again that whoop was heard, louder and deeper than ever, and this time his face was like the glowing sun, but the best the scales would do was 4½lbs., and there the score remained and still remains.

Taking one canoe and two Indians, we made a half day's trip up into the lake proper, and saw the Indian in his tepee, his squaw, papoose, and last and by far the greatest part, his dogs. The Indian that we saw had three or four papooses and twenty dogs.

While we were gone the other two Indians rested in camp and set a snare for a fox and caught a nice large one with a fine brush, but we threw it away, not caring to bring it home.

In the waters of the rapids below the falls the white sucker (*Catostomus teres*) could be seen in schools, and it was great sport to amuse ourselves with a dip-net trying to catch one, but they are like a flash, and before your net would touch the water they would be out of sight. By sitting still you could see each kind passing in review before you.

This would be a good place to camp were it not for the fact that every night that we camped here it would rain, thunder and storm at about the same hour every evening. No record was kept of the number of fish nor the weight of fish caught, as we only wanted what we could eat, but as the time came near to going home our pond was full of fish and our wants supplied, so we took some half dozen to eat in case we should not kill any more and put the rest back to grow until we came again. As our time was about up and we had forty miles to go down stream, we struck camp and started down the river under full sail of Indian paddles, without any accidents.

Coming down stream we camped on the east shore of the narrows on the high ground, where we again tried our luck, but with little success. Our last night out was at Camp Alexandria, where we fished Frazier's Creek and learned of Bass Lake.

The creek I called Frazier's is also known as Black Waters and Black Creek, and rises in Bass Lake somewhere up in the unknown woods, and empties into the Nipigon River above Alexandria Camp and below Cameron's Pool. It was the scene of our first trout catch in this country.

On our way down, between Split Rock and the narrows, the Indians pointed out to us what they said was the figure of a loon cut in the face of the solid rocky mountain about 150ft. above the level of the ground, between it and the river, and about 50ft. down from the rocky, uneven surface of the mountain top. To us it looked like the picture of a bear, a tiger, and other different shapes, as the imagination created them. They said it had been cut in the rock by their ancestors many hundred years ago, when the water was at that line in this cañon. We of course accepted their version and doffed our hats with due reverence, whereupon they were satisfied.

We left our camp at the narrows after the early morning fishing and made the portage at the foot of Lake Jessie, where we got an early dinner; and then we all three left in charge of the young chief, bound for the small creek. We struck the creek at our old point (described in another part of this letter), and began fishing, with Fred as usual in advance getting a big trout. Each one makes his own selection of pool and begins casting. I go up, Fred goes down, and the Judge seeks his cool, shady retreat overlooking the largest pool. As my catch is all small trout, I throw them back and wade down, casting far in advance, and with the rod draw the fly from side to side, but I get no good trout. I soon reach the Judge's pool and see him take out a 3½lb. trout, and as he slyly slips it on the stringer I catch a glimpse of a second large one. When I reach a good position I send a fly to the further end of the pool, just below where the Judge sits, and slowly reel up my slack line and draw it up the current. I get a strike that makes my blood boil with excitement, and as I try to strike my foot slips and down I go up to my middle. When I recover my fish is gone. The Judge happens to cast his eye in my direction, and seeing my misfortune greets me with loud yells and laughter, and when I get on my feet again he composes himself and goes to smoking. I repeat the same cast over and over again, but get nothing but a hook caught in some underbrush in the pool. I had to disrobe and swim in and loosen it. This disgusted me with the Judge's pool, and I went down stream to Fred. There he stood, knee deep in that ice-cold water, actually playing with the trout. They would catch his bait and swim back and forward from one side of the creek to the other until one or the other got tired, then the trout would let go and swim away. I got into trouble by using a smaller bait, and got some trout that weighed 2, 2½ and 2¾lbs.

Fred and I concluded that the water below where we stood was good and deep, and we started down together, each taking opposite sides of the creek. I do not say bank, for the reason that the banks are covered with heavy underbrush, which hangs over into the water, completely hiding the banks and the shore. The water sometimes was up to our armpits and the rocks on the bottom were slippery, and the current so strong that often a splash was heard and "Ooch!" would come like a grunt, and either Fred or I would be down and up again, soaking wet all over. Then at times a trout would catch our hook and the reel spin, which would distress us further. We had caught sufficient to supply our camp, and we got very particular as to the size and color of our fish, and rather than kill we experimented.

A change of bait was made, and a small-sized bass spoon hook was tried, and it gave us an abundance of fun. We reached one pool where the water was deep, dark and shaded by some monster forest trees, and into it a rapid current ran, creating a white streak. Into this we both made a cast, and although I could not see my line nor spoon, I could see Fred's and he could see mine, and there was following his spoon a trout that seemed to be 1yd. long, and he could say the same of mine; but there was not a strike nor a catch. Those trout would follow spoons all over the pool and come within 15 or 20ft. of us before they would disappear, and would repeat it as often and as long as we cared to play. We left them all in the pool, and when some other fishermen go up there they can repeat our experiment in the same place.

We came on down the creek repeating these delightful experiments until we heard a "Halloo!" in the woods to our left, and ascertained for the first time the hour of the day, and that the Judge and the young chief had gone to camp and sent the Indians out after us. To say that we were glad to be found but faintly expresses our feeling, as we began to feel weak and were hungry, and turning over our catch to the Indians we started for Camp Alexander, where we sat down to a good meal.

When we came to look around we found others encamped there, and learned that we had the pleasure of meeting those eminent and successful fishermen, Dr. L. M. Yale, of New York, and the Hon. T. M. Stetson, Congressman from New Bedford, Mass. As this was their first day out and they had no trout we shared with them.

The Judge had struck an acquaintance with them before we reached camp and had secured their confidence, but when I had put in an appearance they seemed to doubt whether it was safe to camp there. When I went up the river I had put on a pair of white canvas trousers and a brown felt hat, and as I had gotten wet heels over head, and had crawled up the muddy banks at several places and had sat down on rotten logs, the nice white color was all gone, and I do not blame these gentlemen for their thoughts. But before they could say anything Fred came limping down to where we were. One sole of his shoe had come loose and he gently wrapped a white handkerchief around it. It was white once, but after traveling down the creek and through the woods and on the trail, it had become any other color, and he was wet all over. One knee was all torn out and the back portions were all gone, and his face was unshaven and sunburned. I did not wonder at these eminent gentlemen wanting us to move on down stream beyond the reach of their camp. But after a display of badges, signs, etc., they became satisfied of our respectability and invited us to eat "kill dog" for supper.

Coming down the creek we were fortunate enough to catch two lake trout (*Salmo namaycush*), but did not get any in the main river at any point. On our way down, at Pine Portage, we met Mr. L. M. Williams and his son, from Cleveland, O., who were just ascending the river to enjoy the good fishing that we had left. We also met several times a gentleman from Windsor, Ont., whose name has entirely slipped my memory, and I am sorry, for he was a jovial, good-hearted fisherman.

This being our last night out we got to bed early and enjoyed a sound rest, and in the morning, after a trout breakfast, went down the river and enjoyed the scenery and everything else until we got into Lake Helen, where we saw the heavy, dark clouds gather in the north and west, and the wind blew at a rapid rate. Our Indians soon had a sail rigged up, and as the wind caught us we went spinning through the water; but our speed was slow compared to the rainstorm that was chasing us. Down it came until we were soaking wet. In a short time the sun came out and the warm air made us feel cheerful, and it did not take us long to get into good shape again. When we reached the landing near the station we left the Indians in charge and sought the comforts of the Taylor Hotel, glad to be back and sorry that our trip was so short.

Out of the trout brought to the hotel I selected twenty-five from the largest down to one of 1lb. weight, and having used a preservative in which I placed them for thirty-six hours, I wrapped each one in new muslin and boxed them up and brought them home. I am sorry to relate, however, that for some unaccountable reason my fish did not reach here in a condition fit to eat, yet they were not decayed. I had the pleasure of showing them to a large number of gentlemen who are expert fishermen, and who have caught plenty of trout, and who acknowledged this to be the largest display of large brook trout they had ever seen, and I can also say that I am interviewed every week and sometimes every day by those who wish to make the trip.

When you go to the Nipigon see Mr. McKirdy and give him a $5 bill for a license to fish on the Nipigon for each member of your party; this will save arrest, fine and imprisonment.

Get a canoe for each two men of your party and two Indians, and leave them to do the work and labor for you. You fish, eat and sleep and they will do the rest.

The head guide costs $2 per day and the others $1.50 per day. The tents and fly cost 75 cents per day, canoes 50 cents per day, camp outfit, consisting of cups, plates, knives, forks, spoons, cooking utensils, etc., costs 50 cents per day. The bill of provisions that we got amounted to $36.53 for three men and five Indians for seven days, and the camp equipage bill was $16.75 for the same time.

Now as to the going up the river without the aid of the Indians, let me say this: If you are not afraid of work in rowing and paddling the canoe, and carrying the goods over the seven or eight portages, there is nothing for the ordinary fisherman to fear. A map of the country can be purchased from William McKirdy at Nipigon, or at most of the stations along the Canadian Pacific R. R., and they will show every place to go. The canoes are 18 to 20ft. long by 4ft. wide, and will stand all the hard wear that will be required of them, and if you want to take your own tents along it will save that much of cost. But if you want to do nothing but fish then take the Indians along.

One of the rules of the Nipigon is to burn the brush after you leave your camp, so that when others come they will have a clean camp ground.

The water of the Nipigon is ice cold, as I have said before, but I think it must come from "Greenland's icy mountains" or the North Pole, and the only time we could stand a bath in the river was shortly after the noon hour, when the sun was the hottest, and even then it would shrivel us up until we would be an inch or two shorter, then have to hurry out and rush to the log fire to warm up. There are places where not a handful of sand, mud or clay can be seen or found; the shores are rocks piled upon rocks, and in some places as regular as if piled by human hands. In Lake Nipigon in particular I recall one place that I looked over the bow of the canoe and could see the regular piles of rocks for 500 or 600ft. extending from the bank above the water down in its depths until lost to my vision. I can hardly venture to guess at the depth of the lake, but we were told it was tremendous.

The old chief that we had with us was a medicine man, and had his rabbit-skin blanket along, with which he performed wonderful cures. The young chief got a bad cold going north, and the old chief wrapped him up in it and performed his pow-wow over him; but when he got real bad, so that we feared a delay on account of it, Fred fixed up a concoction that he drank, and the next day was all right; but to the Indian the blanket did the work.

When we got to Port Arthur on our way home, it was our good fortune to meet, at the Northern Hotel, Gen. John McNulta, of Chicago, on his way to the Nipigon; and we had the pleasure of inspecting his instruments, by which he would ascertain the coldness of the water, measure the depths of the river and lake, and also of seeing a reel which he invented. The General is one of the most eminent, widely known and successful fishermen of the present age, and I have no doubt he had a grand time among the whales that we left in the Nipigon River.

I am of the opinion, and strongly so, that men may talk all they want to about different kinds of bait for taking trout, or in fact any other kind of fish, but when it comes to taking the big ones there is no bait like the live minnow, as this will always coax a fish to strike when no other kind of bait will do so. I have no doubt that many of the large trout taken both in the Nipigon and elsewhere have been caught with a live minnow; not that many have not been taken on the artificial fly, but it stands to reason that the small minnows can always be had, while flies, bugs, etc., cannot, and they seem to be the natural food for the larger fish of all kinds and everywhere, so I conclude they are the most successful.

I have asked my two companions to assist in the contribution of this article, but they have left it to me, and I have endeavored to give you a true outline of our trip on the Nipigon. I can assure the readers of FOREST AND STREAM that when they make the trip they will find that half of the wonders and glories of the Nipigon Cañon are not half told, and would not be exhausted after many and repeated trips.

The Judge tells me repeatedly that the "life and strength he gained on that trip are not yet half exhausted and that he will repeat the trip again." Fred says the same, and I can but add that I got rid of la grippe, which worried and harassed me all last summer, and I have been free from it ever since. So ends the best and most glorious trip ever taken to the fisherman's paradise.

J. W. HAGUE.

A Net Teaser.

THIS device is of British origin; we copy it from *Land and Water*. It is for use only in waters where netting is forbidden and is to be discouraged. Specifications: Any

old barrel, any old iron done into hooks and crooks, and a load of stone *quantum suff.* to fill the barrel. Set in a cool place under water and it will do the rest.

Game Laws in Brief.

THE *Game Laws in Brief*, current edition, sold everywhere, has new game and fish laws for more than thirty of the States. It covers the entire country, is carefully prepared, and gives all that shooters and anglers require. See advertisement.

BOSTON AND MAINE.

BOSTON, May 9.—The landlocked salmon fishermen are having good success in some of the many lakes and ponds that have of late years been stocked with that beautiful and gamy fish. But Lake Auburn, Maine, scarcely comes up to the standard, though well stocked. On Saturday last twenty boats were on the lake, and every possible method of fishing was tried, with "not a strike" to any boat with one exception. At nightfall two men appeared with a string of two pickerel and two trout. They would say but little as to their method of fishing or as to where they caught the prizes, though everybody was interested. Commissioner H. O. Stanley was on the same lake that day, with the success of one trout. He is one of the best of fishermen, and would have taken trout had there been any that would bite. The theory is that the trout and salmon are still gorged with smelt, and that there will be some good fish later.

The reports from Sebago Lake are better. Mr. Stevens, a Portland sportsman, took there last week a salmon weighing 11½lbs. A Norway dry goods merchant took six salmon there last week, the united weight of which was 31lbs. But high line at Sebago, so far this season, belongs to Mr. Rodney P. Woodman, of Boston. He is just back with a record of nine landlocked salmon and three red-spot trout. His salmon weighed from 3 to 6½lbs., and several of them went to make his friends happy. Mr. Woodman is more pleased than ever with Sebago, and speaks in the highest terms of his guide, Arthur J. Shaw, of South Naples. He also has many kind words for his landlady, Mrs. Lewis Crockett, at the same place, who is usually crowded with fishermen, for the simple reason that she looks after their comfort and knows how to broil a salmon "fit for a king." South Naples is one of the beauty spots of the beautiful Sebago. It is easily reached by rail—Boston & Maine to Portland, thence to South Baldwin, South Baldwin by Wm. B. Chute's stage to South Naples. The best fishing location is two miles from Songo Bay, near Muddy River. Mr. Woodman says that the best time is now on, and that the fishing will be good till June 10 at least. Guide Shaw feels sure that a great many salmon are to be taken there this spring. The Sebago is now very high, fully 12ft. above normal, by reason of the freshets and the repairs on the mills and dams. This is regarded as very favorable to the salmon fisherman.

Grand Lake and Grand Lake Stream, or the Schoodics, are popular with the landlocked salmon fishermen this spring. Mr. William Beggs, with his friend, Mr. Hoyet, started for that location on Wednesday. Henry Savage, with William P. Tenney, were to start for the Schoodics on Friday. They go with great expectations, and it is hoped that they may get their share of salmon. All the minor salmon ponds and lakes in Maine and New Hampshire are clear of ice, and on some great sport is reported. Mr. E. G. Gay, of the Willows, Farmington, writes Richard O. Harding that there is great fishing at Varnum and Clearwater ponds. On Monday six salmon, four trout and four lakers were taken. Every day last week from ten to twenty salmon and trout were caught. Henry Fuller, one of Rangeley's best guides, took Tuesday evening three trout on a fly, a most unusual thing so early in the season. Those ponds were once almost given over to pickerel, but restocking with salmon and trout seems to have redeemed them. At Lake Maranocook, near Winthrop, there has been some good fishing. Hon. L. T. Carlton, lately appointed Fish and Game Commissioner, took several fine trout there a few days after the ice had departed.

The Rangeley Lakes are clear of ice at last, indeed rather earlier than anticipated. A special from J. A. French on Wednesday stated that the ice left Lower Richardson Lake, one of the Rangeleys, on Tuesday. This was unexpected, since the ice was not even out of Moosehead. Saturday evening a special from John B. Marble, of the Rangeley Lake Hotel, stated that the ice left the lakes, Rangeley and Mooselucmaguntic, that afternoon. E. B. Whorff telegraphed Saturday evening that the ice is out. Capt. Fred. C. Barker sent a special Saturday, saying that he succeeded in getting through with his steamer to Haines Landing on Friday, but that there was a good deal of ice in the lake. Hence the real clearing of the Rangeleys this year cannot be dated earlier than May 9, not far from the estimates I have been able to give the FOREST AND STREAM, putting the probable clearing at the 10th. On former seasons for the past fourteen years I have kept a record of the clearing of the ice from those celebrated trout lakes, and have published it in the FOREST AND STREAM. Almost every paper in Maine has stolen the record and credited it to its own files, though no paper has ever had a word about it till a few years ago. In one case a country sheet claims the record from its own files, when in fact the paper was not in existence till several years after the record begins. The record is as follows: In 1882 the ice went out of the Rangeley Lakes May 12; in 1883, May 14; in 1884, May 13; in 1885, May 15; in 1886, May 3; in 1887, May 16; in 1888, May 21; in 1889, April 30; in 1890, May 9; in 1891, May 10; in 1892, May 4; in 1893, May 20; in 1894, May 2; in 1895, May 6; in 1896, May 9.

Moosehead Lake is also clear of ice. On Friday evening a special from Greenville stated that the lake was clear and that the steamer had succeeded in getting down from Kineo. Later, O. A Deunen telegraphed from Kineo that the ice was all clear and that the steamers were running. Boston parties are not generally rushing off for Moosehead as soon as the ice is out, but a few took the train Saturday. The Produce Party will not go till later. Neither will the Linder Party go till after the fly fishing has begun. The record shows that the clearing of Moosehead has been as follows for the past eleven years: In 1885, May 9; in 1886, May 1; in 1887, May 15; in 1888, May 22; in 1889, April 29; in 1890, May 10; in 1891, May 13; in 1892, May 1; in 1893, May 19; in 1894, April 30; in 1895, May 6; in 1896, May 9. SPECIAL.

BOSTON, May 9.—It is said that the present spring has been a wonderfully good season for snipe. The birds have been very plentiful, and the reasons given are that the meadows have been in exceptionally fine condition, left so by the receding waters of the early spring freshets. Again, the birds have been kept back on their Northern flight by the strong and persistent east wind which has blown steadily for almost four weeks. All that have been killed have been in prime condition, and the Boston gunners have had rare sport.

Charles Schworer visited the celebrated Purgatory Meadows, between Canton and Readville, a short time ago, and in one day killed eighteen out of nineteen birds started. A few days later he went again to the same place with W. B. Farmer, of Arlington, but on this occasion they only bagged six birds. Mr. Schworer concludes from this that the birds have at last got away for their Northern haunts. A Mr. Patten, of Salem, while out shooting near this city some days ago killed a white or albino snipe. It is pronounced an exceedingly rare specimen, and is highly prized by the lucky shooter.

Besides being strongly attached to the gun, Mr. W. B. Farmer is devoted to angling, and gets away each spring, shortly after the ice breaks up, to one of the New England lakes. Accompanied by his friend, Thos. Dickson, of Boston, he left on May 6 for Lake Winnepesaukee to spend a few days fishing for togue. On his return he will go to the Rangeleys, where he has been for several successive years. He had great luck there in trolling last season, taking one of the heaviest strings of fish that was captured during the early fishing.

May 7 witnessed the departure of the Sebago Club for a few days' fishing at Sebago Lake. The club have a fine house on the shore of the lake, where they put up in truly home-like fashion. An outline of the largest salmon caught by a member is posted up on the wall, with the weight in letters of fire, and it is the constant effort of every man to beat that record and become high line. The gentlemen who left on this trip are Judge S. A. Bolster, Chas. A. Dean, Chas. B. Gookin, Chas. Mitten, Edgar Harding, Wm. Paine and H. S. Fisher, all of Boston. All of these men are members of the club except Mr. Mitten, who goes down as the guest of Mr. Fisher.

The big 8lb. brook trout speared a short time ago at Lake Quinsigamond, near Worcester, has been handsomely mounted by C. K. Reed, of that city, and is now on exhibition in one of the windows of Dame, Stoddard & Kendall, in Boston, where it is attracting a great deal of attention. It is of peculiar shape, being quite short, but extremely large in girth. The Hon. E. B. Stoddard, of Worcester, had it mounted, and will present it to the Worcester Natural History Society, where it will rest as evidence to show coming generations what the local waters can produce in the way of mammoth trout.

The Inglewood Fishing Club have sent out notices to members stating that the new club buildings erected since the fire are ready for occupancy. The fishing season on the preserve will open about the 15th. One party will leave Boston by steamer on the morning of May 27, and others are expected to follow a little later. The club members are mourning the loss of their vice-president, Mr. Henry C. Brigham, who died very suddenly about ten days ago. Mr. Brigham had been a director ever since the club started, was a true and earnest sportsman, and will be sadly missed by a host of friends.

A party of Lynn men, consisting of Johnson C. Walker, E. E. Strout, W. Henry Hutchinson and R. H. Wheeler, went down to Hyannis last week and, engaging Capt. Sturgis's yacht, made a trip to Muskeget Island, where they spent five days in shooting. The first day they killed eleven brant, the second day eight brant and five sheldrake. With the remaining days of their stay they made up a total of three dozen birds, with which number they felt well satisfied. Mr. Hutchinson, with his friends C. Thompson, Marshall Nelson and J. C. Cochey, also of Lynn, are all ready to leave for the Upper Dam in the Rangeleys as soon as word comes that the ice has gone.

Another party who will go to the Upper Dam about the 16th consists of W. P. Clark and Rufus Brown, of Peabody; Frank White, of Brockton, and W. D. Brackett, of Boston. This makes the twenty-sixth year's fishing of Messrs. Brackett and Clark together from the same boat—a record unparalleled among New England anglers.

The Grand Lake fishermen are getting under way. One of the first parties to leave, consisting of P. B. Mansfield and J. M. Hoyt, of Lynn, and William Beggs, of Woburn, Mass., started on the 9th. They will spend ten days among the salmon, and as this is only one of many other visits to the same waters they should do well and come back with salmon to burn.

The Gallier party, of Boston, leave on May 12 for their annual trip to the Katahdin Iron Works. They will spend ten days in this rich fishing region, and their only hope is to have as good a time this year as they have had in their many experiences of the past. There is nothing demure about this crowd of congenial gentlemen. The fun begins as soon as they leave Boston and never stops until the return trip is completed. The party is made up as follows: Edward Nash, William Garrison Reed, Harry Hooper, Cyrus Elwell, Col. H. M. Benson and J. F. Gallier, all of Boston.

Fishing for big lake trout in Lake Winnepesaukee will be the sole occupation for the next few days of a party consisting of J. Waldo Page and William L. Clark, of Jamaica Plain, Mass., and Fred. Mitchell, of Lowell, Mass. They will go to Laconia on the lake shore, and take boats at that point for their trolling. HACKLE.

An Angling Millennium.

ONE of the features of the Hungarian Millennium Exhibition, now in progress in Budapest, is a display of fishing resources and appliances. Of this the London *Fishing Gazette* writes: One section will be exclusively devoted to a living exhibition of all those native animals which have furnished sport in the country any time these thousand years. The Hungarian is preëminently a born piscator. He was a fisherman, and a skillful one, more than ten centuries ago; that is to say, while he still remained a half-civilized Magyar in the Ural Altai Mountains, and ere yet he had crossed the Carpathians, and, by dint of his fierce and stubborn steel, conquered the territory which his children inhabit to-day. In his primeval, ante-Hungarian mountain home, he had only two things to offer him that amusement requisite to preserve anyone from absolute *ennui*—fishing and fighting. He may not inaccurately be said to have fished with a line in one hand and a dagger in the other—for he had to keep his weather eye open for the possible descent of one of his enemies while he was engaged in the gentle and peaceful art of landing those huge specimens of fish which abounded in the valley streams. The Hungarian's instinct for the Waltonian sport is thus a traditional, an historical, and almost a pre-historical thing. Not, however, that when the ancient Magyar came to reside in Hungary he found that his new home was less prolific in splendid fish than the one which he had quitted. There are scores of noble rivers in Hungary where the fish are simply waiting, and almost longing, to be caught. As to the Tisza, there is a Hungarian proverb to the effect that three parts of this river are fish and one water. Is not the Danube, moreover—to take one other instance—superabundant in the loveliest and hugest fish which ever flapped a fin, or ferociously gorged a bait? In England, where we are huddled up so close together, and where the angling waters are inadequate to supply fine sport to the annually increasing army of rodsmen, the cry is necessarily "Preservation" and "Re-stocking"—but for these precautions we should, in a very few years, find nothing but a few small "scripers" extant. But there is no such danger in the broad domain of Hungary. It goes without saying that the fish in the comparatively unfished streams of Magyarland run to very much greater dimensions than our own—taking, that is to say, those fish (and they are innumerable) which are common to both Great Britain and Hungary. You may talk about the feathers which you tie together and fling to your salmon on the Tay or the Shannon, but on the Danube, if you are fishing for wels (which run up to 300lbs. in weight), you do not bait with a few feathers plucked from a bird's wing, or tail, or breast, but with a whole live duck or goose.

The most verdant angler will find that even from the shores of Budapest itself he can—fishing entirely according to English methods—secure some remarkable bags. Every British angler, however, is a sportaman, interested in every branch of sport. Plenty of anglers who have gone to Hungary for the purpose of fishing have varied that amusement by the delight of pig-sticking; and the boars in Hungary are magnificent fellows, who do not yield the palm to their brethren in the Teutoberger Forest of Germany. The Hungarian boar is quite a character study in himself. He dies hard and game to the last gasp—even as he expires, his eyes flash and his nostrils snort defiance at you. He is mightily conservative too. If he feels a tickling in his thick hide, do not imagine that he will go and rub himself up against the nearest tree. Not a bit of it. There is some old oak or beech tree situated, perhaps, at a distance of a mile, where he has been accustomed to rub himself all his lifetime and where his ancestors rubbed themselves before him. Consequently, when the inconvenient tickling in question takes possession of any part of his hide, he trots off to the distant tree; you can see that he and his forefathers have rubbed quite a cavity into the bark.

A Webster Fishing Story.

IN the Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* we find the following reminiscence of Daniel Webster as a fisherman. It is told by a Mrs. Dawes, a resident of Marshfield in Webster's time. Webster, she says, used to walk around his farm wearing the poorest clothes he could find, and always with a large colored handkerchief wound around his throat.

He owned two or three sloops and one small smack. When home from Washington his favorite pastime was fishing. Mrs. Dawes's uncle, William, was a cripple. He was exceedingly popular with the neighbors and also with the great statesman. Webster and Uncle Bill, as Mrs. Dawes's uncle was familiarly called, could almost always be found in each other's company, at least during the fishing season. Mrs. Dawes said that many times she has stood on the shore of the bay when Webster, coming down on the other side, dressed in torn clothes and the seldom absent handkerchief, would sing out in his deep voice, "Come on, Uncle Bill, let's go out on the bay fishing."

Fine breeds of cows, hogs and horses were bred by him; and his farm was known as one of the most fertile tracts in that portion of the State. He would, in the spring of the year, send one of his sloops out onto the bay after menhaden, which he used, as did the Indians, as a fertilizer. Webster would cause sloop-loads of this fish to be spread over his land, with ashes obtained from the north of Boston.

One day, when Mrs. Dawes was still a young woman, Webster and her uncle were busily engaged in fishing near the shore of the bay. She was walking along the bank when a stylishly dressed young man from Boston, who had been visiting at Marshfield, fell into the marsh. It was extremely difficult to walk across the bog at any time without sinking into the soft mud, much like quicksand. The youth shouted across the bay to Webster, asking how much the latter would take to pull him out of the mud and carry him across to the opposite side. "A quarter," replied Webster. After depositing the swell safely on the other shore he received the quarter and turned to go away. "And to whom am I indebted?" cried the unfortunate rusticator. "Only Daniel Webster," replied the famous lawyer. It was hard for the youth to believe that the poorly dressed fisherman standing before him was the same man whose name was perhaps the greatest in America at that time, but after having been convinced of its truth he apologized for his former patronizing air.

Shad in the Delaware.

PHILADELPHIA, May 7.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Through the courtesy of Mr. Henry C. Ford, I inclose you the letter from Fish Warden Miller, who has charge of the Delaware River in the vicinity of Lackawaxen. It is to be regretted that the New York Fish Commission thought unadvisable to repair the fishway on the New York side of the river, as the one on the Pennsylvania side is giving such good results. The introduction of the fishways at Lackawaxen has successfully demonstrated the idea that the shad would use them. The co peration of the New York Commission is evidently needed for the protection of the ascending fish, and I trust the Commission will before another year deem it advisable to repair the fishway on the eastern side of the river. R. M. HARTLEY.

LACKAWAXEN, May 1.—HON. HENRY C. FORD.—*Dear Sir:* I have been staying here all of the week and part of last week. The river is alive with shad, and they are rushing through the fishways and over the dam by tons. The aqueduct and banks are lined with men from Port Jervis to Hawley, with spears, ready to pounce on them if I turn my back. Some days I go without my dinner and have it brought to me, and last night I couldn't leave for my supper until 8 o'clock. Sometimes a man will rush in and spear a couple and get into the crowd, when it is an utter impossibility to make an arrest, so you can judge what kind of a time I am having. J. M. MILLER.

Salmon Fishing for Sale.

FREEHOLD, on the best fishing waters of the southwest Miramichi River (Burnt Hill). For terms and particulars apply to Thomas J. Conroy, 310 Broadway, New York city.—*Adv.*

The Kennel.

FIXTURES

BENCH SHOWS.

May 20 to 23.—Alameda County Sportsmen's Association's show Oakland, Cal. H. W. Newton, Sec'y.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 29 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. W. W. Welch, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.
Sept 9.—Kennedy, Minn.—Continental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 26.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.

A NEW HAMPSHIRE FOX HUNT.

LEBANON, N. H.—We have several fox hunters in our place, and three or four of us made our plans to go out fox hunting.

We have a young dog named Victor, or Vic, as he is generally called, who never hunted foxes until last fall, and so of course has not got all the tricks learned yet. He is a thin-haired, smooth-coated dog, and very sensitive to the cold. He is small in size, does not run very fast, and foxes do not appear to be very much afraid of him. We had not been out for several days. Wanting some exercise, I took Vic and my gun and started for a hill about two miles from the village, called Bass Hill, to see if the foxes were making any holes in the snow in that country or not—intending, if I found plenty of sign, to go there some day for a hunt. I had been on this hill several times in the fall, but had not been there since snow came.

As soon as I got out of the village, on higher ground, I found that the wind was not strong enough to fill the air with snow, but the latter was drifting along close to the ground all the time, and would fill a track very quickly. I did not find a scratch until I got to a small hill northwest from Bass Hill. There I found where two foxes had been playing and chasing each other all around and over the top of the hill.

The snow had blown pretty much all off on the hills, down to the hard crust underneath, so that Vic could not do much of a job at following; but by swinging around the hill into the hollow between Hough and Bass hills, we found where both foxes had gone toward Bass Hill.

There is a large piece of woods on the north side of Bass Hill, called Lowe's woods, where foxes used to lie a great deal, and I thought these might have gone there. Right above this piece of woods stands a large elm tree, near the fence that runs north and south over the top of the hill, and foxes going onto the hill from the woods most always go within gunshot of this elm.

I thought I would keep Vic with me until I found out if the foxes had gone into the woods. If they had, I would let the dog go, and get to the elm as quick as I could; and if they had not, I would give it up and go home, as I had found out what I wanted to know, viz., whether there were foxes there or not; and I knew it would be useless to try and drive a fox with the wind blowing as it did that day and nothing but crust on the hills.

I do not know how it is with my brother sportsmen, but with me there is always a kind of fascination in following tracks in the snow, and the harder they are to follow the more I want to follow them; so that, although I soon found the tracks did not lead into Lowe's woods, but kept on over Bass Hill, instead of going home, I kept following on.

After we got up on the hill Vic could not get ahead much; but, knowing the route foxes usually took over the hill, and swinging this way and that, finding a track here where they had crossed a drift alongside the wall, or there where they had stopped under an apple tree to eat a frozen apple, and sometimes a scratch of their claws on the hard crust, I managed to follow them over Bass Hill to the south end. There I lost them. Swinging for them in the hollow beyond, we found a single track. Vic, as soon as he stuck his nose into it, said it was a better one than those we had been following. It was full of snow, but the scent was strong enough, so that he followed it at a fair jog with but little help.

The track led on south to Methodist Hill, and I judged from the course he was following that he was headed for a ravine on the west side of the hill, where I had jumped a number of foxes before. The field that the fox went through on his way to the ravine was quite a good runway for foxes coming onto the hill from the west side; so, as the scent was so good here that the dog followed it without any help from me, I stayed back, thinking that if Vic jumped the fox in the ravine he might come back onto the hill. I had waited but a few minutes when I heard Vic break out, and knew the fox was afoot.

There was quite a long stretch of open country below me, and at the foot of it was a round, bare knoll, around the back side of which I could hear Vic driving; but he soon turned, and I could hear him coming toward the top of the hill. I looked around for something to get behind, out of sight. I was in the middle of an open field, and there was nothing there but a small heap of stones, with a few raspberry bushes sticking out of it. I got down behind that and made myself as small as possible; but do the best I could, I could not cover more than half my body.

By this time I could hear Vic coming over the top of the knoll, and began to look with all the eyes I had for the fox; but no fox could I see until I looked way back to what seemed but 3 or 4ft. from Vic's nose, and there I saw the gentleman. He would run along for 8 or 10 rods and then turn and wait for the dog, or run back toward him and jump at him, then turn and go on again. It looked sometimes as though the dog almost had him in his mouth before the fox would turn and run. Some of the time the fox would come straight toward me; then my heart would jump into my throat; then he would turn and go off to one side, and my chin would drop down to my knees. They had about a third of a mile to come in this way, and any brother fox hunter who has "been there" knows all the different alternations of hope and fear, joy and despair, a man can experience under such circumstances.

When the fox got within about 60yds. of me, I got the gun to bear on him and kept it there, expecting every instant that he would see me and turn. I calculated if he saw me to let him have it as he turned; if he did not, to let him come as near as he would before I shot. He came on until he was about 50yds. from me; then up went his head, flop went his tail, and away he started. I pulled. Click! The primer did not explode. I pulled the other barrel on him; but it was a long distance and a rear shot, and I don't think I touched him.

If there is anything in the sportsmen's vocabulary any stronger than the modern or ancient "eheu" to express a poor fellow's feelings on such an occasion, I think then would have been an eminently proper and fitting time to have used it.

Perhaps that fox did not make tracks out of there. A long ways apart those tracks were too. They pointed back toward Bass Hill. About this time the wind began to blow stronger and stronger, and by the time Vic got on the south end of Bass Hill it blew a smart gale. The air was full of snow, and when the particles struck one in the face they stung like nettles. They got into one's eyes, hair, pockets and everywhere they had the least chance to get. Vic got on to the south end of the hill, but could not get further with it. After some time he came back to me all curled up with the cold, his eyes and hair full of snow, a most disconsolate looking "purp."

I started for home, never expecting to see the fox again—that day at least. The nearest way home was back over Bass Hill. The wind was in the northwest. I had to face it all the way home. I got along very well until I got near the top. There the wind and snow were too much for me; I gave it up. It was more than Vic wanted too. He would shake his head, run into all the hollows and behind the rocks—anywhere to get out of the way of it.

I turned and started for the east side of the hill, intending to keep down low on that side until I got to Lowe's woods; then I could get along all right. I got down to some scattering trees about halfway down the hill, with Vic trying to protect himself from the wind and snow behind my heels, when all at once Ow-o-o-o! ow! ow! I looked around. Vic was flying around like a hen with her head cut off. I went back and found a fox track full of snow. I followed it backward for a piece, and found it came down from the top of the hill. I made up my mind it was made by the fox Vic drove on there, and that he started to go over the top of the hill, as they usually do, but did not like the wind and snow; so got over on the east side, same as I did, to get out of the way of it. While I was looking to see where the track came from, Vic was trying to pick it up the other way, and finally got it to a small sugar orchard; kept along by the edge of this over into the hollow beyond, out of my sight. I waited some time for him to come back, but he did not come. I could hear him bark every little while, but the sounds all seemed to come from about the same place. I was anxious to get down off the hill out of the wind, so I went back to the edge of the woods where I saw the dog last to try and get him.

When I got there I could hear him in the hollow beyond. I went along a few steps further, and I could see him swinging back and forth trying to get the track away. I was just about to call to him when I saw something that looked like a fox's ears just sticking up above the edge of a drift between the dog and myself. Thinking it impossible it could be a fox, I took another step toward it; and there, sure enough, lay Mr. Fox stretched out flat on his side watching the dog. He was quite a distance from me, and all I could see of him was part of his head and about an inch along his back. I think now I could have walked up within good gunshot of him. The wind made so much noise in the trees, and he was so deeply interested in the dog, that I do not think he would have heard me; but the wind was blowing nearly toward him from me, and I was afraid he would smell me, so I unhitched at him from where I was. He got up and out of there lively, and started for the top of the hill; just as he got to the edge of the woods I gave him the other barrel. I did not make allowance enough for the speed of reynard and the wind, across which I had to shoot, and so shot behind, hitting him in the hind quarters. He tumbled over, got up, and began whirling around and biting his hindlegs. I broke open my gun, put my hand in my pocket for another cartridge (I had but one left, hardly ever carrying more than four fox hunting), and found my pocket full of snow and a coating of ice froze all around the shell, which was a brass one. Another chance to say "eheu." I tried to scrape the ice off with my thumbnail, but it was too hard. Then I held it in my bare hand, closing my fingers over it tight, trying to warm it enough in that way to scrape the ice off.

In the meantime the fox had quit biting himself, and sat there broadside on watching the dog, who was still in the hollow below. And there I stood right in plain sight, not more than 35yds. from the fox, trying to thaw out that shell, expecting every instant the fox would see me and run, or that Vic would come up and scare him.

Just imagine yourself there.

I got the shell thawed out finally, so that I scraped off most of the ice, the rest peeling off when I shoved it into the chamber. I tried to close the gun, but it would not shut far enough for the snap to catch. Some more "eheu." I tried the best I could to press it together, but it would not go. Then I pounded on the rear end of the barrels, to try and force them down. No go.

Now Mr. Reynard had endured all the rest of my fooling around patiently, but when I began to pound on the barrels with my hand that was a little too much; he gave me one look and started for the top of Bass Hill at his best speed.

I broke open my gun and found out very quickly where the trouble was. The ice that peeled off the shell when I shoved it into the chamber dropped down into the corner of the breech block and froze. Then I got out my knife, cut out the ice, closed the gun, and went down to where the fox was when I shot at him last.

I found plenty of blood, and that the fox left blood at every jump. There was no tracking here at all—nothing but crust. I got Vic up there, but he could not make anything of it. I suppose the wind blew so hard it carried the scent away. I followed along the best I could by the blood. It was tough business facing the wind and snow, and grew worse as we neared the top of the hill. We got up to the old orchard, and looking over the fence just beyond, there was the fox, moping along 40 or 50yds. from me. Hoping to disable him, I very foolishly fired my last cartridge at him. About the same time Vic got his eye on the fox, and away they went over the top of the hill out of sight. I hurried on to where I saw them last, and found on looking around that the fox had stopped bleeding, so I could not have that to help me any more.

I found Vic on top of the hill. He could not follow an instant after the fox got out of his sight. The wind blew a gale, the air was full of flying snow, it was almost impossible to face it. It would blow one's breath back down one's throat and chill him to the very marrow. Bowing my head to the blast, I started over the top, swinging to the right and left to see if I could find any trace of the fox. I found once in a while a track full of snow, but I was confident they must have been made by the fox. I found also one or two places where the fox's claws had scatched the crust when he was running. I followed on in this way until I got on the north side of the hill, and there I lost it altogether. Swing which way I would, I could not find it.

I was chilled through and tired out, for it was very hard traveling some of the way. I made up my mind I should have to give it up, although I hated to, as I do not like to go off and leave anything wounded in that way. I started down toward Lowe's woods but had gone only a short distance when I saw on a little ridge below me Mr Fox trotting along. His ears were laid back flat and he looked mad enough to bite off railroad spikes.

The reason I had not seen him before was because the air close to the ground was full of snow. He was going toward Lowe's woods, and as that was just where I wanted him to go, I kept quiet until he got over the ridge out of sight, and then ran down there. From here I could see all over the country between the woods and myself. A short distance below me was the fox still going toward the woods. I knew that he must be wounded in the hindlegs, and my idea was to get him into the deep, soft snow in the woods, where, if he did not hole, the dog might catch him. I let him get near enough to the woods, so that I thought he could not dodge the dog and get back on the hill. Then I pointed him out to Vic and told him to go it. The fox heard me when I spoke to the dog, and started for the woods at his best gait. The dog was all doubled up with the cold, and could not run much faster at first than I could walk; but as he got warmed up he began to open and shut considerably and gain a little on the fox. About this time reynard began to find snow under the lee of the woods. He did not make more than three or four jumps in it before he found out his mistake, and whirling he started back for the hill. This was my cue to come on the stage of action; so I ran to head him off, swinging my empty gun and yelling like a steam gong. It was a close race, but I put on steam and just barely got there in time, and headed him back toward the woods.

Vic was gaining on the gentleman now at every jump. The fox tried hard to make the woods, but he lost too much time trying to get back to the hill. He was within a short distance of the woods, but saw the dog was bound to overtake him before he got there; so he turned and stood at bay. When Vic came up he made a grab for the fox and got nipped himself. After that he stood back a proper distance and waited for me to come up. He kept his eye on the fox until I was close to him, then he rolled his eye around toward me, as much as to say, "I shall have to have a little help here, old man!"

The instant Vic took his eye off him the fox whirled and started for the woods again.

There was a stone wall along the edge of the woods, with a couple of rails on top of the stone. The snow was up even with the top of the wall. The fox crawled through under the rails, and, jumping off on the other side, landed in a hole in the snow, and before he could gather himself I made a grab for his hindleg and he made a grab for my hand. We did not either of us get caught. I made another grab and got him by the leg this time. Vic got hold of him about the same time and made short work of him. It was a large dog fox. On stripping off his skin I found three shot had gone through both hindlegs, but without breaking the bones. The snow stuck in the blood on his legs, and that was what stopped the bleeding. Thus ended the queerest and most exciting hunt I ever had. How is it with you? SHAWNEE.

National Beagle Club of America.

A REGULAR quarterly meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, New York, Thursday, April 30. The members present were: President Hermann F. Schellhass, J. W. Appleton, George B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post, H. L. Kreuder, George W. Rogers and G. Mifflin Wharton.

Minutes of last meeting were approved. Communications received from Messrs. Jamison and Summers read, and on motion was laid on the table. Moved and seconded that the treasurer be authorized to pay special prizes won at the New England Kennel Club show held at Boston. At the last quarterly meeting of the club it was voted to submit the following to the members for a vote: All special prizes offered by the National Beagle Club of America to be either of cash or plate. The vote stood as follows: for cash, 10; for plate, 8; option 2.

The above failed to carry in accordance with the by-laws. Adjourned. GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

250 WEST TWENTY-SECOND STREET, New York.

In our business columns, Wanoosnac Gordon Kennels, Leominster, Mass., offer Gordon setters. J. H. Folley, Paterson, N. J., offers pointer bitch. E. Spalding, Shannock, R. I., offers fox and coon dog. Muckross Kennels, Springfield, Vt., offer Irish setter bitch in whelp. J. F. Curly, Fitchburg, Mass., offers pointer bitch. Kearsarge Kennels, Elkins, N. H., offer setters, pointers and hounds.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

In respect to a dog having the privilege of a second bite before in law he can be charged with viciousness legally, the Chicago *Legal Adviser* has the following: "Every Iowa dog is entitled to one bite free of charge. This is official, for W. F. McMaster, Police Judge of Sioux City, has announced it from the bench. It was the action of W. A. Onstat's bulldog that gave rise to the decision. He bit John Fabier in the calf of the leg a few days ago as the latter was passing his (the dog's) master's house. Thereupon Mr. Fabier appeared before the bar of Judge McMaster's court, exhibited his wound, swore that his neighbor was harboring a vicious dog and demanded an order for the animal's extermination. Then the Judge explained that while he might, without laying himself open to prosecution, have slain the brute on the spot, yet in the eyes of the State law no dog is considered vicious until he has bitten one man two or more times or two or more men once each. Mr. Fabier was considerably dazed, but he acquiesced in the court's ruling. Now he is parading up and down in front of the Onstat residence waiting for the dog to take a fresh mouthful. If he does that, the suff rer will make another attempt to secure the issuance of his death warrant."

Col. John Thomas North, commonly known as the "nitrate king," died suddenly in London on May 5. He was best known in this country as a patron of coursing and racing, his greyhound kennel in particular making him famous in the canine world from its success in winning the Waterloo Cup several times. By favor a few dogs were imported to this country from his kennel. His death was attributed to syncope, illness and death following immediately after the attack. His wealth was so enormously great that it has been variously estimated from $200,000,000 to $1,000,000,000; but whatever the amount, he was credited with being most openhanded and generous, in particular giving large sums to charitable institutions.

Mr. George W. Lovell, Middleboro, Mass., writes us that he has sold the pointer bitch Wild Lily to Mr. W. Gould Brokaw, New York.

The supporters of field trials should bear in mind that the Derby entries of the United States Field Trials Club and the Continental Field Trials Club close on May 15. U. S. F. T. entry, $10 first forfeit, $10 additional forfeit, payable Aug. 15, $10 to start. Prizes, $250, $150 and $100. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y, Stanton, Tenn. C. F. T. C.'s entry, $10 forfeit, $5 second forfeit, payable July 15, and $5 to start. Prizes, $125, $100, $75 and $50. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind. Eastern Field Trials Club entries close on May 20. Prizes, $300, $200 and $100. Forfeit $10, second forfeit $10, payable Sept. 1, and $10 additional to start. Judges, H. B. Duryea, S. C. Bradley and A. Merriman.

The London *Field* states that "Austria is about to inaugurate international dog shows on an unprecedented scale at Prague, Gratz, Budapest and Innsbruck. Germany and Switzerland respectively have for several years past held from four to five dog shows annually. The 'war dog' section promises to provide additional sensation, seeing that in Austrian military circles, and more especially among artillery and cavalry men, the 'war dog,' well trained, has given signal proof of fidelity, sense and endurance little short of remarkable."

The brochure of the Eastern Field Trials Club, containing the club's rules, programme, list of officers, etc., is a gem. It is most artistically complete in every detail. Here and there in it are most apt classical quotations, such as: "By sports like these are all our cares beguiled" —Goldsmith. "There's a gude time coming"—Scott. "Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going"—Macbeth. "Come, give us a taste of your quality"—Hamlet. Mr. S. C. Bradley, the secretary, is deserving of much praise for his new departure in the artistic as well as the useful.

Under date of May 11, Mr. James W. Wood, Poughkeepsie, N. Y., writes us of the death of his famous setter bitch. He writes: "I regret to report to you the death of my well-known English setter bitch champion, Donna Juanita, on May 5, from paralysis. She was by ch. Rockingham ex Donna, and bred by the Rosecroft Kennels."

When your dogs fall out and fight, separate them by hanging on to their tails. It breaks the continuity of their argument, and even a ferocious and strange dog will not bite you for assuming that his end justifies the means.—*Stock-Keeper* (England).

Mr. John Brett writes us that Cactus was not present at the Boston show, and that any mention of him as being in the challenge class of that show is erroneous.

Mr. W. S. Clark, secretary of the New England Beagle Club, writes us as follows: "Entry blanks for the New England Beagle Club's 1897 Futurity are now ready, and will be mailed to beagle breeders and owners. Should any be overlooked I will be pleased to mail them on application."

Mr. P. T. Madison writes us, under date of May 10, as follows: "My knee is doing as well as can be expected. I am now on crutches. My physician says I may be walking with a cane in two or three months. The entries to the chicken Derby are beginning to come in."

Dog Poisoners.

PITTSFIELD, Mass.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I write just to let you know the kind of people up here, for we have some who make it their business poisoning dogs, and nothing but a full-blooded dog do they touch. In one of three houses, four dogs—two English setters, one Irish setter and a St. Bernard—have been poisoned in as many months, and still we can't locate the offender with help, although we have not given up, and we would be thankful if you could suggest something or some way to help us. T. H. BALDWIN.

[Perhaps some of our readers can suggest something of value in the matter.]

Northwestern Beagle Club.

MILWAUKEE, May 8.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A meeting of the field trial committee of the Northwestern Beagle Club was held at Milwaukee Tuesday, May 5. The trials will be held at Columbus, Wis., beginning on Tuesday, Nov. 10. The following classes were made.

Class A, for dogs, all-age, 15 to 18in., that have not been placed first in any all-age class at beagle trials held in America.

Class B, for bitches, all-age, 15 to 18in., same conditions.

Class C, for dogs and bitches, all-age, 18in. and under, same conditions.

Class D, Derby, for dogs and bitches, 15 to 18in., whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895.

Class E, Derby, for dogs and bitches, 18in. and under, whelped on or after Jan. 1, 1895.

Champion class F, for dogs and bitches, 15 to 18in., having won a first prize at any beagle trial.

Champion class G, for dogs and bitches, 18in. and under, having won a first prize at any beagle trial.

Entries for classes A, B, C, D, E close Oct. 27. Fee to start $5, of which $2 forfeit must accompany entry; balance before starting of class.

Prizes for classes A, B, C, D are $20 to first, $15 to second, $10 to third. For class E, $10 to first, $5 to second.

Entries for classes F and G close immediately before starting of class. Fee to start $5. First prize 60 per cent., second prize 30 per cent. of entry money. The judges will be chosen at next meeting.

LOUIS STEFFEN, Sec'y.

R. I. State Fair Bench Show.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., May 9.—The Rhode Island State Fair has claimed as dates for its bench show of 1896, Sept. 7 to 11. Mr. E. M. Oldham will superintend, as last year, a guarantee that the show will be handled in a thoroughly efficient manner. The same liberality in prize money will be shown as in '95. Forty-three classes have been provided for and some few specials will undoubtedly be hung up. Spratts Patent will bench and feed, and the fact that there is a slight if any probability of conflicting dates at the time of the Rhode Island show, there should be a large and choice entry list. The bench show committee for 1896 consists of President F. E. Perkins, Earl H. Potter and W. W. Dexter. A. K. C. rules will govern, and a show of increased attraction and amplified success is already an almost assured event. Superintendent Oldham feels confident that he will have more and better dogs than last year, and as the Narragansett show now ranks with the best in the country, this is not an unwarranted expectation.

WM. HANRAHAN, Ass't Sec'y.

KENNEL NOTES.

Kennel Notes are inserted without charge; and blanks (furnished free) will be sent to any address. Prepared Blanks sent free on application.

BRED.

Mr. T. Murphy's Beauty, cocker spaniel bitch, Feb. 13, to Corktown Cupid.

Corktown Kennels'
Dot Smirle, cocker spaniel bitch, Feb. 13, to Rideau Reveller.
Rideau Restless, cocker spaniel bitch, March 28, to Red Obo.

Mr. Flanigan's Fantiece, April 26, to imported Brock.

WHELPS.

Mr. F. E. Conlin's Conlin's Baby, English setter bitch, whelped, March 27, eight (five dogs), by champion Sheldon.

Mr. E Eidert's Duchess, English setter bitch, whelped, April 26, thirteen (nine dogs), by champion Sheldon.

Warwick Kennels' Nellie Llewellyn, English setter bitch, whelped, April 27, ten (seven dogs), by champion Sheldon.

Mrs. E E Beache's Jessie, English setter bitch, whelped, April 30, thirteen (nine dogs), by champion Sheldon.

Mr. N. Knott's Nellie Bondhu, English setter bitch, whelped, March 19, ——, by champion Albert's Ranger.

SALES.

Mr. Henry A. Estabrook has sold Kitty D., Gordon setter bitch, to Wanoranac Gordon Setter Kennels, Leominster, Mass.

New York Game Law.

ALBANY, May.—Since the last issue of FOREST AND STREAM the Governor has signed these bills:

Senator Brown (S. 927), amending the game law so that the Fish Commissioners may permit persons owning or in charge of private grounds, reservoirs or the waters of the State, the privilege of taking therefrom carp, pickerel or other deleterious fish with nets and other devices, or by drawing off the waters from said ponds or reservoirs.

Assemblyman Sanger (A. 1337), prohibiting the catching or killing of any beaver, and providing a fine of $50 therefor.

Senator Guy (S. 1052), adding to the game law special provisions as to the waters of the Thousand Islands.

The bills limiting deer jacking and hounding to two weeks are in the Governor's hands. M.

Forest and Stream's
Fishing Postals.

"DROP US A LINE" ON A POSTAL CARD.

Fishing News, Place to Catch Fish, Fish Caught, Fishing Incidents.

Yachting.

AFTER passing the House, as related last week, the Payne yacht bill was favorably reported by the Senate Committee on Commerce, and is now under the protecting care of Senator Frye. As this "born sportsman" was the author of the "Frye Bill" in 1891, which proposed to hamper and restrict even American-built yachts by burdening them with additional red tape, and forbidding to the smaller yachts the privilege of flying the national ensign, there can be no doubt as to his efforts in behalf of the Payne bill.

The main object of the new bill, as explained by Mr. Payne in advocating it, is to prevent foreign competition. It is a most unfortunate thing for this country that those in charge of its navigation laws and shipping interests for more than a generation have been so narrow in their views and so wedded to particular theories that they are absolutely blind to the plainest lessons of history.

Those who will take the trouble to look up the record of American progress in naval matters throughout this century will find one fact that is prominent above all others, that the very soul and life blood of American progress has been that "foreign competition" which the American builder and his ally in Congress have labored for years to prevent. The fame of American ships and American sailors on the high seas and on the Great Lakes began in 1812 with the construction of fast privateers and gunboats and the bold and skilful maneuvering of both, the infant navy, manned by seamen and fishermen unused to war, defeating the British fleet alike on salt and fresh water.

A little later and America began to compete with Britain for the carrying trade, in a few years catching up with her older competitor, and then taking the lead with the American clipper ships and holding it in face of strong competition for over a generation.

When the steamship first appeared in ocean commerce, though all the odds in the shape of established plants for iron working and engine building were on the side of the older nation, the American steamship proved a formidable competitor for a time in the ocean trade.

Both the science of naval design and the art of naval construction reached their highest development in the fifties, with the American flag flying over American clipper and packet ships in every port of the world, the Collins Line of steamers in the Atlantic trade, the shipyards of New York turning out the finest warships afloat for various European governments, and the American yacht triumphant in the English Channel.

The many minor causes which have brought about such a condition of affairs as has existed for thirty years, and exists to-day, may nearly all be classed under one head—the absence of foreign competition, whether through altered conditions of trade, of mechanical art, or of legislation.

An example directly to the point may be found in the history of American yachting; its first growth began in the successful competition of the schooner America with the British fleet, in 1851. For various reasons international racing received little attention in the thirty years up to 1881; and, left entirely to themselves, American builders produced a type of yacht that in design, construction and equipment was little better than a national disgrace. The awakening came in 1881 through the visit of a small British cutter and her victories over the home craft; then came the renewal of international racing on a larger scale through the visits of the big cutters Genesta, Galatea and Thistle, each meeting defeat from an American craft of a new type called forth by the exigencies of the occasion. If they did nothing else, the victories of Puritan—the work of a new man, and based on new ideas—demonstrated how little the American yacht builders of the day, from 1870 to 1885, knew of their business.

Another instance in a very different class of vessel is that of the new American navy, built within the past ten years. For twenty years after the Rebellion the progress of naval design in America as applied to war vessels was plainly and distinctly backward. That its direction has now been altered and its speed increased is due to what? To the keen competition with the British designs from which the first of the new American war ships were built a few years since. Who did the work? Not the old hands, under whose management the navy had rotted and rusted away to a mere memory, but a body of keen, bright, young Americans who received abroad, through the courtesy of the British Government, the technical education which their own country did not afford. It is these men, taught mainly in British institutions, and working originally on British plans, that have in so short a time surpassed their teachers, just as American yacht designers, when once they were allowed to adopt British ideas, so soon outstripped the original models.

What has been the case in the smallest class of craft; the canoe, originally imported from England, has reached a wonderful development in America, defeating the best of the British craft in two international races; and last year the same has been seen in another class of English origin, the victory being with the American craft.

The more closely we study the work of his predecessors in many types of vessels, the less of an opinion we have of the American shipbuilder of the present day—the one who asks for protection from a competition which he should welcome. So busy is he in recounting his grandfather's victories over the British privateers, and his father's achievements in the American clippers, that he cannot see the great vessels that now carry the British flag where once the Stars and Stripes were seen. While he has been talking about the glories of the clippers and building a lot of steamers of small tonnage for the coasting trade, his British rival has been setting afloat the Umbria, Etruria, Majestic, Teutonic, Lucania and Campania, with a countless fleet of successful tramps and freighters for all classes of commerce.

Those who are of the opinion that the science of naval design has progressed in this country during the past thirty years will find a fruitful field of study in the joint fleets of steamboats of the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. Let them take the old Mary Powell and compare her with the big Adirondack, launched last year and not yet completed, and say which represents the highest amount of skill. Let them take the performances of the latest Sound steamers and compare them with those of the boats of thirty years since. The shipbuilder of to-day has at his command metals of the highest quality and obtainable practically in any size and shape; he has steam hammers, lathes, bending rolls and special machinery never dreamed of by his predecessors, with the aid of electricity to drive his portable tools and light his work. Is the work of as high an order, considering these facilities, as was turned out in the old shipyards in the days of wood or the first days of the iron era?

The one thing which serves most to conceal the faults of design in the steamboat fleet, for example, is the progress in marine engineering, which has been far in advance of that in shipdesigning proper. Without their modern boilers and engines, without the fictitious aid of electric light, stained glass and over-ornamentation in their great saloons, the modern Sound and river boats would compare but poorly with those of thirty years' service. The absence of competition in this class of vessel is due purely to natural causes; but it is none the less a fact that through such absence the builders have done nothing to improve the model and have even retrograded.

Those who will look carefully and impartially over the history of American shipping for a period of almost a century will discover two important facts. The first of these is that when spurred on by foreign, which means British, competition, the American soon takes the lead and holds it as long as the contest continues. The second is that, lacking such competition, he becomes lax and drops into a rut whence it is hard to stir him; he retrogrades, as from the America to the Mohawk; from the Great Admiral, and other war ships built by Wm. H. Webb, to the war ship Trenton—a bank number before she was launched; from the Mary Powell to the Adirondack.

To the true American there is something to be proud of in the skill and energy with which the little coasting schooners were converted

into successful privateers, and the fleet of Lake gunboats built in 1812; in the long contest of the American clippers against their foreign rivals, in the boldness and pluck displayed in the building and racing of Puritan. Compare all this with the position of the American shipbuilder before Congress to-day; with an equal plant to that of his rival with even superior material, with the difference in wages largely offset by the altered conditions of labor in this country, with the waters of the world open to him if he can command them by his skill; but shirking the contest and asking protection for the toy shop affairs that he calls steam yachts.

THERE is something very funny in the name chosen by C. D. Rose, who last fall challenged in haste and repented at leisure, for his new 54-footer, l. r. She is to be called Penitent.

THE joint committee of the Lincoln Park and Royal Canadian clubs has decided on Toledo as the location for the race between Vincedor and the new Fife cutter. The dates selected are Aug. 24, 25, 26.

Paralos.

BULB-FIN 30-FOOTER, DESIGNED BY G. B. WILBUR.

THAT the bulb-fin yacht has certain important advantages both in construction and in a form peculiarly adapted for speed is quite as certain as the opposing fact that the excessive draft of many yachts of the type make them useless for cruising and general work. In the FOREST AND STREAM of Feb. 1 was illustrated a very successful experiment in the direction of a bulb-fin craft of moderate draft, the cruising cutter Palmyra, designed by Mr. George B. Wilbur, of Taunton, Mass., and owned by Mr. Wm. F. Palmer. The yacht here illustrated is an earlier experiment in the same direction, having been built for the same owner in 1894. Paralos, as she is named, proved an excellent craft in all respects, and, as the lines show, possesses very satisfactory room for a cruiser, the form being such that every inch of space is available. The fin and rudder are remarkable, the former from its small depth—but 3ft. below the keel amidships—and the latter from its position—hung directly on the after edge of the fin. The result of this radical experiment, the first of the kind in this country, was very satisfactory, the yacht steering admirably, though being very quick on her tiller. The draft to the designed waterline, 20ft., is just 5ft; but the yacht was trimmed intentionally deeper in use, making the waterline 53ft. and the draft 5ft. 4½in. The dimensions are:

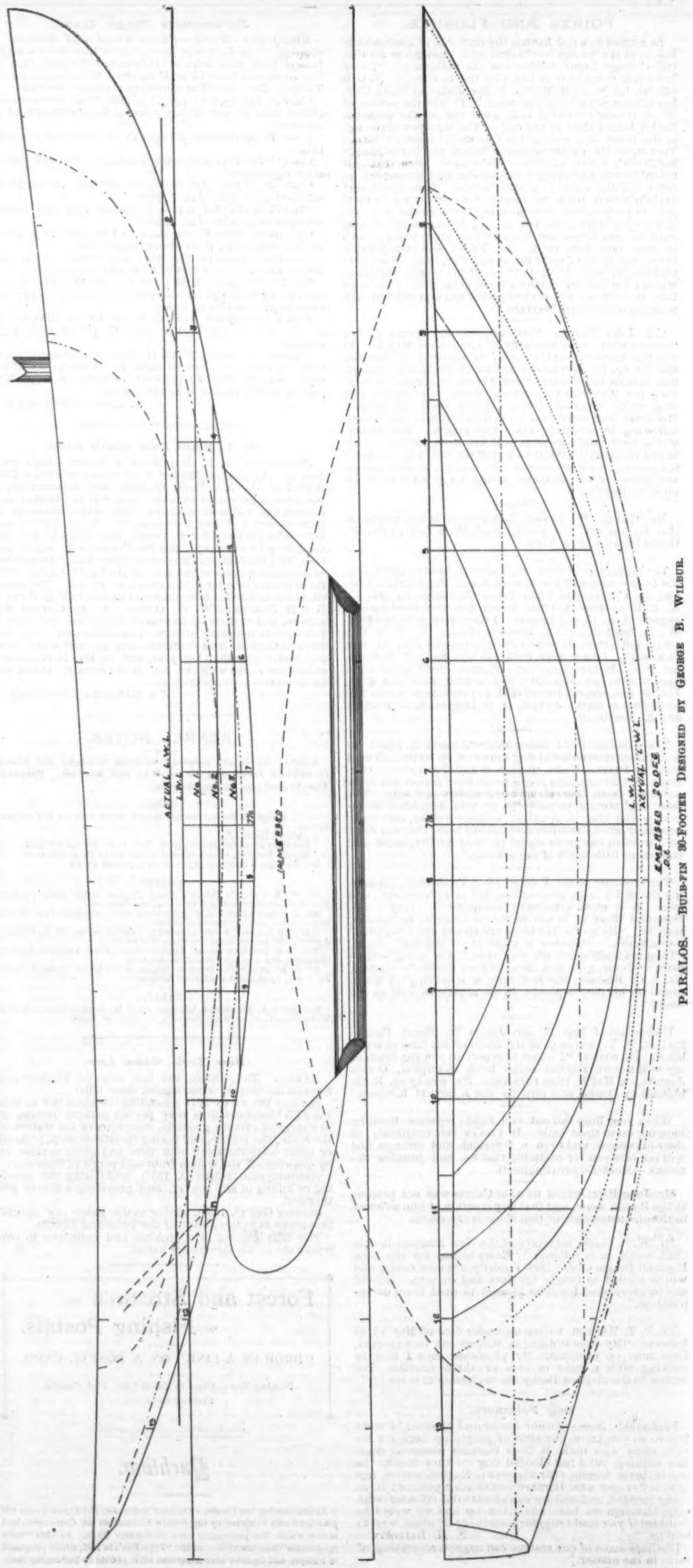
Length, stemhead to taffrail	47ft. 7in.
l.w.l.	30ft.
Overhang, bow	6ft.
counter	6ft. 3in.
Beam, extreme	12ft.
l.w.l.	11ft. 5in.
Draft, extreme	5ft.
Freeboard, bow	4ft. 7in.
lowest	2ft. 6in.
transom	2ft. 9in.
Displacement, tons	8.10
coefficient	.29
Ballast, iron keel, tons	4.05
Sail area	1,539sq. ft.
Sailing length	35.10ft.
Area, l.w.l. plane	253.16sq. ft.
lateral plane	40.00sq. ft.
midship section	15.22sq. ft.
Fore end of l.w.l. to—	
Midship section	16.50ft.
C. B.	15.25ft.
C. L. R.	15.25ft.
Mast center	5ft.
Mast, deck to hounds	31ft. 9in.
pole	14ft.
Bowsprit, outboard	16ft. 6in.
Boom	39ft. 10in.
Gaff	28ft.
Spinaker boom	27ft. 6in.

The keel is 8in thick, in one piece from stemhead to transom The frames are 3in. square, spaced 10in, with angle iron frames in wake of chainplate. The deck is braced by diagonal steel straps.

The planking is of yellow pine, finishing 1¼in. thick. The cabin is elegantly finished in butternut and mahogany.

In spite of its fullness the form has been carefully modeled to secure a good balance of the ends when immersed by heeling, and also easy fore and aft lines at all inclinations.

Paralos was sold to make way for the new boat, Palmyra, and the latter is now in turn on the sale list, to be replaced by Paradox, a new craft of the joint design of Mr. Palmer, her owner, and Mr. Wilbur. She will be of the same general type, a powerful bulb-fin with pole-masted rig and shoal fin. Her approximate dimensions are: Over all, 49ft.; l.w.l., 34ft.; beam 13ft.; draft of hull, 3ft. 3in.; extreme draft, 5ft. 3in.; displacement, 11 tons, over 50 per cent. being in the fin and bulb. The forestaysail will be long on the foot, and set with a club, so as to tend itself. She will have the same balanced rudder as Palmyra. The thorough construction of the two older boats will be followed, the fastenings being mainly brass screws. With a low trunk she will have a large cabin, with 6ft. 6in. headroom, finished in mahogany, and a stateroom. She will be built by the John Saunders Co., of Greenwich, Conn.



PARALOS.—BULB-FIN 30-FOOTER DESIGNED BY GEORGE B. WILBUR.

The Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers.

THE Transactions of the Society of Naval Architects and Marine Engineers have attained the dignity of third annual volume, uniform with the two previous quartos, of 300 pages and numerous lithographed plates. The twelve papers read before the society last November, which are printed in full with the discussion on each, are quite up to the standard of the preceding years, and the three volumes already make a very valuable collection for reading and reference. The contents of the third volume are, in addition to the list of officers, members and associates, and report of the business proceedings, as follows:

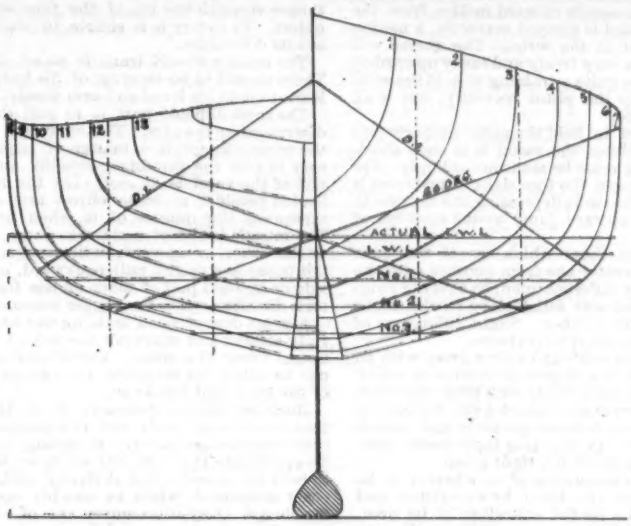
1. American Maritime Development. Capt. Henry C. Taylor, U. S. N.
2. The Centerboard: Its Influence on Design, its Value and its Proper Use. W. P. Stephens.
3. Rudder Experiments. U. S. S. Monterey. Elliott Snow, Assistant Naval Constructor, U. S. N.
4. Aluminum: Its Alloys and their Use in Ship Construction. J. C. McGuire, C. E.
5. Methods and Forms for Certain Ship Calculations. D. W. Taylor, Naval Constructor, U. S. N.
6. The Number of Longitudinal Intervals in Ship Computation as Affecting the Accuracy of Integration for Displacement, and Note on the Relation between Reduced and True Wetted Surface. Prof. W. F. Durand, Cornell University.
7. Tactical Considerations Involved in Warship Design. Albert P. Niblack, Lieutenant, U. S. N.
8. Recent Designs of Vessels for the U. S. Navy. Philip Hichborn Chief Naval Constructor, U. S. N.
9. Engineering Research in the Navy. Prof. Wm. S. Aldrich, University of West Virginia.
10. Performance of the Twin Screw Steamer City of Lowell. Prof. James E. Denton, Stevens Institute of Technology.
11. The Ventilation of Ships: F. B. Dowst, M. E.
12. An Experimental Test of the Armored Side of U. S. S. Iowa. Albert W. Stahl, Naval Constructor, U. S. N.

Two of the papers, those of Messrs. McGuire on Aluminum and Stephens on the Centerboard, have been published in part in the FOREST AND STREAM. The complete volume of the Transactions includes a dozen interesting plates accompanying the latter paper, with an appendix describing them, which could not be reproduced at the time. These plates include many types of centerboard craft—the North River sloop Victorine, the yachts Julia, Arrow, Iroquois, Volunteer, Quickstep, and others less known, but representing special types of centerboard craft.

The reports of the officers show a membership of 500, including 279 members and 175 associates, and a balance of $6,000 in the treasury.

The successful growth and good work done by the society in but three years should commend it to the attention of all who are connected with or interested in the development of an American marine, for defense, commerce or pleasure. It is impossible to overestimate the importance to the nation at large of a general interest on the part of all its people in the national fleet of warships, merchant vessels and yachts; and this is best fostered by the general diffusion of knowledge, both popular and special, of ships. In its associate membership the society provides for those who, without being designers, ship builders or engineers, are still interested in the work of these professions and desirous of keeping in touch with it. This class of membership should attract yachtsmen especially throughout the country. The dues are but $5 per year, and a copy of the Transactions is sent to each member.

The present volume is the third compiled by Naval Constructor Capps, the late secretary of the Society and one of the most active among its organizers. Since the transferal of Mr. Capps from Wash-



PARALOS.—BODY PLAN.

ington to San Francisco, his place has been taken by Naval Constructor Francis T. Bowles, now in charge of the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The official address of the society is 13 West Thirty-first street, New York.

Model Yachting.

The officers of the Wave Crest M. Y. C. and those of the American Model Y. C. met at the club rooms of the latter club to decide upon the committee to manage the race for the A. M. Y. C. perpetual challenge trophy, to be raced for on July 4, off the club station, foot of Thirty-fourth street, South Brooklyn. Mr. E. B. Hopkinson, Wave Crest M. Y. C., was chosen, and Frank Nichols, A. M. Y. C. It now devolves upon these two gentlemen to name a referee, and in all probability Mr. Frank Mitchell, of the Philadelphia Model Y. C., will be chosen.

A very friendly feeling was engendered by this meeting of the two clubs and no doubt will continue. The following are the names of the gentlemen who were present: Wave Crest: Com. E. E Flynt, Treasurer A. Anderson, Fleet Capt. W. M. Thompson and Secretary E. B. Hopkinson A. M. Y. C.: Com. J. H. Lane, Vice-Com. C. Van Ness, Treasurer G. W. Townly, Secretary G. F. Pigott and Measurer Frank Nichols.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

The regatta committee of the Indian Harbor Y. C., of Greenwich, Conn., has announced the following programme for the season: Opening day, May 30, race for yachts enrolled in the club. No special entry necessary. The committee is also endeavoring to arrange a race for the new 30-footers on that day. If this can be arranged further notice will be sent to the members. Special race, Tuesday, June 30 (second race of Yacht Racing Union circuit). Classes: 30-footers, 34-footers, 21-footers, half-raters, all cabin catboats under 30ft., all open catboats, shiftable ballast; all open sloops, shiftable ballast. Eighth annual regatta, Saturday, Aug. 1. Open to all classes. Special race, Saturday, Sept. 12. Classes: 30-footers, 34-footers, 21-footers and half-raters. The committee, however, may hereafter decide to open this race to other classes. Several cups have been donated by members of the club to be raced for during the season. The classes to which these cups will be allotted will be announced by the committee in a circular, which will be issued previous to each race. All the races given by the club will hereafter be sailed under the rules recently adopted by the Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound. The tables of time allowance adopted by the Union in 1895 will also be used. All members desiring to race their yachts should at once notify the chairman of the regatta committee, sending him a full description of their yachts, in order that they may be allotted permanent racing numbers under the rules which have been adopted by the Union. The committee requests the co operation of all members to make this season the most successful in the history of the club. George E. Gartland, chairman, 11 Wall street, New York; Charles E. McManus, D. Willis Merritt. As it will be impossible for the club to complete its proposed new house in time, the adjoining property, the Hasell place, has been leased and fitted up with restaurant, sleeping apartments, and all conveniences for members and guests. Among the prizes offered by officers and members are three cups for the 30ft. class by Com Wills, cups for the cabin cats by Vice-Com. Higgins, a cup for the 21-footers by Rear-Com. Tyson, one for the 34 footers by J. Kennedy Tod, one for the 15-footers by E. C. Benedict, and one for open cats by Percy Stewart; these first prizes being supplemented by the club by second prizes if the number of starters demand it.

The Chicago Y. C. announces the following events for the season: Saturday, June 20—Michigan City race; start at 1 P. M. sharp; judges' and guests' boat will leave the club house at 12:40 P. M. Saturday, June 27—Regatta for fourth and fifth class open yachts; start at 2 P. M. sharp; judges and guests will leave the club house at 1:40 P. M. Saturday, July 18—Dinghy race (sailing); start from club house at 3 P. M. Saturday, July 25—Club regatta for all classes; start at 2 P. M. sharp; judges and guests will leave the club house at 1:40 P. M. Saturday, Aug. 1—Dinghy race (rowing); start from club house at 3 P. M. Saturday, Aug. 15—Club race and cruise to Menominee, Mich., to be run on points between ports; start at 3 P. M. sharp. Saturday, Sept. 12—Open regatta; start at 2 P. M. sharp; judges' and guests' boat will leave the club house at 1:40 P. M.

We have received a copy of the official book of rules of the Yacht Racing Association of Great Britain for 1896, the usual neat little volume in blue. It contains the sailing rules, measurement rule, list of members and minutes of meetings, with the decisions of the council in a number of protest cases submitted to it by local committees. The new rule has recently been given in full in our columns. The allowance table is new, having been made to suit the rule. The list of yachts with their official measurements is no longer published in the book, though such a list is very useful for reference. The book is published and supplied to the clubs and individuals by Harrison & Sons, St. Martin's Lane, London.

Com. Rouse, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C., will this season test a novel combination of naphtha and electricity on the flagship Iroquois. The yacht's naphtha launch, one of the regular boats built by the Gas Engine and Power Co., will be fitted with a special dynamo that can readily be shipped aboard and connected to the engine. When the launch is not in use during the day, and lying at the boat boom, the dynamo will be put aboard and connected and the engine started up, the wheel revolving in the water. The electric current will be used to charge the storage batteries aboard the yacht which supply the electric lights with which she is fitted throughout. When not in use the dynamo will be stowed below on the yacht. How the arrangement will work in practice is yet to be proved.

The New Rochelle Y. C. will open its season on May 23 with a race open to yachts of the club only in the regular classes; a special prize of a silver cup being also offered for the 15ft. class, open to yachts enrolled in any organised yacht club. A second prize will be given if five yachts start. The races, which will be under Y. R. U. rules, will start at 2 P. M. Entries should be mailed to the Regatta Committee, New Rochelle Y. C., P. O. Box 735, New Rochelle, N. Y., in time to be received by the committee not later than noon of Thursday, May 21. Full instructions as to starting signals, course, etc., together with a chart of the course, will be mailed on receipt of entry, and may be had on application to the committee. Regatta Committee: Chas. P. Tower, Chairman; W. N. Bavier, Paul A. Meyrowitz, J. B. Thomas; A. P. Weston, Secretary.

The new 15-footer designed and built by the Herreshoffs for F. M. Hoyt is similar in model to Olita, with a long, low bow and no after overhang, and of very light construction. She will be rigged in English fashion, and a very good idea of her sail and sheer plan may be obtained from the cut of the canoe yawl Nautilus in the FOREST AND STREAM of last week. With the counter cut off square at the mark indicating the after end of the waterline and the piece added to the fore overhang, and the tack of jib carried forward, the Nautilus would resemble closely the new boat. The mainsail is identical, a lugsail with battens.

Yampa, schooner, R. S. Palmer, arrived at New York on May 6 with her owner in command, accompanied by Messrs. T. C. Zerega, George A. Cormack and Cambridge Livingston. The yacht has visited the principal ports of the West Indies since she sailed from Boston last February.

A yacht club has been organized in Kingston, Ont., under the name of the Kingston Y. C., starting with 110 members. The officers are: Com., W. F. Strange; Vice-Com., H. Richardson; Rear-Com., Dr. Clarke; Sec'y, J. H. Macnee; Treas., W. C. Kent; Meas., H Cunningham; Committee—Dr. Black, R. G. Burns, E. Gildersleeve, F. H. Macnee and J. Fisher.

The club book of the Hudson River Ice Yacht Club for 1896 contains a list of forty-three yachts and sixty members. The club, whose station is at Hyde Park, was founded in 1865. The officers are: Com., Archibald Rogers; Vice-Com., Norman Wright; Sec'y-Treas., John Hopkins; Treas., Thos. Newbold.

The first race of the season at Atlantic City was sailed on May 7 in a fresh S. W. breeze, the course being four miles to leeward and return. The small craft were from the Corinthian Y. C. and the Musquito Fleet. The corrected times were: No Name, 1h. 33m. 30s.; Ivy, 1h. 34m. 27s.; I Don't Think, 1h. 35m. 6s.; Vixen, 1h. 39m. 7s.; Nit, 1h. 40m.; Siren, 1h. 42m. 39s.

Owing to some dispute between her new owners, Ethelwynn was advertised at sheriff's sale on May 6, at Manning's Basin, where she has been stored during the winter. The sale was postponed for a month. Thus far there is no indication that the yacht will race under present ownership.

Black Pearl, steam yacht, E. R. Sheldon, has returned to New York after a cruise of two months in the West Indies. She will refit at Fletcher's yard, Hoboken.

The Philadelphia Y. C. will sail its annual regatta on June 13, and the cruise will begin on June 26.

The racing about New York will begin on next Saturday, May 16, with the open race of the Huguenot Y. C., of New Rochelle, for five a sses: Cabin sloops, 21ft. class, cabin cats, open cats and 15ft. class. The latter class promises to be the most interesting, as several new boats will make their first race. The race will start at 1 P. M. over the club's four-sided courses.

Those young tars who are going afloat this season for the first time will find much that is useful to them in a little book entitled "The Amateur Sailor," by Alex. I. McLeod, a Detroit yachtsman. The book treats in a plain and practical manner of the rudiments of sailing and yachting usage; and while intended mainly for the less experienced yachtsmen, it has many little points that will repay the older hands for a perusal. It is published by E H. Gilman, Detroit, Mich.

We have received from the secretary, Dr. Ed. Pilatte, the annual book of the Club Nautique de Nice, the first of the nautical societies of Provence and the vicinity of Nice, organized in 1893, since which time it has taken a prominent part in the advancement of yachting and yachting organizations in the Mediterranean.

The Pacific Y. C., of San Francisco, has elected the following officers: Pres., John H Dickinson; Vice-Pres., Hugo D. Keil; Com., John D. Spreckels; Vice-Com., Martin B. Roberts; Meas., Alec. Svenson. Directors—John H. Dickinson, Charles H. Crocker, Hugo D. Keil, Will A. Powning, John T. Dare, F. Hohweisner and J. D. Maxwell.

The house of the Corinthian Y. C., of New York, located originally at Bechtel's Basin, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, where it was built by the Seawanhaka Cor. Y. C. in 1883, and afterward moved to the basin beside the steamboat dock, has been sold and moved to Atlantic Highlands, where it will be used as boathouse. The Corinthian Y. C., organized in 1866, has ceased to exist.

Phantom, schr., H. L. Parmele, has been entirely rebuilt for the second time. She is one of the older yachts, having been built in 1865.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. B. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo. E. Keyes, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-26, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

Central Division.

MR. GEORGE E. KEYES, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y., has been elected, by a mail vote of the Division executive committee, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Purser W. H. Martin.

A. C. A. Membership.

APPLICATIONS for membership may be made to the purser of the division in which the applicant resides on blanks furnished by purser, the applicant becoming a member provided no objection be made within fourteen days after his name has been officially published in the FOREST AND STREAM.

CENTRAL DIVISION.

Name.	*Club.*	*City.*
Seymour P. Hubbell.....	——.....	Buffalo, N. Y

Steam Yachts and Marine Machinery.
COMPLETE machinery "outfits" for boat builders, made by Marine Iron Works, Chicago. Light draft work a specialty. Catalogue free.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

THE ART OF PISTOL SHOOTING.

EVERYTHING is difficult before 'tis easy, says an old adage, and the effort to become proficient in the use of the revolver is no exception to it. The art is acquired only by earnest study and effort.

It is not an art of mystical methods, nor is there any royal road to it. Regular practice and intelligent observation of causes and effects are factors in attaining practical skill as they are in all other arts. Indeed, of all the arts it may safely be said that that of revolver shooting is the most exacting considering it in its highest perfection, for it requires faithful practice, a clear mind and good physical condition, which can only be established by abstinence from alcoholic stimulants, from tobacco, and by regular habits in general. So much for the perfection of the art. However, with a reasonable degree of application fairly good results may be obtained.

The intelligent effort to learn the art of shooting is opposed more or less to a popular fallacy that the skillful pistol shot is born, not made. The comparative ease with which the expert makes difficult shots, and the difficulty which the novice encounters in making any shot with any degree of precision, prepare the latter for ready acceptance of such fallacy. It then seems so self-evident that no investigation is considered necessary. Marvelous skill and its results are accepted as being a "gift," a capability born with its possessor. It is true that men excel in the art of shooting, but such is likewise true of men in all arts. In the art under consideration, the patient investigation, laborious and arduous practice in private which developed skill, not being directly in evidence, are not considered as having been at all. Yet, whatever one's natural capabilities may be, patient study and practice are necessary, though, as in the acquisition of all skill which requires profound effort, natural aptitude, resolute persistency and sharp intelligence will make more direct and fixed progress than can be made without them. But, as intimated before in this respect, the art of pistol shooting in its acquisition in no wise differs from that of all other arts. In every vocation and avocation in life there are men whose ability and industry distinguish them pre-eminently among their fellows. Again, as in all other arts, while all cannot devote the time, practice and study necessary to attain the skill of a specialist, nearly all can acquire a useful and reasonable knowledge of the theory of the art and a corresponding degree of proficiency in its practice.

There are a few men who are always awkward in anything which they attempt if it requires manual dexterity. They cannot jump off a car without tangling their legs or pitching about; they cannot drive a nail without hitting their fingers or breaking something; they cannot row, nor crack a whip, nor cast a fly, nor handle a cue, nor bowl, nor pitch quoits; in short, they seem to be left-handed all over. With this reservation, it is fair to encourage all in the possibilities of attaining skill in the art of revolver shooting.

Handling the Pistol.

The mere handling of a pistol with safety to one's self and to the bystanders requires a certain amount of training if it be done properly. There is one general rule which should never be ignored, that is, never for a moment point the pistol toward any one. The novice always grasps the pistol awkwardly, and the direction in which the barrel is pointing is a matter he rarely considers. Being ignorant of the workings of a revolver, he cannot have the necessary forethought in handling it.

A novice should never handle a pistol as a matter of idle curiosity. If he handle it at all, he should learn the simple matter of handling it right. Yet the handling of a pistol seems to have a strange fascination for the most ignorant.

The pistol is a deadly weapon, and from its short barrel and ready working is one of the most dangerous. Make it an invariable rule never to have the barrel pointing toward any person. When not actually firing it, keep it constantly pointing in the air when there are bystanders about, whether it be loaded or not. By persisting in this practice it will become a habit in time, and then will be observed constantly without any thought. Such carefulness will avoid any occasion for rebukes, will relieve friends of much alarm and anxiety, and will avoid the possibility of deplorable accidents. Were these simple rules observed, the fatal accidents which are an annual certainty would never occur. With the most vigilant and painstaking care, there will come a time when the pistol will be discharged accidentally, and then the habit of guarding against accident will come in good service. The unloaded weapon should be handled with the same formal care as if it were loaded. Above all, never permit yourself to indulge in the brutal sport of aiming a pistol at any one. The terror inspired is a poor means of obtaining amusement. The victim cannot know whether or not the weapon is loaded, and whether he can or not, it is a gross abuse of others and an unlawful act to point it at any one.

In handling deadly weapons there are thus important matters of training in respect to what should not be done as there are to what should be done.

Also, when handling a revolver or other pistol in the presence of others, it is always prudent to unload it, particularly if it is to be handled by men who are ignorant of its proper handling and who are idly curious. The man without a purpose is often the most dangerous to have about and is always the most annoying.

Timidity.

The fright or timidity or gunshyness which many beginners exhibit in their first attempts at firing a pistol is obstructive to progress.

When the shooter flinches when he pulls the trigger, or at the same time shuts his eyes or turns his head, the matter of correct aiming for the time being is at an end. To overcome his timidity, he should handle the pistol as much as possible. He should aim and snap his unloaded pistol in his room or elsewhere as often as opportunity offers, till he becomes so familiar with it that he can handle it fearlessly and without unpleasant apprehension. In his first attempts he should shoot light loads till full confidence it established. Once the habit of flinching at the moment of firing is acquired, it is not easily cured.

If there were any real danger of a general bursting, shutting the eyes tightly, or making distorted faces, or turning the head, would be no protection.

In this connection it is proper to advise the using of a first-class pistol only. The saving of a few dollars in purchasing a cheap and poor pistol is poor economy indeed. There is too much risk for the trifle saved.

Begin Correctly.

There are many men who have shot a pistol more or less for many years who improve but little, for the reason that they started wrong and persevered in the wrong manner in which they started. They simply shoot without giving the matter any thought. Their methods at last were not any improvement on their methods at first. Others, seeing no improvement in their skill, become discouraged. The possibility of so holding that the recoil is reduced to a minimum, or investigating to determine by what fault of the hand or trigger finger the errors arise, never seems to occur to them. And yet it is necessary

1. POSITION.

carefully to learn the causes of errors if they are to be corrected. Some errors are peculiar to one man, some to another. One will shoot to the right, another to the left, another here and there, so that the personal equation is a constant factor. There is no hard and fast rule, by which all can be governed. No arbitrary formula can be laid down. Each one can note his own errors and investigate their cause with a view to correction.

The Position.

In shooting at the target, the shooter generally assumes the position shown in Fig. 1, or one approximating to it. It does very well for target practice. For the practical purposes of pistol shooting, however, the effort should be to shoot well from any natural position of the body. Freedom and ease and quickness are superior to stiffness and slowness.

The arm should be slightly bent at the elbow, so that the recoil will be taken with more elasticity than it could be with a straight, stiff arm.

As all eyes have not the same focus, nor all men the same physical conformation, each man will modify this shooting position to best suit his own powers. Nevertheless, the expert pistol shot can skillfully handle his weapon in the most free-handed and unstudied manner. It is not essential to good performance that he assume a stiff and formal pose in the practical use of the weapon. By practice, the expert learns to shoot his pistol as freely and easily as the wing shooter handles a shotgun.

The Grasp.

The important matter of learning how to handle the pistol in general, and in particular how to grasp it correctly when firing it, should be learned at the outset. A wrong manner of grasping the handle will be a serious check to progress, and also will be a constant difficulty in making a good performance. It will perpetuate a fault. There is a right way to hold a pistol and many which are wrong.

Figs. 3 and 4 show the correct manner of grasping it.

Fig. 2 shows a wrong way, one commonly employed by the novice.

From the beginning, the novice should endeavor to grasp the pistol correctly and precisely alike every time till a correct grasp becomes habitual. Any variation in the grasp is sure to result in undesirable variations at the target, if sufficient powder is used to make a recoil. A loose, careless grasp will invariably result in bad execution. The novice rarely grasps the pistol twice alike.

To make the matter clearer to the beginner, in respect to recoil, it will be necessary in this connection to touch briefly on the theory of it.

If the hand were so placed as to resist the recoil at a point directly in a line with the axis of the barrel, there would be no upward jump of the pistol, as the force of the recoil and the resistance to it would both be in the same right line. But the grasp of the hand on a pistol is below the line of fire, leaving what is practically the arm of a lever between. The recoil thus is in a line higher than that of the resistance to it, and the two forces so act that the pistol flies upward at the moment of discharge.

If the hand is held as in Figs. 3 and 4, the resistance is so near in the line of the axis of the barrel and the line of recoil that the disarrangement caused by the latter is reduced to a minimum, and is no insurmountable factor against the best results, except in such instances as pistols are overloaded.

It is apparent that it is much more difficult to concentrate a firm resistance to the recoil when the hand is as in Fig. 2 than it is as in Figs. 3 and 4. It in Fig 2 not only has room for greater play in the hand at the moment of recoil, but it makes a greater strain and movement in the wrist at the same time, the hand turning upward with it.

To hold the pistol correctly, grasp the handle firmly, with the hand snug up, as in Figs. 3 and 4, so there is no room for motion between the pistol and the hand when the recoil comes. With all the precaution which the novice can compass, there will be a certain upward motion from the recoil even when the pistol is grasped correctly, a motion upward in the hand and in the wrist. The novice will note that the hand plays very freely and easily upward on the wrist, and it requires quite a training to hold the wrist firm as well as to grasp the pistol correctly, but it all comes right with practice.

After one has learned to hold the pistol properly and learned precisely what factor the recoil is in one's shooting, allowance in aiming must be made accordingly. For this reason, for short ranges, the fore sight in revolvers is longer than the rear sight, thus depressing the muzzle to make allowance for the upward jump at the moment of firing.

Nearly all pistols, even those which are of the same kind and alike, act differently one from another with the same loads when used by different men; so that the manner of aiming one pistol with satisfactory results might have different results with another. Slight differences of trigger pull, etc., all have their importance.

The beginner should not confound a firm grasp with an overstrained one. There is a degree of tension at which the hand and arm can be held firmly with moderate exercise of the will; if the nerves and muscles are forced to a higher strain, they do not coördinate properly and there is then more or less tremor. In shooting large loads, however, the hand must be trained to a tight grasp.

Whatever may be the explanation of it, whether it be reflex action or what not, the hand by experience and proper training acquires a useful education of its own. In handling any object it requires a special schooling to do so skillfully. In everyday life one is so accustomed to seeing it perform its functions at will that it seems to require no training, but it in fact performs well from long training. Once it attempts new efforts its inefficiency is apparent. To comprehend this statement more fully, let a novice attempt to draw with a pencil a perfectly straight line or a circle, or to eat rice with chop sticks, or perform on a piano, etc., and then observe how quickly and easily the educated hand of the expert accomplishes any of those acts.

In the art of pistol shooting, by practice the hand and arm seem to acquire a sense of direction of their own. If the pistol is not properly in the grasp, the educated hand readily detects it. The sense of direction is evidenced in other acts. The carpenter with accurate blows drives nails with a hammer, hitting them accurately on the head at every stroke. The wood-chopper gives no thought to his axe as he swings it blow after blow, and yet he drives it into the tree with hair-breadth precision. The baseball pitcher is a wonder in accurate delivery.

When the hand of the pistol shooter is so trained that the mind is free from studiously noting and directing it in its holding and firing, it is then at a stage when quick shooting can be practiced with more or less efficiency, and quick and reasonably accurate shooting with the revolver is the only kind of pistol shooting of any practical value. The revolver is a weapon of defense as society is organized in time of peace, and its use is at a time when the interested parties are commonly in active motion. An assailed party, who would require his assailant to stand stiffly while he stiffly and slowly took aim and fired, would be slow in making a success. It is therefore self-evident that the freedom of action and skill which come from good training are a necessity in the practical use of the revolver.

Many of the best shots hold the thumb along the side of the frame, as shown in Fig. 4; this grasp in a measure guards against a side movement when the forefinger is pulling the trigger, and also at the moment of recoil. Still it is not an easy grasp and requires some practice to apply skillfully. The most natural grasp is as is shown in Fig. 2, and is the one most commonly in use.

Sighting.

The manner of sighting is very simple. The shooter aims so that the fore sight is in a straight line from his eye, looking through the notch of the rear sight and at the object aimed at. The same straight line in theory runs from the eye through the notch of the rear sight, thence through the tip of the fore sight, thence to the object. In theory it is simple, in practice it is not without its difficulties.

The shooter should learn to stand steadily on his feet. There should be no swaying of his body. He also should learn to hold his hand and arm steady.

The most difficult part is to pull the trigger without disarranging the aim. The education of the forefinger, the trigger finger, is a matter of importance. It is not easy to pull the forefinger steadily and truly when the rest of the hand is at rest. Let the novice aim an unloaded revolver at some object and carefully note the motion of the muzzle of it when he pulls the trigger. The muzzle is almost certain to jump sidewise one way or the other, or upward, indicating that the finger did not make a straight pull backward, but that it made a side or upward pull of more or less force, which took its own direction when the trigger became disengaged.

A great deal of good training can be obtained by carefully aiming and snapping the unloaded revolver as if in actual firing at a mark. The aberrations in the pull-off can be noted and corrected in so far as they are the fault of the hand and forefinger.

Much practice is necessary to so train the forefinger that it will work truly and independently while all the other muscles are passive or acting in another manner. To appreciate the difficulty of it, let the novice attempt to hold his closed hand perfectly still, with no wrist or other movement, while he steadily opens and closes his forefinger. Any little movements of hand or wrist, however slight, make a vast difference in the results at the bullseye.

It is an easy matter to train so as to be able to hit close around the bullseye, but such is a mere trifle compared to the training necessary to shoot to the center, and yet for purposes of utility, offensive and defensive, one is nearly as efficient as the other, all else being equal.

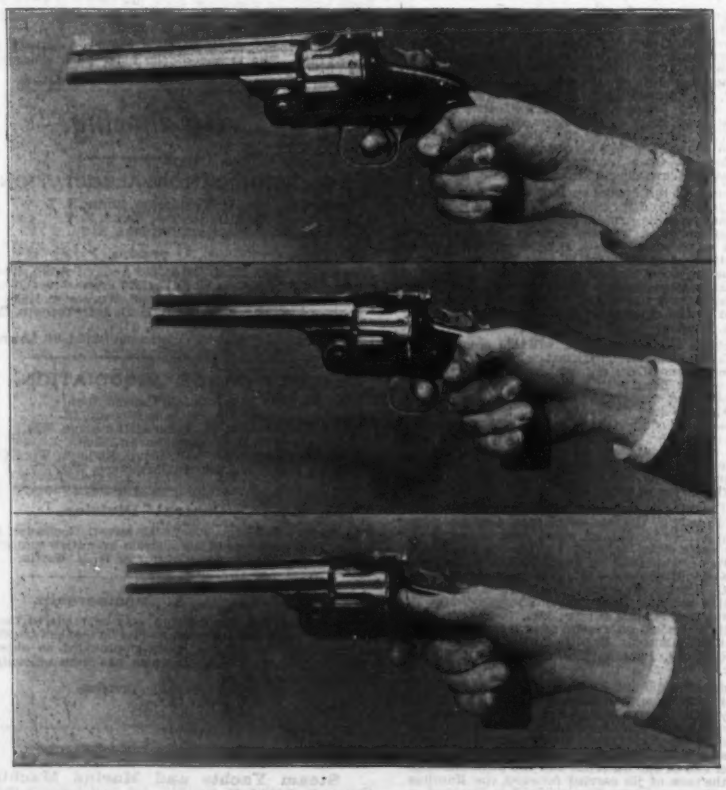
Nervous people, by training and self-discipline or will power, learn to hold with remarkable steadiness, though they can never hope to equal the precision of the shooters whose nerves are so steady that they can hold a rigid unvarying arm on the center. Some men seem to have a rhythmic swaying of the body with a corresponding movement of the pistol arm to and fro, and yet by practice they so time the pull of the trigger as the pistol sways to the bullseye that they make a good showing. They, however, are sure to get in a wild shot sooner or later.

All the spectacular features, such as the whirling of the revolver on the forefinger, cocking and shooting it as it comes into the hand, may profitably be omitted. It is a dangerous act, and moreover adds nothing to the betterment of the shooting. So of the style affected by some of the "bad men" of the West in removing the trigger, trusting entirely to cocking with the thumb and permitting the hammer to fall by slipping the thumb off it. This manner was supposed to have an advantage in its quickness, and quickness was considered indispensable in personal encounters, as a moment's time might serve to effect important changes. Many of these methods were mere personal eccentricities, and the shooter at best could not do any better with his fantastic methods than can be done in the regulation manner with a self-cocking revolver.

In aiming, nearly all shooters aim with one eye, the other being closed. It is rarely that a man can aim well with both eyes open. Few people have eyes which focus alike or are equally strong.

When the aim is established, the trigger should be pulled with a firm and steady pull, never a jerky one. When this manner is thoroughly acquired, the finger will act in the pull-off quite as quickly as if it were nervously jerked, with the further advantage that it is in the correct line, alike every time and with no disturbance to the aim. Any fault in the pull-off, as before mentioned, should be noted and corrected by aiming and snapping the unloaded pistol.

Regularity in practice is necessary to make the shooter dexterous in aiming and firing. On the other hand, practice can be overdone. If prolonged too much, there is a great strain on the nerve forces and too much fatigue



HOLDING THE PISTOL.

from it. It is better to practice a reasonable time every day than to practice long whiles with long intervals between.

When the shooter has learned to sight truly, to pull the trigger without disturbing his aim, and fire with quickness and ease, he has learned the art of revolver shooting.

Where the shooter practices or shoots so long as to make endurance a matter of importance, a general developing of the whole muscular system is necessary, and a supplementary course of athletics is needed. Exercise with dumb bells, Indian clubs, etc., in particular strengthen the arms, wrists and chest, and in fact the whole body, and with the more equal development and strengthening of all the muscles comes a greater steadiness in holding and a greater capability of prolonged effort.

While aiming, the shooter should take a full breath, hold it, then pull steadily on the trigger when the aim is fixed. It is very difficult to aim steadily while the chest is expanding and contracting from respiration.

Snap Shooting.

As for quick aiming and shooting, one must have learned first to shoot well with proper deliberation. If one cannot shoot well in that manner, it is absurd to assume that he can do so quickly.

Snap shooting is not necessarily hurried shooting, as the novice always makes it when he attempts it. In most instances it is done quickly after the same manner which is employed in slow shooting; that is to say, the shooter does quickly in one instance what he does slowly in the other. He observes the same forms of action in the main, but executes it instantly. Every part acts together, instead of in labored succession.

It is generally considered that the snap shot takes no aim, but in most cases he unconsciously does so. Let the snap shot put a circular piece of pasteboard around his wrist large enough to conceal the pistol from the shooter, but not the target, and in most instances there will be a perceptible difference in the results of the shooting with it so hidden.

Still, all snap shots do not take aim, though the number is small. Some men develop an extraordinary nervous sense of direction in pointing firearms, which cannot be described, nor can the men who have such power explain it themselves. Some men can shoot with wonderful precision from the hip—a position which precludes formal aiming with the eye—but this is the exception, and in no wise disproves that snap shooting can be done by true aiming.

Nervous men sometimes snap shoot well, their nerves and muscles in action being steadier than when at rest.

It is commonly accepted as a truth that, when one points the forefinger at an object, the finger is pointed as truly as if aimed by the aid of the eye. This idea, it is claimed, has been used successfully in snap pistol shooting. The forefinger lies alongside the frame in a line parallel with the axis of the barrel, the trigger being manipulated by the second finger. In theory it is very plausible, in practice it varies much from the theory.

The Trigger Pull.

The trigger pull of a revolver should never be less than 2½ or 3lbs. Such is a pull is light enough for all practical shooting. Less than that makes a very light pull, and few fingers are so delicate in touch or steady in action as to manipulate the hair trigger properly. It requires a long training of the finger to skillfully work a hair trigger. A finger which is not entirely free from nervousness finds great difficulty in pulling on the trigger at the correct juncture, and any attempt to steady a nervous finger on a hair trigger results in premature discharge. But whether the trigger pull be easy or hard, remember to keep the muzzle of the pistol pointing upward when not actually aiming and firing the pistol.

As for nervousness, there are many who cannot shoot well before a crowd or in actual competition. In the first instance they have a kind of stage fright, in the latter they may have the same, with the added excitement which many men have when entered in any competition or the excitement which they feel when anything is at stake.

Revolver Shooting.

It is comparatively an easy matter to acquire skill with a heavy small bore single-shot pistol, or a heavy revolver used with light gallery loads. With such there is practically no recoil, or at least none sufficiently strong to affect the shooting. Such precision as is shown with the small bore pistol, or revolver with a light gallery load, is no index to one's skill with a practical load. Such practice furthermore is of very little benefit in shooting the heavier loads. The only way to learn to shoot accurately with the regulation loads is to use them. With the latter there is a recoil which the shooter can never learn to regulate in any other manner than by practice in which it is a factor. The exceedingly heavy charges, 40grs. for instance, have a violent recoil, and strain the hand and wrist unpleasantly besides requiring long practice to shoot them well.

No instructions can take the place of practice. They can only advise as to the best manner of practice and as to what errors to avoid. The degree of proficiency one attains is measured by his own ability and his own effort. In any event, every man who handles a revolver should learn to handle it with such skill that he will not kill or maim his friends in time of peace or war, whatever he may do otherwise.

The foregoing is evolved from my own experience, an experience covering the many years during which pistol shooting has numbered me among its enthusiastic admirers; and what I have written here is given for such benefit to others as may be found in it. B. WATERS.

Manhattan Revolver Club.

NEW YORK, May 1.—For excellence in revolver shooting during the month of April, Dr. Reginald H. Sayre was awarded the prize—a handsome silver cup—by the shooting committee of the Manhattan Revolver Club.

The exhibition of English and American targets showing the scores of some 2,000 crack shots is attracting considerable attention in the gymnasium of the New Manhattan Athletic Club. They are owned by Captain James S. Conlin, the club's shooting instructor.

Orioles in Gotham.

ON Tuesday night, May 5, half a dozen members of the Baltimore contingent at the E. C tournament, including Dr. Fort and Messrs. Waters and Claridge, paid a friendly visit to the range of the Gotham Revolver Club. Several of the visitors tried their hand at revolver shooting, but no records were broken.

San Francisco Riflemen.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 27.—The fine day drew a large number of marksmen to Shell Mound range this A. M. The Schuetzen department of the Red Men held an old-fashioned eagle shoot. C. Stein won the kingship.

The other prize winners and the parts they clipped are the following:

First prize, John Tiedeman, crown on the eagle's head; second, W. Kreutzkamm, scepter in right claw; third, H. Bach, reichs-apple in left claw; fourth, John Feldermann, ring in beak; fifth, E. Gobel, head; sixth, C. Stein, neck; seventh and eighth, John Oldag, right wing and claw; ninth and tenth, John Trester, left wing and claw; eleventh, P. H. Ruffs, tail.

The distribution of these prizes and the crowning of the shooting king will take place next Sunday evening at the anniversary and ball that will be held at 630 Bush street.

The Columbia Pistol and Rifle Club held its regular semi-monthly target shoot, and several remarkable records were made with nitro powder. In fact, A. H. Pape broke the club record with this powder. He is now acting upon the suggestions of F. O. Young—that is a patch bullet of pure lead that starts easily from the breech. He uses Du Pont's nitro measure for measure with the black powder. In the record the following remarkable scores were made, Dr. Rodgers only using black powder:

Dr L O Rodgers	9	2	5	9	9	7	3	7	6	7	—57
F O Young	1	6	7	6	5	4	4	9	4	9	—55
A H Pape	6	7	8	4	4	8	8	9	8	8	—80
	2	4	8	6	8	5	9	4	7	4	—53

Pape's 20 shots on the Columbia target are equal to 418 points on the German target, and his average was bunched in a 5 1/16in. circle. The best rifle scores of the day stood:

Unfred diamond medal, three shots: Dr. Rodgers 10, H. H. Burfeind 11, F. O. Young 16

Ten-shot rifle record: A. H. Pape 50 and 53, F. O. Young 55, Dr. Rodgers 57.

Most flags for in-centers: Dr. Rodgers 2, F. O. Young 1, H. Heilberg 2, H. H. Burfeind 1, G Barley 1.

On the 50yd pistol range some fine work was done. Charles Daiss, who so far has been in the lead on the Blanding record for the best 10 scores, rested on his laurels and went off on a bicycle jaunt. While he was away Pape got in and ran up enough high scores to beat Daiss by 3 points. Gorman, in half a dozen strings, made several excellent scores. The best scores stood:

Open to all comers, pistol, Blanding medal: J. E. Gorman 7, 9, 11; A. H Pape 7, 8, 8; F. O Young 8, Dr. L. Rodgers 9, E. Jacobson 17.

Revolver, Carr medal: M. J. White 31.

All comers, 22cal. rifle, 50yds.: Ed Hover 10, W. J Burrows 19.

The monthly bullseye shoot of the San Francisco Schuetzen Verein brought out a large number of marksmen. The following are the prize winners and points:

H Heilberg 161, J. C Waller 301, Judge Bahrs 319, George Alpers 320, Henry Huppert 333, William Ehrenfort 348, H. H Burfeind 366, J D. Heise 411 R Finking 475, F. P. Schuster 522 H. Stilling 553, A. H. Pape 579. H. Huber 739, T. B. Faktor 773. Charles Thierbach 778, L. N. Ritzau 810, N. Ahrens 835, F. Koch 854, F. Bolckman 855, D. von der Mehden 913.

The Germania Schuetzen Verein also held a bullseye shoot, with the annexed results:

L. Bendel 183 points, F. Schuster 207, H. Heilberg 425, D B. Faktor 466, A. Jurgsbut 469, R. Finking 540, A. H. Mocker 614, H. Thode 711, J. W. Wicks 775, D. von der Mehden 780, H. H. Burfeind 784, C. Theirbach 805

The monthly shoot of the Norddeutscher Schuetzen Club resulted in the following winning medals:

Champion class, A. Mocker 429 rings; first class, H. Burfeind 421; second class, J. Gefken 376; third class, D. Schinkel 353; fourth class, G Schulz 281; first best shot, H. Heilburg 94; last best shot, O Schinkel, Jr., 24.

ROEEL.

Cincinnati Rifle Association.

CINCINNATI, O., May 3.—The following scores were made by members of the Cincinnati Rifle Association to day. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, at the standard target, 7-ring black. A military match between Messrs. Copeland and Hasenzahl to-day resulted in favor of the former, 50 shots each, totals 320 and 307, Copeland winning by 13 points. Hasenzahl won his victory gold medal last shoot. The winners of the gold badge so far are as follows: Hasenzahl for December, Payne January, Gindele February, Trounstein March and April. This badge must be won five times by an individual to entitle to ownership. Two new members were added to our roster to day. Mr. Scherrer made his best score to-day, counting 89. It is needless to say that he was elated:

Gindele.

10	9	9	10	9	8	8	10	9	7—89		10	10	10	7	9	6	8	8	8	8—84
10	8	8	7	10	9	8	8	9	8—85		10	6	8	6	8	9	9	10	7	9—82

Payne.

10	8	7	10	6	8	10	10	8	9—86		6	10	10	6	7	8	5	10	8	8—78
10	6	8	8	10	6	7	8	8	8—79		9	6	6	8	6	8	10	8	9	7—77

Weinheimer.

7	10	8	6	8	3	7	9	8	6—73		8	5	10	8	6	7	8	8	8	7—72
5	8	8	7	5	9	10	8	7	5—72		7	6	7	7	10	8	4	6	6	7—66

Roberts

10	8	6	8	7	8	9	8	10	9—83		9	9	8	10	7	8	7	5	5	10—78
4	8	6	8	5	9	10	10	9	10—79		6	6	10	10	8	7	6	8	8	8—77

Scherrer.

7	10	10	10	7	8	9	8	10	10—89		5	10	9	7	9	8	7	7	6	5—73
7	9	8	9	6	9	6	9	7	9—79		8	7	9	6	6	6	10	5	10	6—73

Hasenzahl.*

7	7	8	5	9	4	6	8	8	10—72		7	5	7	4	9	8	8	4	5	7—64
6	7	5	8	8	6	5	8	6	9—68		6	4	8	6	5	8	8	8	10	7—69

Al. Luz.

8	6	4	5	7	6	8	3	5	7—19		9	7	7	5	4	2	7	2	10	8—54
4	5	8	7	3	5	8	5	6	7—58		6	6	5	5	8	4	8	7	1	7—69

Burr.

9	6	10	9	7	6	6	9	3	9—74		8	7	7	5	8	5	5	9	9	8—71
8	8	9	6	7	4	5	6	10	8—71		9	10	10	7	7	4	4	8	5	7—67

Copeland.*

10	9	9	8	4	5	8	6	8	8—70		4	8	6	7	5	8	5	9	8	9—84
6	4	7	6	7	10	10	5	9	6—70		5	5	7	6	7	7	6	3	6	7—69

Hake.

8	6	7	6	5	6	6	8	10	8—65		7	4	8	8	8	6	8	10	5	7—61
5	4	9	9	5	7	7	5	5	7—88		9	6	6	4	5	4	8	5	6	8—55

Drube.

7	7	7	9	8	8	7	9	8	9—78		9	9	5	4	7	6	9	8	5	6—70
6	7	8	6	5	8	8	10	6	10—74		6	6	7	7	10	8	6	5	7	7—69

* Military rifles.

The Gotham Revolver Club.

THE Gotham Revolver Club has adopted a new target for the 20yds. range, which is based on the 44caliber bullet. The bullseye measures 3⅝in. in diameter, and includes the 8, 9 and 10 rings

The 10 ring measures two diameters of a .44caliber ball, and the 8 and 9 rings respectively one diameter; the 6 and 7 rings measure two diameters. The targets are printed on cards 10x13in. in size, and the design is the work of Messrs. Maynard and McPherson. Club members are requested to furnish Shooting Master Petty with score of six strings of five shots each, as a basis for handicapping. It is proposed to divide the members into three classes, and inaugurate class shooting at once.

Measures have been taken looking toward securing better ventilation of the range, and it is very possible that outdoor practice will form one of the features of the shooting this summer.

Rifle Club Constitutions.

WE would be obliged if secretaries of rifle clubs would favor us with copies of constitutions and shooting rules, that we may send them to other clubs seeking such information.

Works on Sunday—

Talks business seven days in the week—a "Forest and Stream" Kennel Special advertisement.

Reynoldton Enterprise Gun Club.

REYNOLDTON, Pa., May 11.—Our club will hold an all-day shoot on May 30, beginning at 9 A. M. Articles to the amount of $300 have been received from the dealers of McKeesport and Pittsburg; others are being received, all to be shot for on that day. A full programme next week, open to all. Our club is not yet five months old and we have twenty good members, and we have without any doubt as fine shooting grounds as there are in the State. Everything new. All sports men are invited to attend. GEO. W. MAINS, Sec'y.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

May 19-20.—NEPONSETT, Ill.—Semi-annual tournament of the Neponsett Gun Club. E. H. Miller, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co.; $2,000 in cash added to the purses. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 19-23.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 22-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—BINGHAMTON, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the Binghamton Gun Club; first two days targets; third day, live birds.

May 28-30.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Twelfth annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club, on the club grounds, Lake Station, Adolph Gropper, Sec'y.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30.—BRANCHVILLE, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Branchville Gun Club Henry R Cahrs, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 2-5.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. R. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gaillard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; $300 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 16-18.—URBANA, Ill.—Third annual tournament of the Crystal Lake Gun Club Frank L. Bills, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; $770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WORONOCO, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 4.—SPRINGFIELD, N. J.—Annual tournament of the Union Gun Club; live birds and targets. E. D Miller, Sec'y.

July 23-25.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-8.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A Creveling, Sec'y

Sept 8-11.—HARRISBURG Pa.—Annual tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. H. B. Shoop, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later

October (second week).—BALTIMORE, Md.—Baltimore claims this week for her tournament. Dr. Samuel J. Fort, Sec'y.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The Oritani Field Club has issued a programme of its tournament to be held at Hackensack, N. J., May 13 and 16. Ten events will be shot on each day. This shoot should attract the local shots, and particularly the amateurs, who will be able to hold their own at this tournament while the cracks are smashing targets at Memphis. The shooters will be protected from the sun by a shed erected over the score, while refreshments may be had at the club house. Guns and ammunition may be forwarded to the Oritani Field Club, where they will be properly taken care of.

Frank Butler writes that three weeks ago Miss Annie Oakley broke her left collar bone, but despite this she has not missed for a day shooting twice daily. There is grit for you.

Fred Gilbert, the holder of the Du Pont trophy and the championship of the United States for live pigeon-shooting, has received and accepted a challenge from George L. Dieter, of Milwaukee. The match will be for $100 at Watson's Park, Burnside, June 1, the day before the opening of the State Sportsmen's Association tournament.

We inadvertently omitted from our mention of the book "Pigeon Shooting" last week that it was published by the Shooting and Fishing Publishing Co., of New York, and the price is $1.

The Memphis Mystery.

Special to Forest and Stream.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 11.—The special car that left New York on Saturday afternoon with twenty men on board, bound for the annual tournament of the Memphis Gun Club, arrived here this morning. Tom Divine and Irby Bennett met us at the depot with two tally-hos and a bugler. Among those on the car were: Dickey, Wheeler, Leroy, Heikes, Elliott, Fulford, Glover, Easton, Gilbert, Van Dyke, Trimble, Callender, U. M. C. Thomas, Elmer Shaner, I. A. H. Dressel, Bartlett, Liudermann and Dave Porterfield, who joined us at Chattanooga.

The weather is exceedingly hot and everybody got well tanned by the sun at to-day's practice shoot. There were about 70 shooters on the grounds, 61 taking part in the "Memphis Mystery;" the prizes in this event were guaranteed to be equal to each man's entrance money. The guarantee was all right, as every man that shot received a bottle of P. P. P., a liquid well known down here. Besides the "Mystery" event, three other merchandise events were shot and two extras, all at 20 targets, except the "Mystery," which was at 15. This made a programme of 185 targets. Gilbert and Budd were in great form, each losing only 2 targets out of the first 95 shot at; Elliott also shot well. Parmalee, Budd, Joe Georgs, Wallace Miller, Lou Erhardt, Charlie Young, Cham Powers, Rike, Raymond, Macdonald, Shorty Bacon, Paul Litzke and a host of others were on hand.

The club has made us free of the city and all members of the local club are doing their best to make things pleasant for us. Tom Divine and Irby Bennett are well to the fore. The grounds are thirty minutes' ride by trolley car from the city, but this is no hardship, as the cool ride is most refreshing. The outlook for a big shoot to-morrow is excellent.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., May 12.—Memphis third annual tournament opened this morning in glorious weather at 11:30. There were ninety-five entries in first event, with prospects of touching the E. C record before closing. Elmer Shaner is running the shoot for the club. Best shooting of the week so far has been done by Charlie Budd, who has lost only 5 targets out of 165 shot at. EDWARD BANKS.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., April 29.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. H. P. Collins, of the Du Pont Powder Co., was a guest of the club. All events were at unknown angles. The weather was beautiful, but the boys were out of form and went to pieces, many of them falling down, getting good, hard bumps at that. Scores of the seven 20-target events shot to-day:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	5	6	7
Nelson	15	15	15	16	14	18	16	Scott	16	15	19	14	19	18
Terry	17	14	18	13	17	19	13	Moorman	14	14	15	16	14	16
Dornis	15	15	17	13	11	17	14	H P Collins	..	..	..	10	14	17
												F. M. D.		

The Interstate at Birmingham, Ala.

Birmingham, Ala., April 30.—The Interstate shoot held here yesterday and to-day was a thorough success, being the first of the kind ever held here. Trap-shooting is on the boom, and the members of the local rod and gun club, under whose auspices the shoot was held, are most enthusiastic on the sport.

The grounds are beautiful ones, and are located on the line of the East Lake Railway. They are consequently by no means easy of access. The weather during the shoot was wretched, rain coming down in torrents all the time. Yet, notwithstanding such a drawback, we had as high as twenty-five entries in one event. So pleased are the boys with the result of this shoot that they talk of running one themselves next fall. Spectators, too, turned out in good numbers to see the shoot. The visiting shooters received royal treatment at the hands of Mr. R. H. Baugh, of the Birmingham Arms Company, and also at the hands of Henry S. Going, secretary of the club.

The scores of both days are:

FIRST DAY, APRIL 29.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*
Allen	10	12	9	9	6	8	8	10	8	11
Park	13	10	12	5	11	14	11	8	8	11
U M C	11	8	7	8	8	11	10	7	10	7
Holden	7	12	8	13	10	13	10	7	8	9
Porterfield	13	11	9	10	10	16	11	9	12	8
Bennett	14	11	10	12	14	w	8	11	12	13
Smith	15	9	12	10	11	18	12	11	10	11
Aird	6	7	1	..	5	7	4	8	6	5
Gunn	12	11	10	11	14	13	13	6	13	11
Elmore	6	6	7	..	..	..	8	8	7	7
Calhoun	9	10	10	10	11	13	12	13	7	10
Baugh	12	14	w	10	8	14	10	12	10	13
Billinger	5	..	6	8	5	..	..	5	8	8
Scott	11	..	9	7	7	12	7	7	9	10
Du Bray	11	10	8	7	5	9	..	10	6	8
Vass	5	..	11	10	9	16	8	..	11	10
Bettis	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Henry	..	..	6	7	6	10	..	8	4	6
Garrett	..	..	6	4	12	12	11	10	11	8
S Garner	..	..	..	7	..	..	..	..	..	7
Anniston	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	9
Oliver	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	8
Brown	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	11	10
Green	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	7
Abbott	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	13
Hudnal	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	8

SECOND DAY, APRIL 30.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*20*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*
Bennett	11	14	10	10	10	12	13	11	13	14
Smith	5	10	8	10	10	17	16	11	15	10
Parke	11	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Baugh	11	13	13	11	11	13	8	14	8	11
Holden	11	13	15	w	8	15	11	11	9	8
U M C	12	13	12	11	11	7	11	9	9	10
Vass	11	12	11	13	7	16	13	12	10	13
Scott	8	10	6	9	10	12	9	11	10	10
Allen	15	8	13	10	9	16	10	11	13	5
Porterfield	12	15	8	12	14	w	12	12	11	11
Duncan	11	7	11	..	..	10	..	..	..	..
Ivey	7	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Calhoun	12	10	10	13	6	14	11	7	12	..
Steck	..	..	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Abbott	..	..	..	10	..	18	w	9	10	10
Hudnal	..	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	10	8
Lacy	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	12	9	6
Elmore	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	6	8	7
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	7	13	12
Payne	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	8	..
Lint	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..

Polled Angus.

Forester Gun Club's Medal Shoot.

Newark, N. J., May 9.—The Forester Gun Club held its regular monthly shoot at empire targets to-day. There was a good attendance of members and a liberal sprinkling of visitors. Event No. 5, the principal event of the afternoon, was the medal shoot at 25 targets, known angles. Events Nos. 1, 2, 5 and 7 were known angles, Nos. 3 and 8 reversed angles, Nos. 4, 6, 9 and 10 expert rules, unknown traps and angles:

Events:	1	2	3	4	6	7	8	9	10
Targets:	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*20*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*
Jewell	9	6	5	6	6	7	..	..	..
Sinnock	13	9	8	9	10	9	9	7	9
Winans	10	8	7	9	7	5	8	..	..
Dr Cummings	..	10	9	8	7	8	10	..	..
Wambold	..	7	..	..	8	6	9	..	..
T Smith	..	8	8	5	..	7	6	..	..
J H Cummings	..	6	8	6	..	4	..	..	..
Young	..	..	..	7	7	6	..	..	..
D Fleming	..	..	..	5	5	6	5	9	7
W Smith	..	..	..	..	9	6	10	10	8
Campfield	..	..	..	..	8	9	8	7	7
C Smith	..	..	..	..	8	4	6	..	..
J Fleming	..	..	..	..	7	4	6	..	..
Kraeuter	..	..	..	..	5	10	..	..	..

Event No. 5:

Sinnock.......1111110111111101111110111—22
C Smith.......1111110111111101101111111—22
Wambold.......1100111011111111111111111—22
Campfield.......1001111111111111101011111—21
Dr Cummings.......1111101101110111111111011—21
Jewell.......1101101100111111111101111—20
Wm Smith.......0111010111111111011011111—20
Winans.......1011100011011111111111111—20
T Smith.......1001110111100111111101110—18
Kraeuter.......0111011101111100011110011—17
J Fleming.......0110001011110100101111111—16
Young.......0100111011100001111111101—16
J H Cummings.......0100111101001100101010101—18
D Fleming.......0001000100001101101111111—18

H. E. Winans, Sec'y.

Omaha Gun Club.

Omaha, Neb., May 2.—Inclosed herewith please find scores of the Omaha Gun Club's shoot to-day, it being the first club shoot of the season of 1896.

In addition to the regular club shoot on May 9 there will be a live-bird match between 10 men of the Council Bluffs Gun Club and 10 men of the Omaha Gun Club, which promises to be an exciting contest. With Messrs. Parmalee and Loomis, the two best shots of the club, absent, the defenders of Omaha will have to keep the air full of feathers and dead birds in order to hold their own with their friends from Iowa.

Twenty-five targets, known traps, unknown angles:

Blake.......1111011111111111111100111—22
Hughes.......1111101111111111110101111—22
Whitmer.......1110111111111111101111011—22
Brucker.......1110111100110111111111111—21
McFarlane.......1111101111111110111100101—20
Johannes.......1011011001111111111111010—19
Carmichael.......1000101111001111101111011—17
Marsh.......0101110011111111011001011—17
Kenyon.......1101011001101110111010101—16
Reynolds.......0011110101111110110010101—16
Bingham.......1110101100111010111110000—15
Givin.......0011111101110101111000010—15
Cavanaugh.......1001100100090101111011111—14
Coleman.......1100100010110100101100011—12

W. D. Kenyon, Sec'y.

Pawtuxets on their New Grounds.

Pawtuxet, R. I., May 2.—The Pawtuxet Gun Club held a practice shoot on their new grounds to-day. This was the first shoot on the new grounds. We were all a trifle rusty and the traps were very lively. We shall soon start a series of badge shoots, which will be duly reported. The shooting was at 25 bluerocks, unknown angles. The scores follow: W. Sheldon 17, P. Voelker 17, G. Crandall 15, W. Crandall 14, A. Andrews 14, W. King 14, A. Hawkins 13, C. Thunell 12, W. Mooney 11, A. Stockard 12, Dr. Inman 12, H. Badmington 6.

W. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.

Orange Gun Club's Practice.

Orange, Mass., May 6.—The regular practice shoot of the Orange Gun Club was held here to-day. The shooting was at 25 targets, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules. Scores: W. L. Mann 23, F. Messenger, first score, 21; second score, 21; F. Walker 19, G. H. Thompson 19, O. D. Hapgood 18, L. A. French 18, C. Parkman 17, C. H. Edwards 12.

Walter L. Mann, Sec'y.

Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

We have received the programme of the twenty-second annual convention and tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association.

The convention will be held at the Sherman House, Tuesday evening, June 2, at 8 o'clock, and if business is not completed the convention will meet again the following evening.

The Association's events will be held at Watson's Park, Burnside Crossing, Ill., commencing at 10 o'clock A. M., Tuesday, June 2, and continue until the programme is completed.

The first event will be for Board of Trade diamond badge, emblematic of the individual championship of the State, the winner of the badge this year to receive the proceeds of next year's entries for the same prize. Ten live birds; entrance, $10. First prize, the diamond badge, value $500, and merchandise value $124. Special prize to second best in shoot-off for first, jeweled Meek reel, tackle box and fly book, and Du Pont smokeless powder, value $81. Second prize, cash $75 and merchandise $38. Third, cash $60 and merchandise $46. Third, cash $40 and merchandise $33. Fourth, cash $10 and merchandise $40.

Second event, for the L. C. Smith cup, individual State championship at inanimate targets, the winner of the cup this year to receive 60 per cent. and the club of which he is a member 40 per cent. of the entries at next year's inanimate target event, the winner to execute a bond in the sum of $500 to guarantee the production of the cup next year; 20 targets, entrance $5, Illinois State rules. First prize, the L. C. Smith cup, value $500, and merchandise $124; special to second best in shoot-off for first, cash $25; second, cash $60 and merchandise $19; third, cash $40 and merchandise $17; fourth, cash $25 and merchandise $8; fifth, cash $10 and merchandise $10.

Third event, the club team championship, open to teams of four men from any club, members of the State Association; entrance, price of birds only. First prize, L. C. Smith gun, value $100, and merchandise $42; second, cash $60 and merchandise $118; third, cash $40 and merchandise $37; fourth, cash $30 and value $18.

Open shoot, sweepstakes tournament, open to all. (The management reserves the right to bar objectionable entries, but no reputable man of any rank or nationality will be barred.) Open tournament is governed by the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association rules, excepting the position of holding gun, which will be left to choice of shooter.

In all contests after the second in the open tournament the moneys will be divided as follows: In ten or more bird or target contests, under ten entries, 50, 30 and 20 per cent.; ten to twenty entries, 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent.; over twenty entries, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.

Dropping for Place.—Any shooter found dropping for place in any event shall be debarred from all further interest in that event in case of the first offense. Upon detection a second time in a similar offense he shall be ruled off the grounds.

All ties divided. Entrance money includes price of birds in all contests.

First event, Cashmore gun event: sweepstakes, open to all, 25 birds, entrance $20, birds included; five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent. In this contest members of the Association only are eligible to win the gun, sweepstakes open to the world. Any Association member desiring to enter for gun only can do so by paying for birds, but must withdraw after two misses, when money will be refunded for birds not shot at. Second E. C powder cup event, 25 targets, open to the world, entrance $3, five moneys, 30, 25, 20, 15 and 10 per cent.; rapid system, known traps and angles. Third, 15 targets, entrance $3, five traps, rapid system, known traps and angles; traps pulled reverse. Fourth, 6 pairs targets, entrance $1.50, five traps. Fifth, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, rapid system, known traps and angles. Sixth, 10 live birds, entrance $7.50. Seventh, 10 targets, entrance $1, five traps, rapid system, known traps, unknown angles. Eighth, 15 targets, entrance $1.50, same style as fifth event. Ninth, 15 targets, entrance $2, five traps, rapid system, known traps and angles. Tenth, 12 live birds, entrance $8. Eleventh, 15 live birds, entrance $10. When the target programme has been exhausted it will be repeated from and including the third event.

Audubon Gun Club.

Buffalo, N. Y., April 29.—With the wind blowing a gale, and the birds an exceptionally good lot, straight scores were out of the question. Although Burkhardt succeeded in killing all of his birds, he had the misfortune to have three blown out of bounds.

No. 1 was a handicap at 25 birds, $15 entry, under revised Hurlingham rules; No. 2 was a miss-and-out, $2 entry, and No. 3 same as No. 2:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
Burkhardt (31)	2211112221221002202222202—22	...	...
Edwards (29)	2201002122212120022010012—20	20 1—	220—2
Dubbs (29)	2212020022221220201021222—19	111—3	112—3
Miller (25)	0122012110122222000022222—19	...	...
Smith (31)	2222202220022220222222220—19	222—3	20 —1
Dr Woodbury (28)	2011222122020022220100220—18	...	...
Norris		0 —0	...

The target events were shot under A. S. A. rules, one money.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Targets:	*15*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*15*	*25*	*15*	*10*	*10*
Edwards	7	18	10	8	2	Renecke	12	..	..	..	..
Dubbs	11	17	9	w	7	Miller	8	12	..	..	..
Oehmig	12	..	..	..	..	Norris	..	16	12	10	6
Brown	8	..	..	..	..	Smith	..	20	12	10	7

May 2.—Event No. 1, at 25 targets, was an optional sweep, $1 entry. Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 5 at 15 targets, and No. 6 at 6 pairs, were for the badge:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*25*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*12*	Targets:	*25*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*12*
Hanks	20	11	7	14	12	..	Dr Fisher	15	10	..	..	..	..
Bennett	24	12	10	10	11	..	E W Smith	18	7	12	12	10	..
Renecke	18	11	13	11	..	..	A Comb	10	..	..	..	..	..
Kelsey	23	11	..	..	..	10	B F Smith	..	..	..	..	..	11
McArthur	14	9	11	9	9	9	B Talsma	17	..	..	..	9	..
Norris	20	14	11	12	10	..	Dr Sauer	20	11	5	7	6	5
Williams	14	11	6	11	11	..	L Fries	21	..	12	8	7	..
Webelhower	19	12	..	..	..	..	D Sweet	7	..	..	5	..	..
Meyers	17	8	6	10	..	4	G O Muller	15	5	8	7	6	5
C S Burkhardt	16	13	14	13	..	8	Brambel	20	..	10	13	..	..
E C Burkhardt	20	13	10	14	13	7	Dr Coustourtner	10	..	..	4	..	..
Forrester	21	12	12	14	14	9	Mueldough	..	..	5	..	..	5

B. F. Smith.

New Utrecht Gun Club.

Woodlawn, L. I., May 9.—At the club shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club, held here to-day, the following scores were made:

Class A.

Morfey (30yds.).......2222212122—10 Dudley (29).......0222122122— 9
Furgueson, Jr (30).......2212222222—10

Class B

Gaughen (28).......1121221012— 9 Furgueson, 2d (27).......0222202201— 7
Bennett (30).......2201010111— 7 Jones (28).......0212111112— 9

Class C.

Dr E Parr (25).......0101010100—4

The sweepstakes shooting was as follows: No. 1. 5 birds, $2 entry, two moneys; No. 2, same; No. 3, class shooting, $2 entry; Nos. 4, 5 and 6, miss-and-out, $2 entry. Scores:

T W Morfey	20111—4	02221—4	21222—5	110—2	220—2	0 —0
J E Jones	22001—3	10120—3	01102—3	10 —1	221—3	12—2
J Gaughen	12121—5	00211—3	21102—4	...	...	..
C Furgueson, 2d	01222—4	22000—2	02000—1	...	...	..
C Furgueson, Jr.	10022—3	21221—5	122 0—4	220—2	220—2	..
E Dudley		22022—4	02121—4	212—3	221—3	20—1
D C Bennett		.....	10121—4	...	...	..

Lake Side Rod and Gun Club's Practice.

Burlington, Vt., May 8.—A practice shoot of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club was held at their grounds May 6, and on account of the disagreeable weather and rearrangement of grounds and traps the scores were small and quite a disappointment to the members who participated. The shooting was as follows: Event No. 1, 15 targets, known angles; No. 2, 25 targets, unknown angles; No. 3, 10 targets, rapid fire; No. 4, 10 pairs. The scores:

No. 1: W. S. Phelps 6, Blue Ribon 9, D. Du Pont 2, Blue Rival 9, E. C. Lefever 10.

No. 2: W. S. Phelps 7, Blue Ribon 10, D. Du Pont 13, Blue Rival 12, E. C. Lefever 11.

No. 3: Blue Ribon 4, D. Du Pont 3, Blue Rival 6, W. S. Phelps 1, E. C. Lefever 5.

No. 4: E. C. Lefever 8, Blue Rival 7, D. Du Pont 13, Blue Ribon 5.

The Limited's Classification.

Referring to comments on the Limited Gun Club's classification of shooters, they will be judged by comparison and the "goats separated from the sheep" without reference to their occupation, or whether they are known as amateurs, experts or professionals.

Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Shooting at Dexter Park.

Dexter Park, L. I., May 6.—The Coney Island Rod and Gun Club held its club shoot here to-day. Billy Rial, standing at 30yds., finished ahead with 7 straight kills to his credit. After the club shoot a few sweeps were shot, the scores of which follow. No. 1, club shoot, 7 birds per man; No. 2, shoot-off for third money:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
W Rial (30)	2111112—7	.....
H Knebe, Jr (28)	2111101—6	.....
J Schlieman (28)	2101021—5	22012—4
J Voorhees (28)	2111100—5	10110—3
W Hughes (28)	2211100—5	1010 —2
C McLaughlin (27)	0110221—5	00w
Dr Raynor (28)	2001111—5	21021—3
F W Pfaender (30)	2202020—4	.....
Dr Parker (27)	0220021—4	.....
H Moller (25)	0100021—3	.....

No. 3, 3 birds, then miss-and-out: Rial 5, Raynor 4, Parker 2, Moller 2, Schlieman 2, Hughes 1. No. 4, same: Hughes 6, Moller 5, Rial 1.

May 7.—The shoot of the Crescent Rod and Gun Club was held here to-day. A series of interesting team races followed the main event. Scores:

L C Hopkins (28).......2120112—6 E H Morrey (28).......2000012—4
G Loebie (28).......1121010—6 W J Passmore (25).......0020122—4
C Mohrman (28).......1110120—5 J Dykeman (28).......2001210—4
W D Gilman (28).......2100011—4

Match, 5 birds: Gilman 2, Morrey 2.

Team races, 3 birds per man: Gilman's team: Gilman 3, Dykeman 2, Smith 1; total 6.

Hopkins's team: Hopkins 3, Morrey 2, Chevallier 0; total 5.

Hopkins's team: Hopkins 2, Morrey 2, Chevallier 2; total 6.

Gilman's team: Gilman 2, Dykeman 2, Chevallier 0; total 4.

Gilman's team: Gilman 2, Mohrmann 3, Dykeman 3, Chevallier 0; total 8.

Loebie's team: Loebie 3, Hopkins 3, Passmore 1, Morrey 0; total 7.

Loebie's team: Loebie 2, Hopkins 2, Morrey 2, Passmore 1; total 8.

Gilman's team: Gilman 3, Dykeman 2, Mohrmann 1, Chevallier 0; total 6.

Loebie's team: Loebie 3, Passmore 3, Morrey 3, Hopkins 1; total 10.

Gilman's team: Gilman 3, Dykeman 3, Mohrmann 2, Chevallier 2; total 10.

Burnside Gun Club.

Burnside P. O., La., May 4.—The Burnside Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot to-day. A short while before the first event was shot five quail flew up from a neighboring sugar cane field and settled down just in front of the traps and hid themselves in a patch of clover. Several of us walked out and flushed them up; they seemed quite tame. Most of our quail have paired off, and the outlook for quail shooting next season is very good. During the close season we have to be content with targets.

Our club is in a very healthy condition. We have six acres fenced in, new expert traps, new electric pulls, good shooting floor and a comfortable shed in case of rain. The following events were shot during the afternoon:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*5*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*1*	*10*	*5*	*5*	*10*
Blouin	7	7	6	8	3	5	7	Stuart	..	8	8	5	4	2	..
Tucker	7	9	5	3	4	4	9	Colomb	..	7	6	4	5	3	6
Breaux	9	8	8	7	3	5	9	Green	..	5	5	7	2	4	4
Boote	7	7	7	8	3	5	6	Beckner	..	..	2	..	..	2	..
Bringier	4	5	6	8	4	3	7	Stephenson	..	..	2	..	..	0	..
Dalferes	7	7	3	6	4	..	6	Hunt	..	..	8	8	2	2	3
Dr Miles	9	8	8	9	5	5	8	Saxon	..	..	7	7	5	3	9
Mire	9	10	6	7	5	3	8	Morgan	..	..	3	3	0	1	..
B Bringier	6	6	..	9	..	2	..	T Bringier	..	..	..	..	..	1	..
Gentry	7	10	8	8	4	4	9	P Saxon	..	..	..	0	0	..	..
Brown	..	2	4	7	1	2	..								

W. P. Miles, Jr.

On Long Island.

VERNON ROD AND GUN CLUB.

May 2.—The regular monthly live-bird shoot of the Vernon Rod and Gun Club took place to-day at Dexter Park. J. S. Remsen, a new member of the club, was top scorer with 10 straight, H. S. Welles and Warren Thompson being second with 9 each. Scores:

Welles (29).......2200112222— 9 W H Thompson (29).......0112111111— 9
Dr Allen (25).......1200001222— 6 Dr Littlefield (29).......0202122202— 7
Remsen (27).......2222222222—10 *Beveridge (25).......2011120102— 7
Baron (26).......0221201222— 8 *Moller (26).......1111210101— 8
F A Thompson (28).......2122011202— 8

* Guests.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

May 2.—The New Utrecht Gun Club held its club shoot to-day on the target grounds at Dyker Meadow. In the club event at 25 targets, known angles, Bennett, Gaughen and Dudley tied for Class A prize on 19 each. The tie will be shot off later. C. Fleet won the prize in Class C. The Hegeman trophy, 15 targets, known angles, was won by Platt Adams with 12 out of his 15 shot at. In the sweeps No. 3 was reversed order, Nos. 4 and 5 expert rules, Nos. 6, 7 and 8 unknown angles. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*25*	*15*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*5*	*5*	*5*
D C Bennett (A)	19	10	8	6	..	..	..	..
J Gaughen (A)	19	10	8	5	6	4	3	3
E Dudley (A)	19	9	7	5	5	..	..	..
D Deacon (A)	18	9	9	5	3	4	1	..
P Adams (A)	17	12	..	..	..	..	..	..
C Fleet (C)	15	5	5	2	8	3	2	5
Dr Parr (C)	8	3	..	..	..	..	..	..
Duncan	18	4	..	..	..	..	..	..
A A Hegeman	..	10	6	8	5	2	3	2
Reikes	..	7	6	..	..	..	..	..

Brunswick Gun Club.

New Brunswick, N. J., May 2.—Inclosed are the scores made to-day at the postponed regular monthly shoot of the Brunswick Gun Club for April. 25 targets, unknown angles. Also the scores in a match for the club challenge cup, won again by R. M. Pettit:

R M Pettit.......1111111111111001011111111—22
S Hoagland.......1111111111011101011110111—21
W E Sperling.......1111100111101001011010100—16
V S Voorhees.......1001111110111111101011111—20
H B Smith.......0111110011111010011010111—17
H H Stevens.......1111000111001011110111111—18
R C Nicholas.......0111111111001111111111111—22
M Allen.......0111111110111111111111001—21
G W Strong.......0110111110010011011101111—17
R McDowell.......1011011111100101111111110—18

Match for challenge cup, 50 targets, known angles:

R M Pettit.......11111111111011011110101111110111101111111100111111—44
S Hoagland.......11110111110111110111101111010111101011111011111111—41

Cup held by Pettit and challenged for by Hoagland.

Henry H. Stevens, Sec'y.

Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club.

Fredonia, N. Y., May 1.—The Lake Erie Rod and Gun Club held its opening club shoot to-day at its new grounds, Fitzgerald Flats, near Dunkirk. The club has been obliged to vacate its old grounds at the Driving Park on account of the unavoidable damage to surrounding vineyards. The weather to-day was threatening, with slight showers at intervals, cutting down the attendance as a natural consequence. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
A Mack	10	8	9	..	..	..	Dr Dods	9	5	8	9	9	5
Dr Johnson	5	..	7	7	..	7	H A Clark	4	..	..	..	..	..
J W Ware	10	8	10	9	..	9	D W Bristol	..	9	..	6	7	7

D. W. Bristol.

Oritani Field Club.

Hackensack, N. J., May 9.—Sweepstake shooting was indulged in to-day with the following results:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*	Targets:	*10*	*10*	*15*	*10*
Horton	1	4	6	9	Warner	..	..	11	4
Bell	8	7	12	..	Raymond	..	..	11	6
Holberton	4	3	5	3	Lefferts	..	..	8	8

J. R. Banta, Sec'y.

Marietta Gun Club.

Marietta, Ga., May 7.—Twenty-five targets, known traps, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules:

Whitlock 16, Meinert 20, Setze 19, Black 18, Legg 17, Gramling 16, Maury 16, Stephens 13, Williams 10, Mosher 13, Austin 10, Reynolds 11, Love 7, Hilliard 9.

The E. C. Tournament.

FOUR days, May 5-8, 1896, will scarcely be allowed to fade from the memory of the trap-shooter for years to come. The E. C. Powder Company's tournament that took place on those four days at Guttenburg race track, at Guttenburg, N. J., deserves to be remembered for two good and sufficient reasons: First, it was up to date the largest affair of the kind ever held; and second, on the afternoon of May 8, for the first time in the history of our sport, trap-shooters cheered the inanimate target champion of the United States.

As regards the size of the tournament, a reference to the list of entries will quickly satisfy all doubts on that point. It should be remembered that this was no State shoot, with merchandise prizes and nominal entries; neither was it an amateur's tournament at popular prices. It was a crackerjack's tournament; nothing less than 20 targets, and no entrance fee smaller than $3. Notwithstanding these conditions, the entry list on the first three days averaged a fraction over 76 in every event, while the four days' programme events averaged 61 entries. During the tournament, including about 5,000 targets thrown on Monday in the practice events, 53,000 targets were thrown.

The arrangement of the traps and the accommodation for the guns and shells of shooters was all that could be desired. The betting hall at the race track would make a good bicycle rink, being considerably larger than many buildings used for that purpose, and it was in that building that shooters found what was needed in the way of space for guns, shells, coats, hats, etc. There was plenty of elbow room for all. The betting hall, too, was just in rear of the four sets of traps (two bluerock and two empire), so shooters had not much ground to cover in going from one set to their shell cases and *vice versa*. Paul North was on hand to look after the working of the bluerock traps, while Al. Hebbard watched the empires at Nos. 3 and 4 sets of traps. Bluerock targets were thrown from the bluerock traps at Nos. 1 and 2, empires, of course, being thrown from the empire traps at Nos. 3 and 4.

EVERYTHING RAN SMOOTHLY.

There is always some little trouble in getting a tournament that is of any size started; a certain amount of confusion is to be expected at the start wherever the entry list amounts to anything out of the ordinary run of things. With 119 shooters ready and willing to shoot, the management had its hands full from the start, but it took remarkably little time to straighten out matters, and within an hour of the crack of the first gun the tournament was in full swing, with everything running as smoothly as possible. Capt. Money and Noel Money were indefatigable, and filled the posts of host, manager, trapper boy, squad hustler, etc., in a manner that went a long way toward lightening the duties of managers Elmer E. Shaner and Jack Parker. Seth Clover, as squad hustler, was never "out of sight."

It cannot be said that an early start was made on either of the four mornings of the shoot. Guttenburg race track is not far from New York, but it required exceedingly early rising on the part of any shooter who was stopping in the city to enable him to eat his breakfast in comfort and get to Guttenburg by 9 A. M. For the above reason it was always 9 or a little after before a gun was fired over the traps, yet the programme did not suffer save on the first day, when rain stopped the shooting on two separate occasions, delaying the game for over an hour altogether. The location of the traps, too, may have had something to do with a little apparent slackness in the morning; they faced to the south of east and the light was consequently very trying in the early hours, and it may be that some of the shooters preferred to wait a little until the sun got around more to the south.

In the cashier's box were Billy Hobart, H. M. Stevens and John B. Rogers; Hobart may be styled the paying teller, Mr. Stevens assistant paying teller, Rogers receiving teller, it being his duty to take entries and turn the cash over to his confrères at the other end of the cashier's office. The duties of these three gentlemen were decidedly heavy, but we think the shooters readily understood the cause of any slight delay in paying off that might occur.

FIRST DAY, MAY 5.

Our issue of May 9 has told what were the weather conditions of this day. It was as hot as July, and the sun beat down with almost tropical fervor on the heads of the shooters at the score; but it was most particularly annoying to the trappers, who felt its rays very severely, cut off as they were from any breath of wind by the screens at their backs. At noon it began to cloud up a little in the West, and thunderheads showed here and there around the horizon. Rain in large drops fell for about twenty minutes, but the worst of this storm passed to the south of us, and shooting was again resumed. In the afternoon another storm came up, and this time the rain fell for about forty minutes, while heavy crashes of thunder spoke of a severe electrical storm somewhere in our vicinity. The main body of this second storm passed to the north of the race track, but what we did get was sufficient to knock the finishing of the programme on the head. It was necessary, in order to be fair to all concerned in the championship events, that the pairs should be carried over until the second day; otherwise some of the men would have had to finish their scores in a bad light.

The background was a deceiving one, and the targets were thrown hard and far. The height at which they were thrown, too, made the shooting uncertain. It was first a low one and then a high one. This was due in many cases to the target being thrown down wind one time and up wind the next. Notwithstanding these features, it will be noticed that the averages show up well. Just 119 shooters took part in the first event, 123 shooters in all being on the ground during the day.

As stated above, only 7 events were decided, owing to the delay caused by the rain. The event left out will be decided to-morrow (May 6). The contest for the championship cup excited great interest, shooters, when not busy at the score, congregating in the rear of No. 4 set of traps, where the targets under expert rule (event No. 5) were being shot at. Below is table giving the

SCORES OF MAY 5.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
Targets;	20	20	20	25	25	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Byer	17	18	20	24	21	18	19	150	137	91.3
Barrett	19	16	20	24	19	18	17	150	133	88.6
L D Thomas	15	16	13	14	15	14	14	150	101	67.3
Capt Money	17	14	16	19	17	14	14	150	111	74
Mascroft	17	14	17	22	21	17	19	150	127	84.6
Kenerson	16	15	16	20	11	12	10	150	100	66.6
Dickey	16	19	18	22	19	19	18	150	131	87.3
Bartlett	17	16	16	23	16	17	20	150	125	83.3
Merrill	18	19	17	21	23	15	17	150	130	86.6
Apgar	16	18	18	20	19	14	17	150	122	81.3
Wheeler	17	18	16	24	18	19	19	150	131	87.3
Leroy	18	19	17	23	19	17	17	150	130	86.6
Parmalee	19	15	18	25	22	18	19	150	136	90.6
Loomis	15	14	15	22	11	16	17	150	110	73.3
Elliott	18	19	19	23	20	19	20	150	138	92
Budd	18	18	19	25	24	19	17	150	140	93.3
Grimm	19	15	16	23	19	18	18	150	128	85.3
Gilbert	18	20	20	21	24	18	18	150	139	92.6
Heikes	19	20	18	21	23	19	19	150	139	92.6
Easton	17	19	16	23	22	17	19	150	133	88.6
Trimble	17	17	18	23	23	20	18	150	136	90.6
Upson	17	20	19	24	21	19	18	150	138	92
Tippy	16	18	18	21	14	18	17	150	122	81.3
Redwing	15	18	19	23	22	17	20	150	134	89.3
Puck	18	18	18	17	17	14	13	150	105	70
Burbidge	19	19	17	16	16	14	11	150	112	74.6
Morfey	16	18	18	18	17	17	18	150	122	81.3
C Wagner	14	20	18	22	22	16	18	150	130	86.6
Landis	18	18	15	18	23	18	18	150	128	85.3
Shaaber	12	15	15	17	22	15	15	150	111	74
Fulford	19	19	16	23	21	19	19	150	136	90.6
Connor	16	17	16	24	20	19	16	150	132	88
Levengston	18	18	19	22	20	20	17	150	134	89.3
Glover	20	19	19	22	20	13	18	150	131	87.3
Whitney	17	14	19	25	23	18	18	150	134	89.3
Kelsey	17	16	14	18	23	16	17	150	121	80.6
Anthony	16	19	19	22	21	17	18	150	132	88
Worthen	19	16	18	20	19	16	16	150	124	82.6
Hood	15	18	16	20	18	15	19	150	121	80.6
Claridge	17	17	16	22	20	18	17	150	127	84.6
H P Collins	7	14	14	12	..	18	13	125	73	58.4
Jayne	14	16	15	17	21	16	18	150	117	78
Wood	13	16	14	..	..	14	15	100	72	72
Sherman	14	20	20	..	..	..	..	60	54	90
U M C	10	13	15	..	..	14	..	80	52	65
Breintnall	12	14	15	..	..	18	14	100	73	73
Edwards	14	17	16	..	..	17	18	100	82	82
Lupus	16	15	16	..	..	..	..	60	47	78.3
Lane	19	19	18	21	20	18	18	150	133	88.6
Davis	13	17	15	23	19	17	16	150	120	80
Drake	18	16	17	19	20	17	14	150	121	80.6
Mitchell	13	18	20	23	15	19	13	150	121	80.6
W Wagner	18	19	19	22	22	15	16	150	131	87.3
Hammond	17	16	19	20	16	18	18	150	124	82.6
Bristol	15	12	15	..	..	..	..	60	42	70
Cook	14	13						40	27	67.5
Pitkins	17	16	20	..	..	17	19	100	89	89
Sinnock	13							20	13	65
Herrington	11	13	14	..	..	14	14	100	66	66
Callender	11	18	10	..	..	17	15	100	71	71
Thurman	15	17	14	21	22	16	15	150	120	80
Miller	16	16	16	19	20	19	17	150	123	82
Johnson	17	18	19	20	18	15	18	150	125	83.3
Derby	17	17	19	17	..	17	18	125	105	84
Hunter	15	20	17	21	19	18	18	150	128	85.3
Mattingley	15	16	20	21	21	17	17	150	127	84.6
Stanbrough	16	19	19	18	16	16	18	150	122	81.3
Linderman	19	18	18	22	23	18	17	150	135	90
Karl	18	19	16	20	17	19	16	150	125	83.3
Sickley	15	17	19	20	17	15	15	150	118	78.6
Climax	18	19	19	21	22	18	17	150	134	89.3
Rule	16	17	14	20	20	16	16	150	119	79.3
Schorty	18	17	17	23	19	14	16	150	124	82.6
Piercy	12	16	13	21	17	16	13	150	108	72
Hobbie	16	17	19	24	21	18	19	150	134	89.3
Taylor	14	17	16	22	19	13	14	150	115	76.6
Hall	17	15	16	21	22	19	19	150	129	86
Baker	13	15	17	19	18	13	17	150	112	74.6
Gordon	17	16	18	20	18	15	..	130	104	80
McKelden	16	14	14	20	20	17	..	130	101	77.6
Kendall	14	13	14	20	w	13	..	105	74	70.4
Hoffman	11	13	19	22	17	18	17	150	112	74.6
Dutchy	17	16	18	20	19	16	16	150	122	81.3
Fayette	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12	60
Paddleford	18	16	14	19	16	14	15	150	112	74.6
Haring	12	15	13	..	..	..	..	60	40	66.6
Peters	16	15	15	..	..	..	..	60	46	76.6
Duke	15	12	16	..	..	..	..	60	43	71.6
Robbins	13	15	19	18	..	..	..	85	65	76.4
Stroh	15	14	14	..	..	11	..	80	54	67.5
North	18	15	12	..	..	..	..	60	45	75
E Collins	15	15	..	..	19	..	..	65	49	75.3
Simpson	19	10	16	15	14	..	..	110	74	67.2
Greiff	19	16	16	19	..	15	..	105	85	80.9
Beveridge	14	13	19	22	..	15	..	105	83	79
C von Lengerke	16	14	15	21	..	..	..	85	66	77.6
Thompson	13	12	..	..	..	14	..	60	39	65
A Schmidt	15	13	15	..	..	12	11	100	66	66
J L Smith	17	18	..	21	..	15	..	85	71	83.5
Henry	12	11	12	..	..	15	..	80	50	62.5
Hildreth	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	6	30
Leaming	16	18	17	..	..	..	..	60	51	85
Pope	14	14	13	13	17	..	..	110	71	64.5
Bienner	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	8	40
Donnelly	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	17	85
Borland	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	40	26	65
N E Money	19	17	18	..	..	..	..	60	54	90
J Parker	16	18	18	20	21	18	17	150	128	85.3
C Hebbard	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	19	95
S Clover	17	..	..	..	..	16	..	40	33	82.5
Rogers	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12	60
Gulick	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	19	95
Shaner	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12	60
Fessenden	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	10	50
Hudson	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	13	65
Spear	12	15	..	..	..	..	..	40	27	67.5
Lenone	12	14	..	16	..	..	..	65	42	64.6
Platt	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	10	50
Nicholls	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	17	85
Knowlton	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	20	8	40
Hexamer	..	15	..	..	..	..	..	20	15	75
Folsom	..	6	..	..	..	5	..	40	11	27.5
Count	..	..	..	13	..	..	..	25	13	52

SECOND DAY, MAY 6.

A stray breeze blew across the traps at the start this morning, but it died away later in the day. The light was none of the best and the boys found it hard to locate the targets when it came to anything but unknown angles. The targets, too, were thrown at such variable heights that it was guesswork whether the next one thrown would be low or high. Some just skimmed the fence that bordered the track, while others soared aloft and, when missed, looked as if they'd never come down. Of course, for the pairs they were thrown higher than usual, the background at the No. 4 set of traps being really hard. Enoch Miller found things just to his liking as he broke 53 targets out of the 30 pairs shot at—a great record—breaking 26 out of each 15 pairs. Gilbert won first alone in the 15 pairs in to-day's programme with 27 breaks. Fulford took first money in the pairs postponed from yesterday with 28 breaks. The championship contests will be considered separately further on.

There were 109 shooters on the ground to-day, the entries averaging 74.3 for the 9 events shot. Gilbert was high for the day with 91.4 out of 210 shot at, Fulford coming next with 90.4, Jim Elliott and Leroy were third with 88.5, Heikes and Hood coming next with 88. Hood won first money in event No. 5, expert rules, by breaking 25 straight. Below are the

SCORES OF MAY 6.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9			
Targets:	20	20	20	25	25	30	20	20	30	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Sherman	17	20	16	17	..	..	..	10	..	105	80	76.1
Linderman	18	17	18	21	19	18	18	16	17	210	157	74.7
Stanbrough	17	19	18	20	..	24	14	19	21	185	152	82.1
Dr Mosher	16	18	16	21	w	..	18	17	..	125	101	80.8
W Wagner	17	17	17	23	23	20	15	17	20	210	168	80
Byer	20	17	19	23	20	23	15	15	28	210	179	85.2
Parmalee	17	17	19	22	19	20	16	20	19	210	169	80.4
Loomis	14	15	19	24	20	22	18	18	25	210	170	80.9
Elliott	20	17	18	24	21	24	18	19	25	210	186	88.5
Budd	15	17	17	21	22	20	18	16	19	210	165	78.5
Grimm	19	17	20	21	19	23	15	16	19	210	169	80.4
Gilbert	19	20	19	23	24	27	19	18	25	210	192	91.4
Heikes	18	19	18	23	21	24	19	20	23	210	185	88
Redwing	19	19	17	21	23	20	19	11	21	210	169	80.4
Tippy	18	19	17	21	w	18	16	19	23	185	151	81.6
Upson	19	20	20	23	19	18	16	18	26	210	179	85.2
Easton	20	14	19	22	17	17	16	18	17	210	160	76.1
Trimble	17	16	18	24	20	22	17	19	23	210	176	83.8
Anthony	19	18	17	19	13	22	18	18	20	210	164	78
Worthen	16	18	18	22	w	..	17	15	..	125	106	84.8
Hood	20	20	19	22	25	20	17	19	23	210	185	88
Claridge	18	19	17	23	20	21	13	18	20	210	161	78
Jayne	16	17	18	23	w	19	17	15	16	185	141	76.2
H P Collins	15	9	15	13	..	..	14	17	..	125	83	66.4
Fulford	20	18	19	23	23	25	16	19	23	210	190	90.4
Glover	15	20	18	23	23	26	16	19	22	210	182	86.6
Landis	15	18	19	20	18	..	16	15	15	180	136	75.5
Geoffroy	15	17	17	23	18	17	14	18	..	180	139	77.2
Kelsey	15	16	15	20	17	23	16	15	20	210	157	74.7
C Wagner	19	17	20	20	23	21	17	16	22	210	175	83.3
Thurman	17	19	19	23	23	21	15	15	20	210	171	81.4
Miller	19	16	19	20	20	26	16	17	26	210	179	85.2
Johnson	17	16	14	19	20	20	16	17	16	210	155	73.8
Hobo	18	18	14	21	..	..	16	15	..	125	102	81.6
Hunter	16	17	15	20	w	23	19	17	19	185	146	78.9
Mattingley	18	19	16	24	20	19	17	18	21	210	172	81.9
Lane	18	18	15	23	22	17	19	19	22	210	173	82.3
Kenerson	13	14	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	41	68.3
Puck	19	12	18	18	19	19	12	18	22	210	152	72.3
Davis	16	17	17	20	15	22	11	12	20	210	152	72.3
Barrett	17	19	19	23	20	21	16	17	24	210	176	83.8
Whitney	17	17	20	23	17	26	16	18	23	210	177	84.2
Morfey	15	15	11	22	18	20	13	19	22	210	155	73.8
Drake	14	13	15	23	21	23	9	17	23	210	157	74.7
Connor	18	17	19	23	..	24	17	18	20	185	156	84.3
Mascroft	19	19	19	23	..	..	18	16	..	125	113	90.4
Levengston	16	18	17	21	21	..	16	16	..	150	125	83.3
McKelden	17	15	16	23	..	..	15	16	..	125	102	81.6
N E Money	18	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	43	71.6
Duston	15	17	18	17	18	16	11	16	..	180	123	68.3
Horton	13	8	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	35	58.3
Mason	11	16	19	18	..	..	..	..	..	85	64	75.2
Greiff	18	16	16	20	w	..	17	15	..	125	102	81.6
Mitchell	17	19	18	20	..	..	17	15	..	125	101	80.8
Dickey	20	19	19	23	20	22	18	17	25	210	183	87.1
Bartlett	16	19	19	23	22	26	18	16	23	210	182	86.6
Merrill	17	17	16	21	23	23	18	17	23	210	175	83.3
Apgar	18	16	17	23	21	23	20	17	22	210	177	84.2
Wheeler	18	18	17	22	22	22	16	17	24	210	176	83.8
Leroy	18	19	17	24	21	25	19	19	24	210	186	88.5
Schaaber	17	17	14	15	w	15	..	14	..	135	92	68.1
Hobbie	15	20	19	21	20	19	17	17	19	210	167	79.5
Capt Money	17	18	16	21	20	22	16	17	17	210	164	78
Karl	17	17	18	20	..	..	17	20	..	125	109	87.2
L D Thomas	12	14	15	..	..	..	16	..	..	80	57	71.2
North	15	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	30	75
Hammond	17	19	18	..	..	..	..	..	21	90	75	83.3
Green	13	15	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	41	68.3
Evans	12	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	25	62.5
Norris	12	15	16	15	..	..	11	..	..	105	69	65.7
Edwards	14	14	16	..	..	..	13	18	..	100	75	75
C M B	11	15	..	19	..	..	..	..	..	65	45	69.2
M E M	17	11	..	13	..	..	..	..	..	65	41	63
J L Smith	14	18	..	21	..	..	..	..	..	65	53	81.5
Pump	13	17	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	30	75
Pitkins	15	16	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	49	81.6
White	12	..	..	..	..	22	..	..	..	50	34	68
Henry	16	17	17	19	..	..	17	16	..	125	102	81.6
Leaming	15	15	16	20	..	..	12	13	..	125	91	72.8
Count	12	16	16	8	..	..	9	8	..	125	69	55.2
Hyer	15	15	12	19	..	..	9	16	..	125	86	68.8
Paddleford	15	17	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	45	75
Kendall	13	11	12	11	..	..	..	..	..	85	47	55.2
Pope	17	16	18	21	19	17	16	..	..	160	124	77.5
Adams	14	15	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	60	45	75
C von Lengerke	18	15	17	22	..	..	18	19	..	125	109	87.2
E Collins	16	19	18	..	..	..	17	16	..	100	86	86
Baker	15	17	16	15	10	..	..	..	..	110	73	66.3
Class	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	26	65
Timmons	10	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	24	60
Parker	20	18	18	20	18	21	19	19	24	210	177	84.2
Clover	17	18	..	18	..	..	..	..	..	65	53	81.5
Arthur	18	16	17	23	..	..	..	..	..	85	74	87
Peters	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	16	80
Willard	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15	75
Schorty	16	18	18	20	15	18	19	15	..	180	139	77.2
Thompson	15	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	..	60	41	68.3
Climax	19	18	15	21	22	22	17	19	..	180	153	85
Rule	17	15	18	23	20	22	15	18	..	180	148	82.2
Hoffman	18	10	15	20	..	24	15	17	15	185	134	72.4
J von Lengerke	..	..	17	17	13	..	..	..	..	70	47	67.1
Newton	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	20	13	65
Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	20	5	25
Yeomans	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	20	14	70
Owens	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	..	..	20	9	45
Morgan	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	..	..	20	12	60
Hopper	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	..	..	20	13	65
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	20	17	85
Williams	..	..	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	20	14	70

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8 were at unknown angles; No. 5 expert rules; Nos. 6 and 9 at pairs.

THIRD DAY, MAY 7.

To-day saw 84 shooters taking part in the programme events on this day. Notwithstanding this large number (the entries averaging 68¼ for the programme events) the programme was shot out early, and a few extras decided as well.

There was some great shooting done to-day, Rolla Heikes returning to his old form and knocking out 161 out of 170, an average of 94.7, the highest made so far in this tournament. His work brought him close up to the leaders in the championship contests, as will be seen from the figures given in an account of these events. Fulford ran 25 straight at expert rule, while E. D. Miller kept up his gait at pairs by breaking 19 out of his 10 pairs, losing his twentieth bird. He took first money in that event. Wheeler was second to Heikes for this day's programme with an average of 93.9; Budd was third with 91.7; Elliott and Gilbert fourth with 90.5, Miller landing fifth with just 90 per cent. Below are the

SCORES OF MAY 7.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8			
Targets:	20	20	20	25	25	20	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Puck	14	17	17	19	17	11	9	18	170	122	71.7
Morfey	17	14	17	14	20	12	12	15	170	121	71.1
Hunter	18	14	17	21	16	..	16	17	150	119	79.3
W Wagner	20	20	17	24	20	..	15	16	150	132	88
Mattingley	17	18	18	20	22	..	16	15	150	126	84
Linderman	18	19	18	22	19	11	18	20	170	146	85.8
Parmalee	18	19	19	22	23	15	19	17	170	152	89.4
Loomis	16	16	14	20	20	11	13	15	170	125	73.5
Elliott	19	17	20	25	21	18	16	18	170	154	90.5
Budd	20	20	19	23	24	16	15	19	170	156	91.7
Grimm	16	14	19	22	21	15	15	14	170	136	80
Gilbert	20	15	20	22	23	15	19	19	170	154	90.5
Anthony	16	16	18	19	21	12	17	13	170	142	83.5
Hood	17	19	15	23	23	15	17	19	170	148	87
H P Collins	17	15	16	18	..	..	16	17	125	99	79.2
Claridge	17	19	16	22	w	..	18	18	125	110	88
Jayne	15	15	15	20	20	..	16	19	150	120	80
Allison	18	14	10	15	16	14	14	14	170	115	67.6
Heikes	19	19	19	25	24	17	18	20	170	161	94.7
Redwing	19	17	18	24	20	13	19	18	170	148	87
Tippy	17	16	17	21	20	16	17	14	170	138	81.1
Upson	20	20	19	23	20	19	19	16	170	149	87.6
Easton	18	18	18	19	..	..	19	20	125	112	89.6
Trimble	17	17	16	24	23	14	18	19	170	148	87
Dickey	18	16	19	21	23	16	17	16	170	146	85.8
Bartlett	17	18	18	20	20	15	19	18	170	145	85.3
Merrill	17	17	18	22	24	17	17	17	170	149	87.6
Apgar	17	20	17	22	18	10	14	16	170	134	78.8
Wheeler	18	18	19	25	22	18	19	19	170	158	92.9
Leroy	17	18	20	24	20	13	19	20	170	151	88.8
Fulford	17	16	18	21	25	16	17	16	170	146	85.8
Glover	19	19	18	24	20	9	20	20	170	149	87.6
Capt Money	14	17	20	17	17	16	16	18	170	135	79.4
Mitchell	14	16	16	21	..	..	18	15	125	100	80
Connor	17	18	20	22	23	w	16	14	150	131	87.3
Miller	18	16	19	20	23	19	19	19	170	153	90
Byer	18	17	17	23	21	14	16	16	170	142	83.5
Barrett	15	16	17	24	22	16	16	20	170	146	85.8
Whitney	14	15	20	21	21	13	18	18	170	140	82.3
Lane	17	17	18	22	16	14	15	17	170	136	80
C Wagner	17	16	17	25	22	11	18	13	170	139	81.7
Davis	16	17	18	19	..	..	15	15	125	100	80
Hobo	18	16	16	17	..	..	16	17	125	100	80
Thurman	17	18	17	20	23	13	17	18	170	142	83.5
Parker	16	17	18	23	21	18	17	14	170	144	84.7
Dutchy	16	16	18	18	22	11	13	19	170	133	78.2
L D Thomas	18	17	16	17	20	..	10	10	150	103	68.6
Hoffman	15	16	18	20	20	14	16	19	170	138	81.1
McKelden	14	18	19	16	..	..	..	..	85	67	78.8
Kenerson	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	14	70
Mascroft	17	17	19	21	..	..	14	12	125	100	80
Kelsey	18	16	17	14	23	12	..	..	130	100	76.9
Leaming	14	11	14	..	..	..	..	..	60	39	65
Ed Taylor	16	17	..	..	..	..	16	..	60	49	81.6
U M C	18	11	16	..	..	..	17	12	100	69	69
Welles	18	17	15	21	..	..	16	..	105	87	82.8
Pope	15	12	15	17	20	..	..	..	110	79	71.8
N E Money	17	18	16	23	..	..	16	15	125	105	84
Arthur	14	14	16	..	..	..	..	..	60	44	73.3
Hobbie	17	14	19	16	18	11	16	19	170	130	76.4
Count	13	11	12	14	10	..	8	13	150	81	54
J J	14	13	13	..	..	..	..	..	60	40	66.6
Schorty	16	14	19	20	19	..	19	15	150	122	81.3
Landis	17	17	17	..	..	..	..	..	60	51	85
Herrington	13	10	17	..	..	..	..	15	80	55	68.7
Geo Mosher	16	6	10	..	..	..	..	..	60	32	53.3
C von Lengerke	14	16	17	19	..	..	18	16	125	100	80
Hyer	13	13	14	18	..	..	13	15	125	86	68.8
Blue Rock	..	12	16	16	..	..	13	11	105	68	64.7
E Collins	..	18	15	..	..	..	17	16	80	66	82.5
Greiff	..	15	14	21	..	..	..	..	65	50	76.9
North	..	11	15	..	..	..	..	..	40	26	65
Piercy	..	17	14	15	..	..	17	16	105	79	75.2
Levingston	..	19	16	24	w	..	15	13	105	87	82.8
Dr Mosher	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	..	20	17	85
Nicholls	..	..	17	15	..	..	..	..	45	32	71.1
Drake	..	..	..	22	w	..	..	..	25	22	88
Schmidt	..	..	..	17	12	..	8	13	90	50	55.5
Morgan	..	..	..	16	..	..	13	13	65	42	64.6
Henry	..	..	..	21	..	..	..	13	45	34	75.5
Peters	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	20	15	75
Callender	..	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	20	10	50
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	15	40	32	80
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	20	11	55

Nos. 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8 were at unknown angles; No. 5 at expert rule; No. 6 at 10 pairs.

FOURTH DAY, MAY 8.

Naturally the list of entries fell off very much to-day. Aspirants for championship honors had fallen by the wayside and the number left in the race this morning had dwindled to below 30. Still there was a lot of interest in the final result, the pairs being exceptionally exciting. Gilbert went in to shoot his 10 pairs with a bird to the good of Fulford; when he had broken 17 out of his 20 there was a possibility of Fulford's beating him out—18 would tie and 19 would win. Fulford, however, could do no better than score 13, finally tieing with Jim Elliott, the real surprise party of the crowd. As will be seen from the scores given below, Rolla Heikes, although not the winner, shot well up, landing in fourth place.

GILBERT, THE WINNER.

Fred Gilbert, whom Charlie Grimm has now brought twice from Spirit Lake, Ia., to take back cups to that little home of his, should have a long career before him, as he is quite young yet, being only about 30 years of age. Fred is quite a shot, as may be judged from his work during the past twelve months. In returning thanks for the cup he attributed his position to "luck and the rabbit foot." We are

stanch believers ourselves in the target-smashing capabilities of a rabbit's foot, but in this instance we fancy Gilbert's skill as an all-round shot stood him in more stead.

The championship events were shot as follows: The 100 targets, unknown angles, were divided into 4 events of 25 each, one 25-target event being decided each day on No. 1 set of traps. The 100 targets, expert rule, and the 50 pairs were shot on No. 4 set of traps. The 100 expert rule were divided like the 100 unknown angles, but the 50 pairs were split up into two events of 15 pairs and two of 10 pairs. The table below gives the results of each event that were included under the head of "championship events." The table also shows the grand aggregate and the position of each man at the finish. It will be noted that 26 men shot in all the championship events.

The table referred to above is as below:

	Unknown angles.	Expert rule.	Pairs.	Grand total.
Fred Gilbert	21 23 23 24—91	24 22 23 22—91	25 27 15 17—84	266
J A R Elliott	23 24 25 24—96	20 21 21 18—80	25 24 18 18—85	261
E D Fulford	23 23 21 24—91	21 22 25 20—88	28 25 16 13—82	261
R O Heikes	21 23 25 23—92	23 21 24 21—89	23 23 17 13—77	258
E R Merrill	21 21 22 23—87	23 23 24 20—90	23 23 17 16—79	256
C O Barrett	24 23 24 21—92	19 20 22 24—85	24 21 16 17—78	255
E D Miller	19 20 20 25—84	20 20 23 20—83	26 26 19 17—88	255
B Leroy	23 24 24 22—93	19 21 22 21—81	24 25 18 18—80	254
L V Byer	24 22 23 21—90	21 20 21 21—83	23 23 14 15—80	253
H G Wheeler	24 22 25 18—89	18 22 22 23—85	24 22 18 14—78	252
C W Budd	25 21 23 20—89	24 22 24 24—94	19 29 16 17—67	250
O R Dickey	23 23 21 21—87	19 20 23 23—85	25 22 16 14—77	249
F S Parmalee	25 22 22 23—92	22 19 23 20—84	19 20 15 19—73	249
Ralph Trimble	23 24 24 24—94	23 20 23 24—90	23 22 14 6—65	249
B A Bartlett	23 23 20 21—87	16 22 20 21—79	23 26 15 18—82	248
Sim Glover	22 23 24 24—93	20 23 20 19—82	22 26 9 15—72	247
Redwing	23 21 24 21—89	22 22 20 23—87	21 20 13 17 71	247
C Wagner	22 20 25 25—92	23 23 22 21—88	22 21 11 13—67	247
Hood Waters	20 22 23 22—87	18 25 23 21—87	23 20 15 14—72	246
D A Upson	24 23 23 22—92	21 19 20 20—80	26 18 12 15—71	243
J Parker	20 20 23 20—83	21 18 21 20—80	24 21 18 16—79	242
C M Grimm	23 21 22 20—86	19 19 21 21—80	19 23 15 17—74	240
N Apgar	20 23 22 19—84	19 21 18 22—80	22 22 10 14—69	233
C Lane	21 23 22 21—87	20 22 16 17—75	22 17 14 14—67	229
Col J T Anthony	22 19 19 21—81	21 13 21 15—70	20 22 12 15—69	220
Capt A W Money	19 21 21 23—84	17 20 17 15—69	17 22 16 12—67	220
Geo W Loomis	22 24 20 18—84	11 20 20 13—64	25 22 11 10—68	216

The conditions of the championship events called for $3.50 entrance in each of the twelve events, $65 added to each purse. From the purses in these events 10 per cent. was to be deducted to form a championship fund, and this fund was to be divided thus: Cup, value $300, donated by the E. C. Powder Company, and 25 per cent. of the fund to the winner; 50 per cent. of balance to go equally among the next four high guns; the remaining 50 per cent. among the next six high guns. Under these conditions Gilbert drew out $48 and the cup; Elliott, Fulford, Heikes and Merrill $18 each; and Barrett, Miller, Leroy, Byer, Wheeler and Budd $12 each.

IT WAS FOREST AND STREAM'S IDEA.

Now that the championship contest at Guttenburg is over, and now that the trap-shooters of this country have a *bona fide*, all-round champion at targets, it is our privilege to blow a little, as the idea of this championship contest originated in Forest and Stream's editorial rooms last fall Capt. A. W. Money, who read our ideas on the subject in an issue of Forest and Stream, at once recognised the merits of the scheme, and asked us, while at the Du Pont tournament last fall, to claim for the E. C. tournament of 1896 the privilege of running off the suggested championship events. To him and to his company, the American E. C. Powder Company, Forest and Stream renders thanks for vindicating its principles of "open to all," and for so successfully bringing to an end the vexed question of who is the champion target shot of America. We may all have our ideas on that subject, but whoever holds this cup is *ipso facto* the inanimate target champion of the United States.

PARMALEE IN FORM.

The averages in to-day's events do not show up very well, only two men topping 90 per cent. for 180 shot at. Those two men were Parmalee and Gilbert, the former cracking out 18 out of his 10 pairs. Below are the

SCORES OF MAY 8.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Shot at.	Broke.	Av
Targets:	20	20	20	25	25	20	20	20			
Linderman	19	15	16	23	w	..	18	11	125	104	83
Anthony	14	16	16	21	15	15	17	16	170	130	76.4
Hood	18	17	18	23	21	14	16	18	170	144	84.7
H P Collins	12	11	15	18	15	..	16	18	150	95	63.3
Jayne	14	16	16	21	16	..	16	19	150	118	78.6
Hoffman	16	18	15	20	15	10	16	18	170	120	70.5
Parmalee	20	17	19	23	20	19	19	20	170	157	92.3
Loomis	11	17	15	18	13	10	14	16	170	114	67
Elliott	18	17	14	24	16	18	18	19	170	146	85.8
Budd	16	20	19	20	24	12	19	20	170	150	88.2
Grimm	17	15	18	20	21	17	15	19	170	142	83.5
Gilbert	19	19	19	24	23	17	19	19	170	158	92.9
Byer	17	13	14	21	21	15	15	19	170	135	78.8
Lane	15	15	15	21	17	14	16	18	170	131	77
Barrett	18	16	17	21	24	17	14	15	170	142	83.5
C Wagner	15	16	20	25	21	13	16	16	170	142	83.5
Miller	15	16	19	25	20	17	16	18	170	146	85.8
Whitney	11	15	17	17	21	..	..	..	110	81	73.6
Heikes	18	20	19	23	21	18	18	19	170	151	88.8
Trimble	17	16	12	23	24	6	19	19	170	143	84.1
Tippy	17	11	17	19	18	13	18	17	170	130	76.4
Redwing	14	18	19	21	23	17	19	17	170	148	87
Easton	16	18	18	20	..	..	18	18	125	108	86.4
Upson	19	20	16	22	20	15	18	19	170	149	87.6
Dickey	16	19	19	21	23	14	14	17	170	143	84.1
Bartlett	18	18	17	21	21	18	19	19	170	151	88.8
Merrill	18	20	18	23	20	16	18	17	170	150	88.2
Apgar	15	17	19	19	22	14	15	19	170	140	82.3
Wheeler	18	15	15	18	23	14	18	19	170	140	82.3
Leroy	17	18	17	22	21	18	17	17	170	147	86.4
Fulford	18	17	18	24	20	18	18	20	170	148	87
Glover	17	16	17	24	19	15	18	17	170	143	84.1
Capt Money	18	15	20	23	15	12	10	17	170	125	73.5
J Taylor	12	17	16	22	..	9	16	19	145	112	77.2
Claridge	17	19	16	22	..	..	18	19	125	111	88.8
Puck	19	13	17	20	..	..	..	..	85	69	81.1
Geoffroy	17	17	15	19	19	15	17	16	170	135	78.8
Allison	18	13	16	18	..	..	..	..	85	60	70.5
Jackson	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	14	70
U M C	12	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	12	60
Morfey	11	18	11	..	13	..	..	..	85	53	77.6
Davis	16	13	11	..	..	..	..	..	60	40	66.6
Greiff	16	13	17	21	..	..	17	..	105	84	80
Pope	14	14	..	18	..	..	..	..	65	46	61.2
Schorty	19	18	16	21	21	..	15	18	150	128	85.3
Parker	17	18	19	20	20	16	19	18	170	147	86.4
Sherman	14	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	40	29	71.5
N E Money	19	13	14	..	..	..	..	..	60	46	76.6
Dutchy	16	16	16	22	15	15	18	18	170	136	80
Thurman	16	18	17	25	20	15	17	19	170	142	83.5
Hobbie	17	19	14	22	..	..	..	..	85	72	84.7
C von Lengerke	15	12	17	24	..	..	18	17	125	103	82.4
Clover	15	15	19	..	..	..	..	..	60	49	81.6
Levengston	..	16	16	13	22	..	16	18	130	111	85.3
P Daly, Jr.	..	16	w	17	17	10	w	12	110	72	65.4
Karl	..	..	..	21	19	10	11	17	110	78	70.9
Halsted	..	..	..	11	..	..	12	..	45	23	51.1
J von Lengerke	..	..	..	..	..	14	16	20	60	50	83.3
Edwards	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	16	40	33	82.5

Nos 1, 2, 3, 4, 7 and 8 were at unknown angles; No. 5 at expert rules; No. 6 at pairs.

MORE TO SAY NEXT WEEK.

Owing to our having to leave for Memphis on Saturday afternoon, May 9, it is impossible properly to do justice to such an immense and and so successful a shoot. In our next issue we will attempt to touch upon many points of interest that should be mentioned. It is, however, not out of place to mention here that Gilbert the winner, shoots an L.C. Smith gun, 38grs. of Du Pont's Smokeless in a U. M. C. Smokeless shell, loaded by Montgomery Ward & Co, of Chicago. Elliott and Hicks both shot Winchesters, E C. powder, and used Leader shells. Fulford shot a Greener gun, Schultze powder, loaded by the U. M. C. company, in a Trap shell.

GUNS.

A summary of the guns, powders and shells used by the shooters present on the first day shows; Smith 40, Parker 32, Winchester 15, Greener 7, Francotte 6, Lefever 5, Daly and Scott 3 each, Colt and Creedmore 2 each, and 1 each of Forehand, Spencer, Bingers and Baker.

POWDERS.

E. C. 62, Schultze 16, King's Smokeless 12, Du Pont 9, Du Pont and E. C. 3, W-A 3, Walsrode 2, Hazard 2, Hazard and Du Pont 2, Walsrode and Du Pont 1.

SHELLS.

U. M. C. Company (comprising Trap, Smokeless, Nitro and V. L. & D. special) 61; U. S. C. Company, Rapid 25; Winchester, Leader and Blue Rival 22; Peters 5, Winchester and U. M. C. 2, U. M. C. and U. S C. 1.

Edward Banks.

Texas State Shoot.

San Antonio, Tex., May 1.—There were only about twenty of the devotees of the gun at the recent Houston shoot, the occasion being the twentieth annual tournament and meeting of the Texas State Sportsmen's Association, but what was lacking in numbers was more than made up in *bonhommie*, as Du Bray would say it.

The Houston papers all said it was a jolly crowd, and if it had not been for Wallace Miller's frequent conversations with the referee, this meeting might have glided into history as a commonplace affair. But then, upon reflection, it would be impossible for a Texas State shoot to be even ordinary, as Critzer's jabbering about his new guns alone would be sufficient to place these annual meetings under the head of sensational, to say nothing of Miles Miller's Chinese songs, Jim Stewart's reminiscences, Wheeler's anecdotes of how near he came to winning the medal, and Brown's rectangular essays on how he could kill pigeons with one consecutive barrel.

There was lots of fun on board—and it was sure enough Texas fun. The targets were fairly thrown and the management was all that could be desired, just, partial and extremely obliging, but there seemed to be something about the entire business that prevented high scores. Some attributed their failure to smash the diving empires to the bad background, others claimed that the sun made the targets tough, but the writer, owing to a vast and varied experience in things liquid, knows better. In fact he knows exactly where the fault lays, and if it were not out of respect for some of Forest and Stream's good friends he would press the button immediately. But let that pass.

Messrs. Donny, Haney and Dupree, of the local club, were indefatigable in their efforts to please their guests, and the Houston meeting of the State Association will always be a green spot in the memory of those attending.

The diamond medal donated for grand aggregate in the programme events was won by A. B. Critzer, of San Antonio. The scores for the five days follow:

FIRST DAY, APRIL 21.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Scored.
Targets:	20	20	20	50	20	20	10*		
Dupree	11	15	12	40	19	19	8	160	124
McGinty	14	16	17	43	14	14	9	160	127
W Miller	16	15	14	35	17	18	10	160	125
Lockett	12	15	16	27	7	..	..	130	77
24-Gauge	17	16	16	37	13	16	10	160	125
Jack	16	11	11	33	15	16	10	160	112
Haney	15	16	17	40	15	16	..	150	119
R J Swearingen	10	7	..	..	10	7	..	80	34
Hope	16	16	13	35	17	13	8	160	118
M Miller	16	18	15	32	12	17	7	160	117
Piety	17	16	18	..	16	17	..	150	84
Chabot	10	13	13	..	14	14	..	100	64
Whitworth	13	13	16	..	15	15	..	100	72
Texas Field	14	14	17	34	17	14	9	160	119
Stewart	11	..	16	..	14	18	10	90	61
Worrall	8	9	12	..	12	16	7	110	64
Downey	..	..	..	..	9	9	8	50	26
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	11	11	9	50	31
Mayrone	..	..	..	..	12	15	..	40	27
Price	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	10	8

* Live birds.

SECOND DAY, APRIL 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8*	Shot at.	Scored.
Piety	15	20	16	..	17	20	44	..	150	132
McGinty	18	15	12	21	16	12	..	8	128	102
W Miller	18	18	16	23	15	17	44	..	170	151
Dupree	17	17	11	23	17	17	28	6	178	146
Hope	13	18	15	26	15	17	37	5	178	140
Haney	14	13	14	17	13	15	39	..	170	125
Jack	15	15	17	18	16	14	30	8	178	133
John Hutchings	14	18	15	..	14	13	34	6	178	109
Lockett	17	10	11	19	14	14	34	..	170	119
M Miller	14	12	15	24	16	17	37	..	170	135
Critzer	16	14	14	22	17	16	47	..	170	146
Whitworth	14	13	14	..	15	16	40	..	160	112
Chabot	11	12	..	..	..	14	32	6	118	75
Price	11	11	11	..	..	10	29	5	138	77
Swearingen	8	10	10	..	..	..	..	..	60	28
Texas Field	15	14	18	17	15	10	44	6	178	139
H Taylor	..	11	..	..	9	9	..	..	60	29
S Hutchings	..	10	13	..	9	11	36	5	135	84
Blackburn	..	..	8	..	..	..	..	..	20	8
Du Bray	..	..	15	..	12	11	..	6	68	44
Cleary	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	5	28	11
Smith	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	20	6
Black Jack	..	..	..	..	..	10	..	..	20	10

* Live birds.

THIRD DAY, APRIL 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Scored.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	50	8*		
Piety	16	19	18	16	19	43	..	150	133
W Miller	14	17	15	20	17	40	7	158	130
M Miller	17	17	16	19	18	42	8	158	137
Jack	18	13	16	16	17	38	7	158	120
McGinty	17	17	16	18	2	38	8	158	116
Critzer	18	18	15	17	16	48	8	158	135
Haney	17	11	15	15	15	36	..	150	109
Lockett	17	12	18	18	12	..	..	100	72
Dupree	17	19	17	19	16	47	..	100	125
Whitworth	15	14	17	14	17	43	..	100	120
Hope	14	..	..	..	..	..	7	28	21
Texas Field	19	14	17	15	12	40	..	150	117
Du Bray	..	..	..	..	12	..	8	28	20
Downey	..	..	..	..	14	26	6	78	46

* Live birds.

FOURTH DAY, APRIL 24.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Shot at.	Scored.
Targets:	20	20	20	20	20	20	20		
Piety	18	18	20	14	18	17	19	140	124
Jack	16	19	14	16	16	17	15	140	112
McGinty	15	..	..	..	14	16	..	60	45
Texas Field	15	16	10	..	..	14	..	80	55
Dupree	16	14	15	15	14	14	12	140	100
Critzer	17	17	18	16	16	17	17	140	120
Haney	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	13
Brown	15	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	15
Whitworth	19	18	17	17	13	15	15	140	114
W Miller	17	20	14	16	15	15	18	140	110
M Miller	19	16	15	17	13	17	..	120	...
Du Bray	13	..	..	..	..	..	..	20	13
Hope	..	18	16	..	14	17	..	80	65
J H Hutchings	..	..	..	..	12	13	14	60	39
Stewart	..	..	..	..	10	14	14	30	38

FIFTH DAY, APRIL 25.

Events:	1	2	3	Events:	1	2	3
Jack	..	9	18	Fritz	..	10	..
McGinty	7	7	18	Hope	..	..	17
Texas Field	..	9	17	Du Bray	..	10	18
Dupree	..	7	15	Downey	..	10	..
Critzer	..	..	18	Stewart	..	6	14
Brown	7	9	18	J Hutchings	..	9	16
Whitworth	..	..	17	Price	..	..	12
Miller	..	10	17				

Event No. 3 was the contest for individual championship diamond medal at 20 live pigeons. In the tie shoot Jack McGinty and Critzer went out on their first birds, leaving Du Bray and Brown in the contest. They both killed their first 5 birds, but in the second 5 Brown lost his third bird, which went wobbling out over the left boundary. Du Bray killed out and was hailed the champion, and the coveted badge was pinned on his breast. It may not be amiss to state here that Arthur Du Bray's victory in this contest is not regretted by the Texas shooters, notwithstanding the fact that he is a resident of Kentucky. Mr. Du Bray was voted an honorary member of the Texas Association, which gave him the right to compete for the medal. He is always welcome in Texas, and during his visits to the Lone Star State he has earned the best opinion of all with whom he came in contact. He started badly in the medal shoot, getting two hard drivers that he missed. He killed out, however, and then killed 10 birds more on the tie—28 straight kills. It was a beautiful exhibition of shooting which spoke well for gunner, gun and ammunition. He used 52grs. of E. C. powder, while his opponent in the tie—Brown—used hard grain Schultze. Of course Du Bray shot a Parker gun!

NOTES.

Old man Piety made many friends at this meeting. He is a nervy shot, and was made an honorary member of the State Association.

A. B. Critzer was elected President, Albert Stenes Vice-President and O. C. Guessaz Secretary of the Texas Association, and San Antonio was chosen as the next place of meeting.

At the Hempstead meeting in 1894 the 20-gauges were made to shoot at the 16 score, which rule is now in vogue. An effort was made at this meeting to restore the little guns to the old place, but the 10 and 12-gauge men voted the proposition down.

Wallace Miller, of Austin, wanted some legislation for his Winchester pump, and he looked very fatigued when his proposition was laid on the table. Speaking of the Miller boys, it is well to state that they (Wallace and Miles) stand in the front rank of shooters in the State, and that their presence is always pleasantly felt at the annual meetings. Mr. Jackson, another old-timer, who never says anything, but agrees always, is also one of the prime favorites.

W. H. Wheeler, the winner of the handsome challenge diamond medal, is another of the old-timers whose presence is like a ray of sunshine.

M. F. Hope, last year's champion, shot a 16 gauge Lefever at this meeting. He has not yet "got on" the new arm, but he managed to point it mighty straight in some matches.

Mr. Dupree, one of the Houston shots and a new one, acquitted himself very well. He will make a hard nut to crack before long.

Jim Stewart, who has not been seen at a State shoot in two years, paid a visit with his Lefever.

Capt. Lockett, of Brenham, was on hand with his 10-gauge; and Brown, he of Bruton, dropped in in time to tie (as usual) for the championship medal.

Texas Field.

Boston Gun Club.

Boston, May 6.—Notwithstanding the execrable weather conditions of to-day, the Boston Gun Club held a successful afternoon shoot. A dead east wind, laden with a dampness that chilled one through and through regardless of sweaters, made the shooting more unpleasant than many of the coldest winter days with the thermometer hovering in the vicinity of zero. The wind blew a gale, particularly in the team match, and passable scores were very difficult to accomplish. The interest centered in the merchandise match and a three-men team match with the Harvard Gun Club, who are practicing for their college event this month at Princeton. The two scores of 17, one on each side, were really equal to a much higher percentage under more mild weather auspices. The scores were as follows:

Practice match, Boston Gun Club vs. Harvard Gun Club, 25 targets per man, 10 known angles and 15 unknown:

Boston Gun Club.		
Gordon	0111111110—8	011101110100l0— 9
Sawyer	1100010001—4	011111101000111—10
Miskey	0100100001—3 - 15	111001011001011— 9 —28—43
Harvard Gun Club.		
Hardy	1101000100—4	111111101111011—13
Harris	0010101111—6	110101100111000— 8
Shaw	1000100000—2—12	100011001000011— 6—27—39

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
Targets:	10	10	10	10	5	10	15	10	10	15	10	10
Gordon	7	6	8	4	3	6	9	5	8	9	6	7
Bailey	5	6	5	7	3	5	9	3	2	..	2	4
Pond	4	3	5	4	1	6	14	3	6	..	2	..
Sawyer	..	5	8	8	4	7	10	3	4	10	5	9
Spencer	8	..	8	8	2	6	9	1	7	..	8	7
Adams	8	6	9	5	1	6	11	..	..	..	..	..
Kirkwood	5	3	..	5	4	3	12	3	..	..	5	7
Williams	..	..	5	..	2	4	6	4	5	..	..	5
Miskey	..	..	..	..	1	7	12	7	3	9	9	7
Sears	..	..	..	..	1	3	11	7	3	..	7	3
Hardy	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	5	4	13	6	4
Shaw	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	6	2	6	4	5
Harris	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	6	8	5	..

Events Nos 2, 8 and 10 were unknown angles, No. 5 unknown traps, No. 4 reversed angles, balance known.

Second merchandise match, 25 targets, 15 known, 10 unknown angles, distance handicap:

Miskay (18)	111111111100011—13	1111001101—7—19
Sears (16)	101011111110011—11	0110011111—7—18
Pond (15)	111111111111110—14	0001011000—3—17
Harris (16)	011110001100101— 8	1111010111—8-16
Kirkwood (17)	111100111111011—12	0001100100—3—15
Gordon (18)	011001110001111— 9	1100101001 5 14
Sawyer (15)	011101101110011—10	1000001010—3—13
Bailey (15)	110111000111100— 9	0001110000—3—12
Adams (16)	010011111111011—11	1000000w —12
Shaw (16)	000000111000110— 5	1000011111—6—11
Williams (15)	001101001000110— 6	0100100011—4—10
Spencer (17)	001010110111101— 9	0010000000 - 1—10

In New Jersey.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB, OF JERSEY CITY.

May 1.—The series of monthly prize shoots of the Endeavor Gun Club closed with the club shoot for the month of April. Each contest is at 25 targets, unknown angles, scores counting by points made in these shoots. The figures in brackets after a man's name represent the number of targets he must break before scoring a point. No man can score more than 5 points in any one shoot. The table below gives the records for the season of 1895-96:

	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.	January.	February.	March.	April.	Total Points.
A R Strader (16)	4	5	3	5	5	5	0	2	..	5	4	2	—40
G H Piercy (17)	0	5	5	4	2	5	5	5	2	0	3	1	—37
E Ingram (16)	0	5	2	5	2	1	4	2	1	4	5	4	—35
Dr Fletcher (16)	2	4	2	1	..	5	5	..	5	..	5	5	—34
H L Corson (16)	5	5	5	5	5	2	0	0	4	0	1	1	—33
Eddie Collins (20)	4	1	2	4	2	3	1	3	3	1	..	3	—27
L Piercy (13)	..	..	..	..	..	2	4	5	5	2	1	3	—22
Chambers (13)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	2	5	..	..	—11
C von Lengerke (20)	..	..	1	2	1	3	..	..	..	3	..	..	—10
Fry (14)	1	3	2	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	—10
Cannitz (13)	..	..	..	..	..	..	0	..	2	5	..	..	— 7
Polhemus (17)	0	0	..	0	0	..	0	5	..	..	..	..	— 5
J A Creveling (17)	0	..	..	..	..	..	3	1	0	..	..	..	— 4
C W McPeek (19)	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 1
J S Duston (20)	0	..	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 0
Post (10)	0	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	— 0

J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Missoula Rod and Gun Club.

Missoula, Mont, May 8.—To-day's Missoula Rod and Gun talent shoot was the most interesting of the year. After the usual practice work, the following scores were made in the medal shoot, J. M. Evans winning the gold and Walter Graham the silver medal:

A Class.

J Menard	11011111111111111100—17	H Thom'sn	11001110001111111101—14
O Searles	11111011111101110101—16	W Brayton	10100111001010100101—10
Will Cave	11111111011101011111—17	Jos Wood	01001010101101111101—12
J M Evans	11111011111111011111—18	S E Evans	11111100010111100011—13
F Esmay	00111011111111111111—17		

B Class.

Ed Mix	11000010001001011000 - 7	L L Hunt	01111000100111100000— 9
W Graham	11110011111100000001—11		

While the medal shooters were still at the traps a half dozen shooters drove in, coming from Stevensville, thirty miles distant. After the visitors were given the benefit of what practice they desired, a friendly contest between them and a squad of the home team took place, at twenty unknown-angled singles. The visitors did up the home team to the tune of 86 to 84, not a very remarkable showing for either squad. After this contest, sweepstakes were shot the balance of the day, in which honors were evenly divided, J. P. Menard, of the home club, securing probably a shade the most of the boodle. W. C.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

C R B, Brownsville, Tenn.—Do you know of any party wishing to buy a collection of guns and revolvers of almost every description? Ans. We know of no one.

Veteran Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.—The specimens which you send are, as you believe, short-billed or jack curlew, also called Hudsonian curlew (*Numenius hudsonicus*). They are not very uncommon through the autumn, winter and spring within the United States, but breed far to the north. The only other species with which they could be confounded is the Eskimo curlew.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A New Reel.

Edward vom Hofe, the New York fishing tackle manufacturer, has received letters patent on a new reel that while novel in principle is practical in its application.